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Beginning: The Possibilist – By George Kibbe Turner

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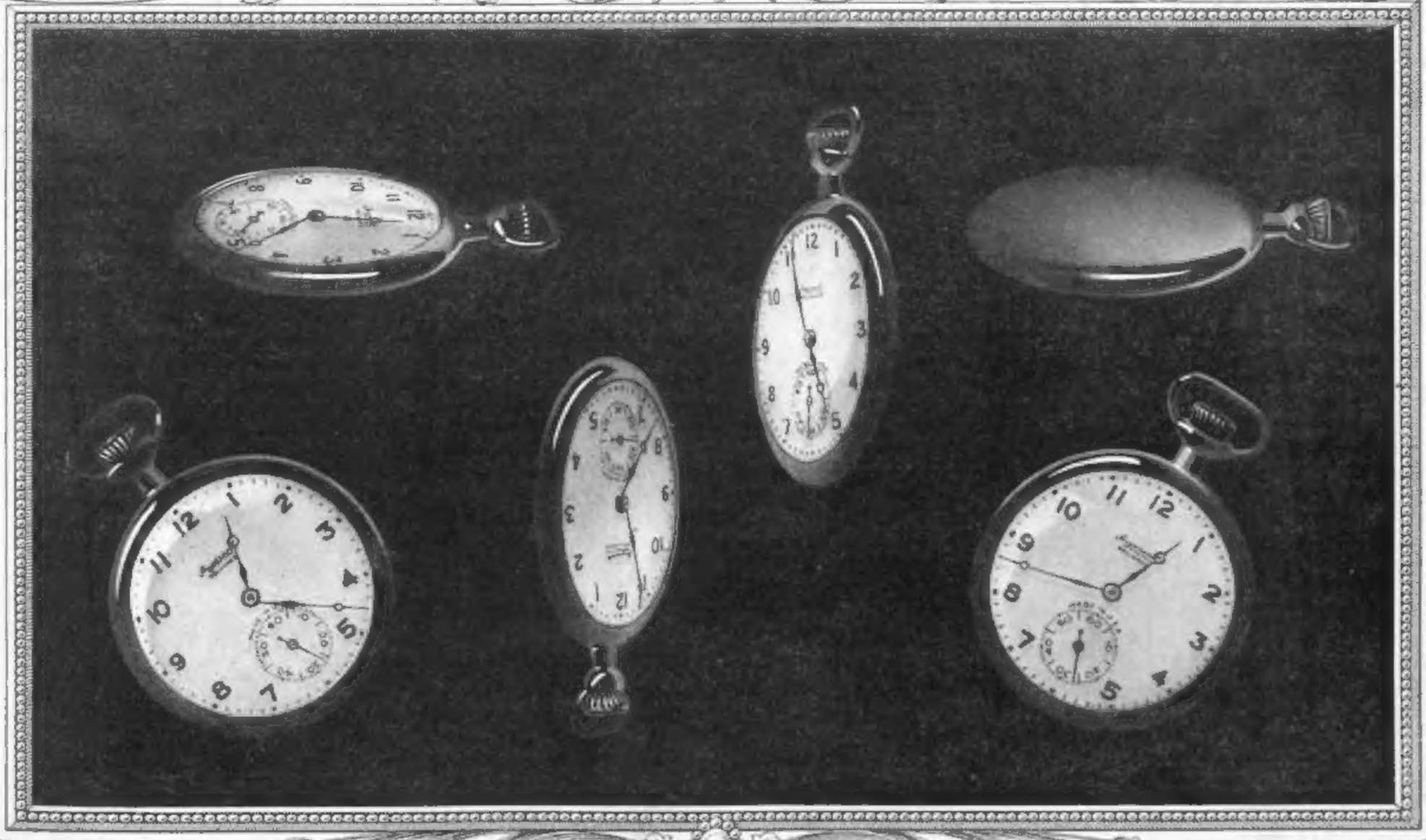

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

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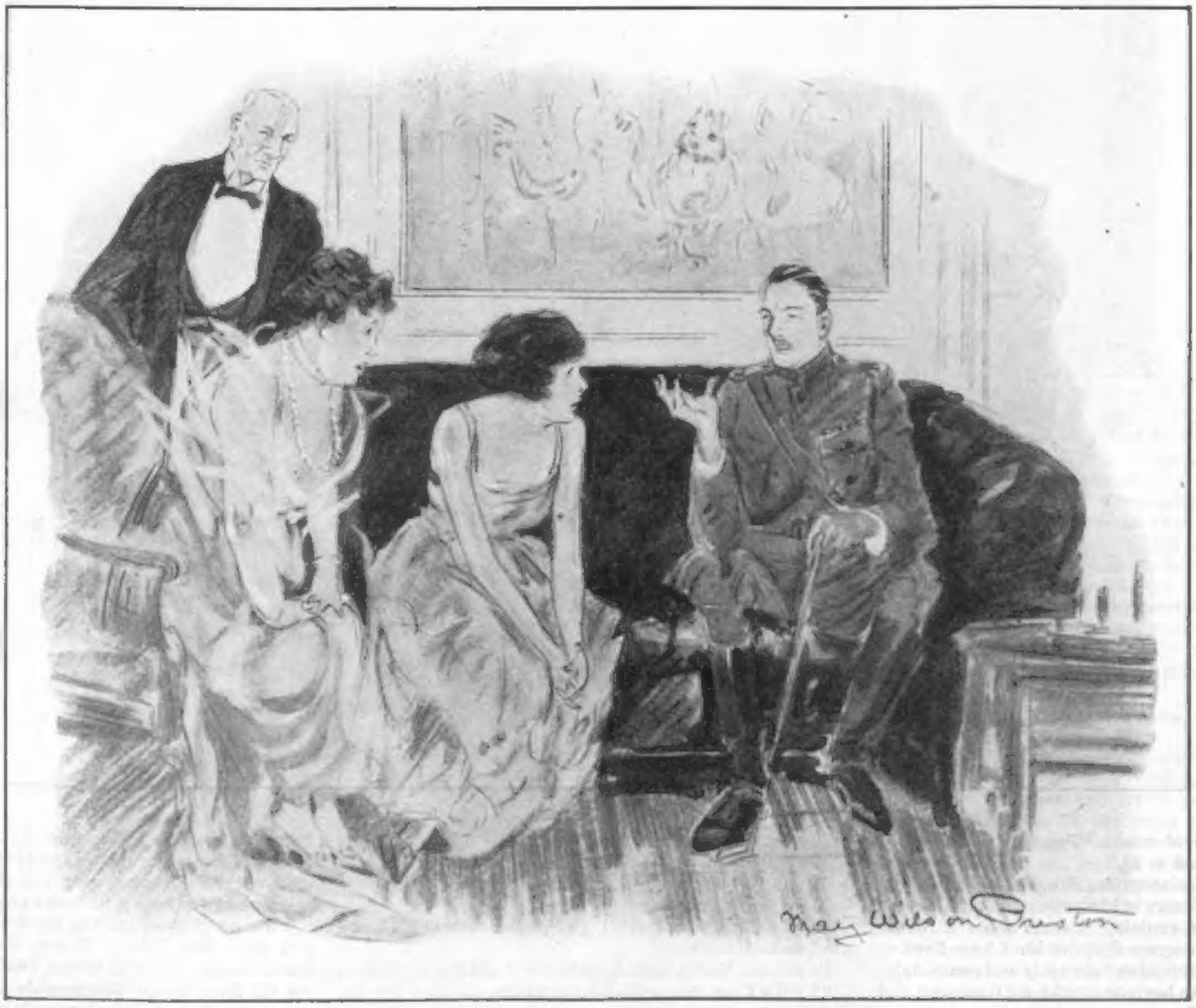
The Counsel of the Ungodly

By CHARLES BRACKETT

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THERE was still a glimmer of light caught among the trees of the park, and I stood and looked instead of beginning to dress for dinner. It was November, but the French autumn seemed to have paused, subtle colored and grave, reluctant to leave that space of beech trees and gray oaks. Across the disorder of the neglected lawn I saw deer slip through the woods lightly as smoke through tapestry, and some bird ventured a few notes that would not have passed for a song in summer but were very welcome now. It was not till it had grown too dim for vision that I turned back to the room with its piled trunks and the bags. I had to cross them to get out my dinner things, and—many as were my pieces of baggage—it struck me that they were ridiculously few after twenty years.

It was quite black when the lights of De Missiac's motor car cut the darkness above the avenue into lovely ruinous scenery. A little later Paul Verde de Lisle's dogcart swept through it with lanterns like slow and constant fireflies. Then my party was on.



He Was Telling an Anecdote From His Experience at the Front—Telling it Like a Man Who is Making Every Effort to Please

I had six guests that night—the De Missiacs, the Ville d'Angeacs, Barbara Denton and Paul Verde de Lisle. We had all been old friends before the war; after passing through its four years, helping each other as much as we could and suffering with each other as we could not fail to do, we were more than that.

The De Missiacs were the great feudal rock about which our group centered. De Missiac—the old marquis—was the only one of my guests who was older than I, having attained a titanic and appalling seventy-three. He swam the moat of his château occasionally in the dead of winter, to give the rest of us chills I have always thought, for I could discern no other particular benefit to him. He had acted as mayor of the village and judge and I do not know what else since the war, and he had managed things for all of us when we were driven to him by desperate necessity—things like permissions to see relatives in hospital near the Front and to drive motor cars in case of sickness.

His wife, a silver-and-gauze creature cut from the fan of some court lady of a more exquisite day, had headed tedious committees innumerable and arranged the charity that sent the lace soldiers' widows made to New York for profitable sale.

The kind, ineffectual Ville d'Angeacs sent me half their sugar the month my ration was wasted in a riotous dinner to celebrate the convalescence of young Hubert de Missiac—Hubert was killed in his first engagement back at the Front a month later—and made me a dear erratic American flag the first Fourth of July the States had men in the fighting.

Barbara Denton and I had gone to dancing school together some fifty years before and trod hatefully on each other's resentful toes, little suspecting that one day we would be neighbors in a corner of Brittany. I had been able to help Barbara when the men were called from her place that catastrophic August leaving her conveyanceless amid a household of hysterical domestics, a large number of whom turned out to be enceinte in the inconvenient way of heroic women in wartime.

As for long, rangy Paul Verde de Lisle, he and I had formed a redoubtable local constabulary and had spent more than one night waiting in the station with peasant soldiers heavy with drink, in order to confide them to comrades who would see that they reached the Front in sufficient order to avoid courts-martial.

I had hoped to be brilliant in a casual conversational way, for I have always liked people who met grave events with the air of well-bred creatures who know how to handle a situation. As the old friend of the philosophers in Sylvestre Bonnard met death, with the remark that she hoped God improved on acquaintance.

Possibly it was just because I was too old and too dull, but I think it was not the sort of gathering to inspire scintillation. Everyone was too filled with after-the-war happiness to be witty.

Barbara Denton was expecting a nephew in the American forces to visit her. She characterized him as "a loathly creature, a major," but I could see she was proud to claim him.

The old marquis had been kept out of range of Big Bertha only by efforts on the part of his children strangely resembling those generally bestowed on a fallen horse which struggles. He and Madame de Missiac were planning their winter in Paris.

Paul Verde de Lisle was starting next day to see what was left of his château in the devastated region. He had resigned his hopes to ruins, but there might be a shred of something worth salvaging.

The Ville d'Angeacs thought of going to Japan. They had thought of going to Japan ever since I had known them. One of their realest hardships during the war had been that they had had to give up thinking of going there.

Topics at dinner parties, I think particularly in France, crystallize into certain phrases and one talks about them as golden texts. That night my guests' was "this is like coming out of the tomb—one has to reaccustom oneself to life."

They were all smilingly content and I listened with as much gladness as one can feel above his own depression. It was not till the *entremets* that I surprised myself. Madame Ville d'Angeac finished the last careful bit of her ice and said, "And you, Monsieur Van Hoeven, what plans do you make?"

"I too am going away," I told her.

"The nostalgia of the sky scratchers," old De Missiac boomed, feeling very erudite that he did not consider the United States quite a wilderness.

"So it's just because the routes were closed that you were faithful to us," Paul said. "You were straining at the leash all the time. That's not very chic of you."

I just answered, "You think so?" not even bothering to deny the charge.

"What ship, my old friend?" De Missiac demanded.

"I think I shan't tell you."

Madame Ville d'Angeac began, "But we cannot permit ——"

The marquise came in, "But we will see you soon again surely. The world is so small and my grandchildren tell me it is shrinking continually."

"And has no corners," Paul added.

I then surprised myself by a bit of mild melodrama unbecoming to my time of life.

"I am afraid you will not see me again ever," I said slowly. Whereupon I stopped and looked at the begonias in the epergne in front of me.

They paid me the tribute of a sudden and surprised replica of my own silence.

"What do you mean, my friend?" Paul asked finally.

I twiddled my glass—I suppose I was indulging my own emotions frightfully.

"In a way," I told them, "you have been eating funeral meats. To-night is the end of Peter Van Hoeven—that is all."

Only Madame de Missiac spoke. She said, "No, no, no," and there was a dew of tears in her periwinkle-blue eyes.

"It is nothing I can explain," I went on. "A reason interesting only to me decrees that this life I have lived so happily with all of you should end abruptly and completely. I have asked you here to beg you to wish me Godspeed and to tell you I love you."

It was the end of my speech. I already hated myself for having made them so grave. I might have had the decency to drop out silently. When they spoke it was to say, "But this is incredible," or "But my dear chap," and there was another perfect machine-gun fire of noes from the marquise, who really knew me less than the rest, but was sensitive by nature.

I think to allow one to go one's way without intruding useless curiosity is a peculiarly hard accomplishment for the French. It is a lovely deed, however, and they achieved it. After their first exclamations I rose and we left the dining room. They formed their own conclusions and they tried to go on talking of other things.

We had not the habit of staying late when we dined out, we old people, but that evening they left even earlier than they would have done. There is something uncomfortable about a mystery into which it would be bad manners to pry. Their farewells hinted the conclusions they had drawn. De Missiac clung to his idea of a homesickness suddenly potent after twenty years.

"You will tire of your sky scratchers," he assured me while the ladies were getting their things. "We will have you back."

Ville d'Angeac thought it mere wanderlust, and Madame Ville d'Angeac, when she came with her cloak about her, seemed to have the same theory with some vague sentimental emendation regarding a bride I—at sixty-two—would be anxious to conceal from Barbara Denton.

The marquise had gathered from my mention of funeral meats that it was a question of my health. She put her other hand over the hand I had placed in hers—oh, she was pretty with white lace over her silver hair and her eyes bigger for the tears in them—and she said, "Have you seen all the specialists, dear friend? They do such wonderful things since the war, and such experts are being released. Surely, surely ——"

Her husband saw I was embarrassed.

"They are waiting for us, my dear," he boomed, and they climbed into their great limousine after the Ville d'Angeacs.

Paul Verde de Lisle was driving Barbara Denton home.

Mr. Roland, the Rector, Came Often to Tea. One Afternoon He Proposed Between a Sip of Orange Pekoe and a Bite of Biscuit

"Are you quite sure there is nothing I can do?" he began.

"Quite."

Barbara had listened.

"Go and get your animal, Paul," she commanded. "I want to talk to Peter."

He left us. Barbara made no bones about her suspicions.

"I shan't see you again?" she asked, clacking her fan shut.

"Not unless you are in the habit of seeing ghosts," I told her, knowing she would never be led into the marquise's error, but hoping that she might.

"Don't be a fool, Peter Van Hoeven! How much money do you need?"

"Aren't you a little overconfident of your diagnosis?"

"I have every right to be. You are one of those people the Bible calls blessed because they walk not in the counsel of the ungodly. You have plenty of worldly wisdom, as much as any man I know, but you never apply it to your own actions. You think you're a little beyond that sort of thing. Have you noticed that people whom the Bible calls blessed invariably have the most disagreeable things happen to them? I haven't a doubt that you're ruined—and you deserve to be. How much money do you need?"

"A ghost who borrowed money would be the last abomination," I told her.

"Whenever you'll take it, I'm ready," she concluded. "I have a great deal too much." She started out, turned sharply. "For some unaccountable reason, I think I am going to kiss you," she informed me, and she did brusquely, a little as an armadillo might kiss one.

I handed her up to Paul and watched them down the avenue. Barbara's theory was not one that a Frenchman would formulate easily with regard to an American, or would consider it proper to mention if he did. It amused me less than some of the others had. It had the unpleasant virtue of being true.

II

"I'M AFRAID you ain't what we want," Mrs. Isaac R. Davison informed me one Tuesday afternoon a month later. I bowed, trying to make my bow politely acquiescent in her remark, yet proof in itself of that remark's falsity.

"We was thinking of a Frenchman," she explained. I had to acknowledge my dismal lack of that prerequisite to their employ.

It was an entirely just Nemesis that had placed me there more ridiculous than a man cares to find himself at sixty-two. I had always thought persons who lost property through trusting it blindly in unscrupulous hands both despicable and dangerous. It was perhaps the very strength of that conviction that betrayed me. I never suspected that my lack of interest in financial matters was neglect, and certainly did not imagine that any trustee would have the unparalleled audacity to rob a man with my sound views on the subject.

Then one day came a few indisputable lines which proved I had been unworthy of the confidence of those who had left me property they had not gained lightly or guarded carelessly. I had enough money to pay my rent and my servants and to get to America if I traveled cheaply; possibly a reserve to bury me decently if I saw fit to die on landing, though—all things considered—a death and burial at sea would have been more prudent.

My grandfather had left me money because I was the family bachelor. The place with its old things had gone to my cousin Nicholas, who would have enjoyed giving me a leg up too thoroughly to make my asking him for help a pleasant possibility.

I wonder if everyone has the dread of unspoken "I told you so's" that I feel? If not, that may sound a feeble reason for my course of action, but I have found that while we all have to do disagreeable things sooner or later, which ones they shall be is usually within our choice. I had come to an age and over a life that gave me a deep distaste for being patronized. I preferred the cessation of my existence as Peter Van Hoeven and an effort toward earning an unaided livelihood to becoming anyone's pensioner, particularly Nicholas'. I know it was absurd and that several people would have greatly preferred helping me, but it was my choice. I did not set out for America and Nicholas' exultant benefactions, but went to Paris to look for work.

In my youth I took for my rule of life a theory, or rather a phrase, that America lacked men of leisure more than any other æsthetic commodity and I did my poor best to make up that deficiency. I made myself something I called an artist in life when I was young enough to need a justification for my idleness. It had not seemed to me an entirely unprofitable artistry. I thought my chief difficulty would be to accustom myself to doing for others several things I did well for myself. I had not realized the limitations of sixty-two in other people's minds. After a week of looking

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The Special Interests—New Style

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

IN THE early spring of 1905, when the great Plancus was consul, I, being new to Washington and freshly charged with the mission of purveying and diffusing among the people correct information about all public servants and their activities in Washington, penetrated the lower recesses of the Capitol to those gloomy chambers situate on what I afterward came to know as the terrace. The odor of tobacco smoke and the sound of voices engaged in what appeared to be negotiations or some slightly formal controversy led me to one of the chambered recesses, where I found a committee hearing going on.

I had never attended one of these ceremonial observances at which members of Congress receive enlightenment on problems that come before them for discussion and decision. So I stopped awhile, as my duty and education required, to see what it was all about. I remember clearly only one incident of all that took place in the room, but that has always stayed in my mind. I recall vaguely that the hearing had to do with some bill that affected the canning industry; but even of that I am not sure. A dozen or more persons had been summoned or had voluntarily appeared. They were about evenly divided for and against the bill.

The first question the chairman of the committee always asked of each person who spoke was: "Whom do you represent?"

As the hearing drew to an end the chairman asked: "Is there anybody else to be heard?"

A serious old party sitting near me in the back of the room stood up and said: "I should like to be heard."

"On whose behalf? Whom do you represent?" the chairman asked.

"I represent the public," said this astonishing old party.

This declaration was greeted with a perfectly spontaneous outburst of laughter. It changed the whole atmosphere of the room. The tedious dullness that had marked the proceedings was swept away.

The members of the committee and those who had testified were put in chuckling good humor. The chairman was gravely polite, though twinkling with laughter.

The Old He-Ones

"I AM afraid," he said, "that we can't hear you this afternoon. The time of the committee has been apportioned, and all the time at our disposal has been taken up."

On the heels of this the hearing came to an end and the men in the room wandered out into the passageway, still laughing among themselves as at a richly humorous episode.

Now there was nothing sinister in this incident. It only betrayed a state of mind that existed in Washington in those days. The unorganized public was not represented. Quite unconsciously and as a matter of course it was a day of special interests; not always of special interests in a corrupt sense, but still of special organized interests whose pocketbooks or methods of doing business were directly affected by proposals of legislation. The really special interests, the big fellows, the old he-ones, who made tariffs and finance bills and slipped jokers into legislative proposals that would give them an advantage over the common run of people did business in another way. They did not appear publicly.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Woodward Building

That old-fashioned way of doing business is pretty well dead. The muckrakers helped to put it out of business. The direct election of senators helped. Men began to come to Congress who sought to make a reputation by beating the special interests with flails. All the activities of Congress came under a more alert and intelligent public scrutiny. Indeed Congress itself was reorganized. The little controlling groups in the House and Senate that dominated legislative processes and had the power to say explicitly which bills should be enacted and which bills should not, and even which bills or proposals should be discussed on the floor, were broken up and swept away. The body of the membership of the two branches took charge of their own affairs.

But so long as there is a Congress and so long as it has the powers that reside in it there will be attempts to influence its actions and decisions. A new crop of special interests has come to town to take the place of the old, furtive, sly, pussyfooted special interests. They are not gum-shoers; anything but. They try to make as much noise as possible. Far from avoiding publicity, the chief weapon in their armory is their publicity agent. They seek publicity. They crave publicity. They manufacture publicity. They swat the tomtom, sound the hewgag, and make continuously loud outcry, saying: "This is the panacea. This is the cure. This is the remedy. This is the stuff to give 'em."

Labor Representation

IT IS meet and becoming that the three largest representations in Washington designed to influence Congress and create public opinion through the medium of the press should champion the three largest special interests in the country. They are, of course, capital, or business, labor and the farmers. Organized labor came first. The American Federation of Labor has been constantly represented in Washington and has had its headquarters here for a good many years. Its success with Congress and in getting its viewpoint in the newspapers induced capital, or business, to follow the example that had been set. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States was organized, and established its headquarters here in 1912. The farmers' organizations and unions did not come until the war period. They never had any great incentive or need to establish themselves here sooner. So many of the congressional districts are composed of rural and agricultural communities that members of Congress have always had a very special care and thought for the farmer. In a broad general way of speaking they did not have to come here to tell Congress what they wanted, because Congress was always so solicitous to go to them and ask them what they wanted.

The labor representation at Washington has steadily grown in size and importance, in the volume of its activities and in the commodiousness of its housing. For a number of years it rented buildings to house its offices, but has recently completed a handsome modern seven-story office building of

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THE POSSIBILIST

With Infinite Care Spinner Aimed the Small Arm in the Direction of the Roof of the Car, and Fired

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

SPINNER moved—woke up. There was a light—two lights—two small disks of light. He could see the sides, the upper skeleton of the box car; the uncouth lumps of men upon the floor.

"High jacks!" the man at the right of him whispered close up to his ear—so close that he heard it above the jangle and the rhythmic clacking of the car wheels.

"Up! Up, you stiffs!" called the hoarse voice from behind the nearest flashlight. "Stick 'em up. High! Line up there now along the side!"

One high jack was handling one end of the car, the other the other.

The laborers—the working stiffs, as they knew each other—rose as slowly and heavily as cattle in their stalls, their thick-fingered hands held awkwardly above their heads as they were rising.

"Now then—bat one eye, any one of you," said the robber, dancing the small white circle from one face to another—and stopped, leaving the remainder of the sentence to the imagination.

"Frisk them for their guns first," he called.

"Right!" his partner answered from the other end of the car.

They worked fast; evidently they were an experienced team. Round them, lined up against the freight car's side, the figures of the tramp workmen stood, hands up. Thick-bodied, thin-faced, angry, afraid, still stupid with their sleep, they stood there motionless, as grotesque in the half light as gargoyles protruding from an ancient roof. There was no sound from them. No one talked. The freight train thumped on loudly and rhythmically over the night plains of Nebraska. The sound of the engine came dimly through the jangle. That was all. In silence the high jacks, each at his end of the car, went on with their quick and insulting tests on the surface of the men's bodies. The man at his end came to the workman next to Spinner—slapping him derisively on his chest and sides and thighs. It was at this time, while this was going on, that Spinner felt, it seemed to him, the body close to the left side of him—the body of the man with the hat over his eyes—stiffen.

He could not see this man's face—had not since they had all scrambled into the box car from the jungle by the water tank when the train had stopped there in the dark. But he had already a suspicion of what the man really was. He was no working stiff—that was certain. He was too curt-mannered, too sure in his motions; and he had seen his hands now—that great class badge in the West—as they went up in the flashlight. He guessed then what he might be. And now he felt against him, as the man stiffened like an animal prepared to jump, a lump apparently in his side pocket—apparently a gun. It was worth trying anyhow! He would help him—start to, anyway—on the chance that he might be what he sized him up for!

The high jack stood now in front of Spinner—a black-faced youth not yet twenty-five, with the lines of forty-five etched in his cheeks, and a loose mouth which twisted down diagonally when he gave his orders. He had evidently been drinking; his warm breath came into Spinner's face as the latter started flouting him.

"Pretty soft, huh?" said Spinner, a quiet sneer on his impassive face—only his thin lips moving. "Sticking up a lot of poor unarmed stiffs like this!"

"You'll think it's soft when I clout you with this," replied the high jack, threatening him with the butt of his revolver. "Shut up!" he commanded.

A blacker look came upon the black face which Spinner was studying. It was a face, he saw, like many of its kind, essentially weak. The type was no novelty to Spinner. It seemed to him, watching it, that he could go on—take one more step at least in defiance. That had been his business, of course, watching faces and their expressions—manipulating them by the power of speech. By now he had felt the lump against his left side draw away. It would be just this motion that would allow access to the use of a firearm—if that was the object in the pocket of the man at the left of him. The man's body was still taut—he could feel it. In spite of his apparent utter indifference this man with his hands up but his head still down, his face under his hat brim, was evidently on the edge of action. Spinner went on to another and a little stronger insult—taking a greater chance for the development of his verbal ambush.

"A dangerous game, huh?" he asked—his eyes and his thin voice both insulting him. He was a specialist in insults—they had given him his bitter nickname on the coast—Poison Spinner. For years now he had been bandying insults with mankind, in particular and at large. Insults of all kinds and shades—not always necessarily violent—carefully graduated rather for exact reactions with the cool skill of a trained chemist. "A dangerous game. It must be," he repeated. "Listen. Did you ever take a real chance?"

"Close it up!" said the black-faced youth, now nudging him significantly under the chin with the muzzle of his revolver.

"Croak him!" advised the voice of the operator at the other end of the car.

"I will, don't fret," said the man before Spinner. "The next yip!"

Talk in fact was no light matter for them—in their position. A word was an insurrection; a laugh might be a revolt—a revolt quite cheaply averted by the taking of one life.

Spinner knew that too. He had about reached his limit—and he knew it. He saw it in the eyes of the reckless degenerate boy in front of him. But yet, if he graduated his words just right he believed he could speak once more; still hold the man's attention that one more moment which was necessary. It was his judgment that this boy would not shoot yet—if he handled his words deftly enough. He would take a chance anyhow; he was decided on that. For now he had a definite signal; the man at his left tapped his foot three times in a distinct encouragement to go on.

"Sure," acquiesced Spinner, "I'll shut up. I'll do just what you say. Only," he said, still talking, as if starting arguing, holding his man's attention, irritating him by his persistency—yet not too much, he hoped.

He had shaded it exactly right. "Only ——" he said.

"Only this!" snarled the high jack—not shooting but drawing back his hand with the revolver to give Spinner its butt upon the temple. As he did it—in the second that he focused his whole attention upon Spinner—the arm of the man at the left was down, his hand in his pocket. The close space was full of the roar of the shot as the bullet ripped by Spinner's side into the body of the black youth. With a grunt he went down sidewise, his face as Spinner caught it in the dimness stamped with a look of intense surprise.

The man at the left of Spinner already had his weapon coming from his pocket to fire at the other operator in the farther end of the car before the body struck the floor.

It struck the floor, and with it the flashlight in the left hand struck, went out, the battery broken. In the other end of the car the light of the other high jack was snapped off—in self-protection against he knew not what. The whole black place was full of the sound of hastily cursing, heavily falling men as the entire crowd dropped to the floor of the freight car.

It was now absolutely black—the floor was choking full of men—but not a sound to indicate a human being's presence. Merely the myriad jangles of the freight car, and the rhythmic four-time beating of the wheels upon the rails.

Spinner, down with the rest, was thinking. The man beside him who had fired the shot was gone—had jumped slightly ahead, Spinner thought—and to the left. He knew that he himself lay in the most dangerous spot in the car—the place where the last shot had been fired from. At any time a trial shot might be sent there—might be, that is, if the sender, the other high jack, dared take the gamble of a flash of light disclosing his position.

It was, of course, as Spinner saw, a time of the very height of the sharpness of decision—when life and death depend on the infinitesimal fraction of time of mental action and reaction.

Two men were in that darkness cooped up within twenty-five feet of each other, one of whom must die—and very probably several others with him. But Spinner was neither paralyzed nor panic-stricken. He was no gunman. He was never even armed. But it was at times like this that his excellent mind acted with its greatest clearness and intensity.

The man who had fallen in front of him was dead; he had no doubt of that, either from what he had seen as he had fallen or from his absolute lack of animation now. He lay in front of him, after one or two spasmodic motions

absolutely still. In a way he formed a protection if the shooting was directed toward himself.

Spinner reached out his hand. It came in the dark into something warm and sticky—a little spreading pool. He went on, regardless, fumbling with his thin fingers. He found, fortunately very soon, the object he had been looking for—the dead man's pistol, lying partly under him.

He took it in his hand, his mind already made up as to what he must do. The situation was very clear to him. These two armed men waited there in the dark—each uncertain of the other's whereabouts, each unwilling to take the risk of revealing to the other his own location by a shot. For if he should miss—aim perhaps where his enemy was not—his shot would give his adversary an immense advantage—to a skilled gunman an almost certain chance of a killing.

It was therefore quite clear to Spinner what he would do. If he should fire the revolver he now held, his own man, looking the other way, knowing that his enemy was in front, would not turn and fire backward; on the other hand the enemy, facing in this direction, peering through the dark, would almost certainly do so. And then—if his man was any good at all—the rest was done!

The sticky hand of Spinner took the revolver; with infinite care he stretched up to the full height of his sitting body; he leaned over well to the right, aimed the small arm in the direction of the roof of the car, and fired—falling away immediately as he did so.

Almost as quickly the fire of the enemy's revolver spat from the farther end of the car.

The bullet passed high into the car side, as Spinner had calculated it would. And almost as soon again a third shot spat out.

Two words—a yell of shock and final fright! The name of the second person of the Deity—that last cry called from the mouth of death or fatal injury so many thousand times—rang through the place. And the sound of a body going down. The first shot had got him!

Almost simultaneously came the following sound of men's bodies, thrown—heaped upon each other in the dark; and the thumps of fists and shoes upon flesh.

"He's done!" a voice called from the dark.

"Light a match," said someone in an authoritative voice, which Spinner recognized as that of the man with the concealing hat who had slept beside him and had done the killing.

II

SPINNER'S guess had proved right. This man had been a member of a bump-off squad—the secret police of the I. W. W. It seems a curious thing to the outsider—the average bourgeois, as we are most of us now classed—that an organization like this should have police. Yet it is simple enough when actual conditions are understood.

The labor situation west of the Mississippi River—west of Chicago, in fact—the territory out of which the Industrial Workers of the World has risen, is entirely different from that of the East. The laborer, whether of native or foreign origin, is generally English-speaking; quite generally a rover, very seldom, as in the East, held permanently in settlements of his own kind about factories, but mixed with others, continually in motion. The great share of the labor of the West is done by roving bands of sturdy, homeless, resentful men—out of any settled social connection, almost continually on the move.

There are many cross currents in these labor migrations. The roughest of all these nomads, the lumberjacks, move along the Northern railroads. But the greatest migration of all is that of the farm laborers—the working or bundle stiffs.

This movement—to take an arbitrary division of the year—may be said to start with the grape and fruit crop in California in October or November. After two or three months of labor there the migration starts slowly in January or the first of February to pass along the Southwestern railways—stopping here and there for what work may offer in mines or construction camps—till it strikes in once more in the spring on the first of the grain-harvest season in Oklahoma and Northern Texas. From there on—from mid-May until November—these men follow the harvest to the north into Saskatchewan in Canada with steady work all the time—except, of course, while in transit.

This migration carries thousands and tens of thousands of men. They practically never pay car fare, hopping freights instead—riding a rattler, as they call it; and so strong had they become before the war, and so dangerous, that a great share of the freight trainmen—outside the engineers—after trying with disastrous and many times fatal results to fight them off their cars, began carrying I. W. W. cards for self-protection, and were glad to wink at their free transportation.

These men, these migratory laborers, or bundle stiffs—as they are called from the only baggage they carry—are in the terms of their life, especially when stealing rides on railroads, really outlaws, and so entirely outside the protection of the ordinary forces of law. They carry, however—especially at the later periods of the year—often hundreds of dollars apiece, in bills secreted about their untidy persons. So there are literally hundreds of thousands of dollars in their possession on the freight trains in the West.

These men—the bundle stiffs themselves—do not carry firearms usually. Consequently there sprang up in the course of time the high jacks—expert hold-up men, recruited from the slums of Western cities and mining camps to rob these men in transit on their freight trains.

Now these laborers formed the backbone of the membership of the I. W. W.; it was in fact about the only tie to organized society which they possessed. And so it became an obvious duty and an obvious advantage for the I. W. W. to protect them, and keep their membership by so doing. So not far from nine years ago the bump-off squads, the police of the I. W. W., began to appear—shaped as such bodies are, out of existing conditions—half official, half voluntary; not so different in fact from the familiar guerrillas on the fringe of our Civil War. They had a good part of their pay at least from contributions from the men whom they protected; they patrolled divisions of the Western railroads, generally in pairs. Their duty was very simple: When they met a high jack they killed him and threw him under a train. Naturally no questions were asked. The railroad bulls and the local police—the town clowns, the I. W. W. calls them—made no objections to being rid of these high jacks; or of the bump-off men for that matter. So all were satisfied, and a new social institution—which seems strange upon casual acquaintance—rose quite naturally out of natural social conditions.

This man of Spinner's was very clearly no novice at his work; in fact so strong had the agitation against all I. W. W. institutions become since the opening of the war that Spinner assumed as a matter of course that he must necessarily have held over from preceding years.

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With a Grunt the Youth Went Down Sidewise, His Face Stamped With a Look of Intense Surprise

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XXIV

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

BESIDES the fall of Port Arthur the beginning of the year 1905 was signalized by two events which impressed me as being an ominous premonition of impending disaster. The first of these events took place on the sixth of January—the feast of Epiphany—on the occasion of the blessing of the waters, a ceremony which, according to tradition, was always celebrated on the Neva River in front of the Winter Palace. A pavilion was erected on the ice for the accommodation of the Emperor with the grand dukes and their suites, as well as for the officiating clergy headed by the Metropolitan Archbishop of St. Petersburg.

PHOTOS. COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Count Witte

Above—Russian Peace Envoys Leaving the Building Where They Met at Portsmouth, New Hampshire

At the moment of the immersion of the holy cross into the water through an aperture provided in the ice a salute was always fired from a battery of field artillery stationed on the opposite shore of the river. On this occasion a battery of the horse artillery of the guard had been assigned to the duty. With one of the first shots of the salute a shower of shrapnel bullets struck the roof of the pavilion, no one inside being hit, but a policeman standing on the quay was wounded, and a number of bullets entered the Nicholas Hall of the palace, where the court and the diplomatic body were assembled to view the ceremony, striking the glass chandeliers and one of the golden plates on the opposite wall. The Emperor displayed his usual splendid nerve and did not show the slightest trace of excitement. The ceremony was concluded without any interruption, and His Majesty on returning to the palace held the usual reception of the diplomats and subsequently reviewed the troops on the palace square.

In spite of the official statement that the cannon shot, which might easily have had the most fateful consequences, was the result of carelessness in leaving a shotted cartridge in the breech of a gun after target practice the public was little inclined to accept the published explanation of this mysterious "accident." Coming on top of the prevailing social unrest, intense labor agitation and widespread strike movement this singular affair was rather suspected of having been, if not the result of a conspiracy, in any case a deliberate though clumsily managed attempt on the Emperor's life due to the individual initiative of some revolutionary fanatic. According to some military experts indications pointed to a charge consisting of shrapnel bullets having been inserted in a saluting cartridge by someone not an expert artilleryman, for had the gun contained a regular shell instead of a weak scattering charge the imperial pavilion with most of those it contained would infallibly have been destroyed, as the gun was pointed directly against it. Whatever may have been the true explanation of this occurrence the very possibility of such a thing happening in one of the crack regiments of the guard disclosed a lamentable and most alarming state of disorder and laxity of discipline, which did not bode any good for the future with its obviously threatening developments.

In the meantime the strike situation in the capital had entered an acute stage. At first only industrial demands had been presented, such as for the shortening of the hours of labor and for increase of wages, but instigation by revolutionary agitators led to the formulation of political demands. A petition was drawn up and largely signed which, going beyond the complaints on which the strike was originally based, attacked the whole capitalistic organization of the country, bitterly assailed the bureaucracy, demanded the summoning of a constituent assembly elected by general and secret ballot, asserted that death was preferable to existence under intolerable conditions, and so on. The petition was one of those wordy, declamatory, grandiloquent products of propaganda literature, quite beyond the mental horizon of its signatories, with which our revolutionists were habitually endeavoring to enlist on their side the sympathies of public opinion abroad in their warfare against the government of their own country. It was to have been presented personally to the Emperor, who, it was hoped, would come to the Winter Palace on Sunday, the twenty-second—or the ninth, old style—to be present at an immense demonstration of the working classes.

It was planned that the workmen of St. Petersburg, some hundred thousand of them, headed by their leader, the priest Gapon—a contemptible personage who had begun his career in the employ of the secret police, had then joined the revolutionary socialists, had afterward reëntered the service of the Department of Police, and ended by being hanged by the revolutionists as a traitor to their cause—should march to the Winter Palace for the purpose of seeing the Emperor and laying before him the needs of the people. The government was aware of the intended demonstration and had taken military precautions to meet the emergency. The result was that when an immense though unarmed crowd appeared on the palace square and, in spite of warnings to stop, continued pressing forward, the officer in command of the small body of troops, who was under orders not to let the crowd approach the palace, opened fire, with necessarily fatal effect.

Several similar occurrences took place in other parts of the town. The number of victims, as given by the foreign press, amounted to thousands, the streets were said to have been running with blood, the day it happened was called Bloody Sunday, and so on. In reality the number of killed did not exceed seventy-odd, nor that of the wounded, 240. I quote these figures from the account of this affair as given in his Eclipse of Russia by Dr. E. J. Dillon, certainly no friend of the Russian Government. It might, of course, be said that an unarmed crowd, however large, could easily have been handled and subdued by, say, five or six hundred New York policemen armed with nothing but night sticks. But then, there were in St. Petersburg no New York policemen experienced in the use of unquestioned authority and conscious of being backed by the majesty of the law of a free people. It can, however, not be gainsaid, on the other hand, that the government was justified in having taken such measures of precaution as they felt confident they could rely on in order to prevent a riot from being turned into a revolution.

It would carry me too far were I to attempt to give on these pages a detailed account of all the happenings and cross currents of political opinion which I had occasion to observe in those troubled days, and I shall therefore take up again the thread of my narrative regarding my diplomatic experiences, the more so as domestic politics was outside my province, and interested me at the time mainly in as much as it affected our position in international politics.

A couple of days after that fateful Sunday I was honored, from a source other than the Foreign Department, the authority of which could not be questioned, with the first and only intimation I ever had that my appointment to the post of Ambassador to the United States was contemplated in the eventuality of Count Cassini's removal from Washington to another post, which as a matter of fact took place four months later. This naturally set the current of my thoughts in the direction of what I had every reason to believe would be my field of activity in the near future, and likely enough in connection with future peace negotiations, the beginning of which could evidently not be much longer delayed.

It so happened that the post of counselor to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg was occupied by a young and very able diplomat, Mr.—later Sir—Cecil Spring-Rice, whom I had known some twenty years before at Washington as second secretary to the British Legation. I had been dining with him and his charming young wife, when some days later I learned that he had just left for Washington at the invitation of President Roosevelt for a brief visit at the White House, and that he was to recross the Atlantic by the same steamer that would land him in New York. This most unexpected news set me thinking and trying to find a plausible reply to the question: What could have prompted the President to invite in the middle of winter a guest from the other side of the world to spend a few days with him at the White House? I knew, of course, that President Roosevelt in his younger days as civil-service commissioner had been on very friendly terms with the young and very popular secretary of the British Legation. I had the very highest opinion of Mr. Spring-Rice's character and exceptional ability, and I knew that not one of the foreign diplomats at St. Petersburg could begin to compare with him as to knowledge and understanding of political and social conditions in Russia. This led me to ask myself whether the President might not have wished to satisfy himself as to these conditions by inquiry from a source which he rightly considered to be the most reliable; and what, if such were the case, could have been the reason of his anxiety to secure the desired information as quickly as possible at the cost of putting his expected guest to the inconvenience of two crossings of the ocean in midwinter.

Putting two and two together I came to the conclusion that President Roosevelt was perhaps revolving in his mind the question whether a friendly mediation might not be resorted to, with a view to cause the belligerents to settle

their conflict by negotiation, and that before attempting any step in that direction he wished to ascertain whether such an initiative on his part would be likely to meet with success.

I never learned whether my surmise as to the object of Mr. Spring-Rice's visit to the White House had been correct, as I refrained naturally from asking him any questions about it on his return to St. Petersburg, but I felt certain that whatever information he might have imparted to the President must have fitted the case, as he was entirely competent to view the condition of things in Russia in its true light and to draw therefrom the obvious conclusions.

The negotiations with the Spanish court concerning the transfer of Count Cassini from Washington to Madrid had taken considerable time, and it was not till about the end of May that my appointment as Ambassador to the United States became an accomplished fact. We did not tarry at St. Petersburg unnecessarily any length of time, but hurried on to Paris for the purpose of preparing as quickly as possible for our installation at the Washington Embassy. It was there that I first learned of President Roosevelt's offer of mediation and its acceptance by our government, and also of the proposed appointment of Mr. Nelidof, our Ambassador at Paris, as first plenipotentiary at the forthcoming conference for the conclusion of peace with Japan.

I had no doubt that Count Lamsdorf would have preferred to have his friend Witte intrusted with this all-important mission, whose success he certainly most ardently wished to assure. But in the presence of the Emperor's hardly concealed dislike and distrust of Witte it was quite natural that His Majesty's choice should have fallen on Mr. Nelidof, the oldest and highest in rank of all our ambassadors, a man of the highest personal character and vast diplomatic experience. He felt, however, compelled, after some hesitation, to decline the appointment on account of the state of his health. The matter was still in suspense when we left Paris for New York, and it was at sea, a day or two before landing, that a wireless message from the Associated Press reached me conveying the news that Mr. Mouravieff, our Ambassador at Rome, and myself had been appointed jointly first and second plenipotentiaries for the peace negotiations. It turned out, however, some days later that Mr. Mouravieff also had declined after all to undertake a mission at once difficult and unpopular, and Witte was definitely appointed to take his place as first plenipotentiary. His appointment was very well received here as well as in Japan. It was generally looked upon as favoring the chances of a speedy conclusion of peace. It was also a triumph for Count Lamsdorf, who had succeeded at last in securing the Emperor's consent to the appointment of the man he held to be best able to carry to a successful issue the prospective peace negotiations.

I was told later that Witte's appointment had given great satisfaction likewise to those "well-wishers" of both of us who had been rubbing their hands in gleeful expectation of coming serious disagreements between us on account of his well-known hostility toward me. If such had been indeed their expectations they were doomed to disappointment, as will be seen later on. But this is anticipating the course of events.

The Russo-Jap Peace Conference Envoys on Board the U. S. S. Mayflower With President Roosevelt

We reached New York on the Fourth of July, and left immediately for Manchester, Massachusetts, where, thanks to the kind intermediary of Mr. George von L. Meyer, the American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, I had been able to make arrangements in advance for the rent of a cottage by the seaside. Having seen my family settled there I went to Washington to take over the embassy from my predecessor, Count Cassini, who had deferred his departure until my arrival.

When I reached Washington I found the State Department in charge of Mr. Peirce, third assistant secretary of State, the successor to the recently deceased Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, not yet having been appointed. He informed me that Portsmouth, New Hampshire, had been chosen as the place where the peace conference was to meet. Having duly imparted this information to the Minister of Foreign Affairs by cable and having mentioned in another cable that I was transferring the embassy for the summer months to Magnolia—that being the designation of the part of the township of Manchester where our cottage was situated—I was honored by a reply intimating that it was desirable that the embassy should be established at or near the place where the conference was to be held. Some one of the department wiseacres apparently had concluded from the exotic sound of the name "Magnolia" that the place I had chosen for the summer home of the embassy must needs be somewhere in Florida or elsewhere in the tropics, at a safe distance from any bother about peace conferences. So this necessitated another cable to clear up the misunderstanding.

Through the intermediary of Mr. Peirce it was arranged that the President would receive me on the thirteenth of July at Oyster Bay, and having seen off my predecessor, Count Cassini, who was to sail the following day for Europe, I returned to New York, where I had some business to transact. On the morning of the day appointed for my presentation to the President, Mr. Peirce came to fetch me and took me to the New York Yacht Club landing, where we boarded the President's small yacht, the Sylph. We arrived at Oyster Bay shortly before noon, and on landing at a private pier found the President's carriage waiting for us to take us to Sagamore Hill. Mr. Peirce presented me to the President, who received me with his characteristic frank and winning cordiality. I duly presented my predecessor's letter of recall and my own letter of credence and after a few minutes' talk on general subjects the President presented me to Mrs. Roosevelt in her drawing-room, where three or four other guests were assembled, and led the way to the dining room.

We sat down to a quiet family meal—one or two of the children being present—served in the best taste, graced by the hostess' refined charm of manner and enlivened by the President's brilliant and absorbingly interesting conversation. Altogether it was an occasion devoid of all formality but marked by the supreme distinction of perfect simplicity allied to the most hospitable open-hearted friendliness. On our return to the Sylph we naturally met a few reporters, one of whom asked me whether I had noticed on arriving that little Archie had been watching our landing, sitting on the pier with a camouflaging fishing rod, his bare legs dangling in the water. Captain Archibald will, I hope, pardon my mentioning this little incident of his boyhood days, as he will readily understand that everything connected with my first meeting with the greatest American of our generation was bound to impress itself forever on my memory.

A few days later it became necessary for me to request the favor of another interview with the President in consequence of a pressing agony cable I had received from our Minister of Foreign Affairs. Count Lamsdorf complained bitterly of the proceedings of the Japanese, who in spite of our consent to enter upon peace negotiations had invaded the Island of Saghalin, and directed me to request the President's intercession with the Japanese, which his sense of justice could not refuse, in order to cause them to discontinue their advance on the unjustifiably invaded territory. This instruction it was my painful duty to obey, though it was perfectly plain that Count Lamsdorf had only himself to blame for having neglected to stipulate as a condition of our consent to begin peace negotiations that all active hostilities should be arrested. I felt that I was being sent to the President on what was more or less a fool's errand. President Roosevelt very generously relieved me of my embarrassment by telling me that he had already, on his own initiative, broached this subject to the Japanese, but that they thought that in consenting to the beginning of peace negotiations they had not undertaken any engagement to discontinue military operations, and that it was obviously to their advantage, which they saw no reason for renouncing, to secure the possession of as much as possible of the enemy's territory before the actual beginning of negotiations.

To such perfectly logical reasoning no exception could, of course, be taken, except on ethical grounds, a strict observance of which rarely commends itself to statecraft as habitually practiced in this callous world.

On that occasion the President was pleased to approach a subject which evidently preoccupied his mind most earnestly—the success of the coming peace conference. He endeavored to convince me of the necessity for Russia not to hesitate about resigning herself to make the necessary sacrifices in order to secure the speedy conclusion of peace, which alone could forestall the imminent danger of the loss of Vladivostok and the Province of the Littoral, and maybe even of the whole of Eastern Siberia as far as Lake Baikal.

I was, of course, not in a position to say anything whatever in regard to the conditions upon which we would be prepared to conclude peace with Japan, not being

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Takahira and Baron Komura, Japanese Envoys

Count Witte and Baron Rosen, the Russian Envoys

THE FIGHTING SPIRIT

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

His Foot Shifted and His Left Came Up in the Deadly Half Circle to the Chin Point

UP AND DOWN in that pump-handle rhythm which is part of the immutable ceremonial of the ring moved the referee's arm above a prostrate and quivering figure. Thunderous clamor from the crowd of club members drowned out the drone of the official voice tolling off the seconds.

"Out!" pronounced my friend and companion, Professor Andy Dunne, past master of the manly art.

Dragged to his corner by his attendants, the fallen gladiator feebly waggled his legs and arms as the restoring water was dashed in his face.

"Thinks he's in swimmin', I wouldn't wonder," observed Andy. "Queer what things a man'll dream in those few seconds while he's asleep. Once when I was out for no more'n the count I put in a whole day's routine in my dreams just as clear and real as you and me sittin' in this box talkin'. That was when I was trainin' the big feller and he copped me with his right after I'd stung him a sassy one on the ear."

Let none incur Andy Dunne's professional and withering disdain by asking what big feller. To the hard-headed, two-handed, true-hearted sports of Andy's day and generation there is but one big feller worthy of the title and of their undying veneration. The biggest of all. Feller of more worthy rivals than any half dozen of your procrastinating, circusing, vaudevilling, lecturing champions; "Yours truly, John L. Sullivan, champion of the world," as attested by many a signed photograph honoring the walls of Andy's training quarters.

The ring being cleared of victor and vanquished, the referee bespoke the patience of the members while Butch O'Kane, contestant in the final bout, was sought.

"Always late, Butch is," remarked the knowing Andy. "Does it to worry the other guy. That won't get him anything to-night."

"Is the other guy a cool one?"

"Ice wouldn't melt in his eye. Here he comes now." Andy raised his voice. "Good luck, Spike!"

"Thanks, Andy," returned a compact-looking young fellow wrapped in a bath robe as he climbed through the ropes to a buzz of applause.

"One of your stable, Andy?" I queried.

The professor made an astonishing reply for one of his calling.

"There ain't much I can learn him, but I'm carrying him along."

"To what?"

"Heavyweight championship," answered the trainer.

"What? He doesn't look much more than a middleweight."

"What more was Bob Fitzsimmons when he went after the heavies? I'm telling you, this boy'll be matched for the championship as sure as he puts out Butch O'Kane to-night."

Considering that the redoubtable Butch was a strong favorite, this seemed like something of a qualification.

"He must have a punch like an ostrich's kick," I surmised.

"Pretty fair with either hand, though I've stood up to harder."

"Is he a marvel on science then?"

"I wouldn't say so."

"Stonewall defense, I suppose."

"Not that either. He ain't no Griffo for cleverness, and he ain't got Ruby Bob's wallop, let alone the big feller's. He's quick, but he ain't lightnin'. His footwork's no more'n fair—I can bring him along there a bit—and his right is short more often than it had ought to be."

"What on earth has he got to win on then?"

"Inspiration."

"Wha-at?"

"Yep, I guess that's what you'd hafta call it. He's got a mission."

"Specially appointed by an all-wise Providence to the prize ring to clean up the lot, I suppose," said I with intent to commit sarcasm.

My barb went wide of the mark.

"That's about it," stated Andy. "He's the only guy in history with a claim to've knocked the big feller off his pins with the bare knuckles."

"The big feller? Not John L. Sullivan?"

"Well, who else d'you think?" retorted Andy.

"Surely," I protested, "Corbett at New Orleans ——"

"Bare knuckles, I said. The mitts is different."

"But it must be easier to knock a man down with bare fists than with gloves."

Andy turned upon me with scorn.

"Ahrr! Would you rather get hit with a stick or a sandbag? The fist cuts, but it's the mitt that jars. Accourse the big feller laid him out the next punch."

My mind had by now worked round to its historical perspective.

"What's the josh, Andy? You know as well as I that this young fellow here couldn't have been more than a boy when John L. quit the ring."

"Sure I know! Didn't I second him at New Orleans?"

"Well then, John L. wouldn't hit a child, would he?"

"Sure!" said Andy cheerfully. "He'd hit anything."

"Even so, for a boy to knock down the hardest-hitting heavyweight ——"

"You're in wrong, brother—Spike!"

Andy jerked with his bullet head and the lone occupant of the ring emerged from a profound brown study and crossed over to us.

"Who's in your corner to-night?"

The fighter's smile lighted up the otherwise hard face pleasantly. "The usual," replied he.

"Then you're sure to cop?"

"A cinch! He won't last the limit."

"Go cagey. He's fuller of tricks than a fox."

The fighter nodded cheerfully as he turned back from this obscure colloquy and Andy addressed me again.

"What do you think of his looks?"

The man's appearance had puzzled me. His face might have been hewed out of rock. In a railroad president it would have been called a strong face. In a prize fighter it would naturally be termed brutal. But its expression was that of a dreamer, a seer of distant visions; serious, austere, serene. Despite his battleship jaw and steady fighter's eye—or perhaps, rather, because of them—he recalled the picture of some medieval ascetic or saint. So much I remarked to my companion.

"That ain't so far wrong either," he was pleased to approve. "You wouldn't think that a couple of years ago he was up for life membership in the Down-and-Out Club, would you?"

"Not from anything in his present appearance."

"Yep. They had the Indian sign of the ring on him all right."

"What's that?"

"'They never come back,'" quoted Andy solemnly.

"And he's come?"

"All the way. Why, he was no better'n a mixed-ale scrapper, standin' up to be cut to ribbons in the ten-dollar prelims—and, I guess, on the crook at that when it paid better. It was the big feller, or maybe pretty Katie Han—now, wot the devil is this?"

The referee was in the ring again motioning for silence. His announcement that O'Kane would be on hand in ten minutes was greeted with hoots.

"That means half an hour," declared the experienced and cynical Andy. "Now about this guy Gillig ——"

But as the professor's style tends to impinge upon the technical and esoteric it will perhaps be as well to transpose his narrative to the simpler medium of everyday speech.

II

THE first meeting between John L. Sullivan and Spike Gillig was at catchweights. John L. weighed two hundred and ninety and was forty-two years old. Spike, then known as Joey Gillig, tipped the beam at seventy-four pounds and the calendar at nine years. Had the term then risen into popular disesteem he would have been called a pacifist, and as such was the despair of his father, a teamster with a steady job and a shifty style built round a jarring left jolt. Smaller boys than Joey could with impunity chalk stripes on his back or knock the provocative chip from his shrinking shoulder—and did. They also at times thrust bellicose fists beneath his retracted nose, bidding him "smell o' that," and even led him ignobly by the ear.

Believing piously in the inspirational influence of lives of great men as set forth in one of the correctest poems ever penned, Gillig, Senior, took his faint-hearted scion to see the great John L., then starring in that highly moral melodrama, Honest Hearts and Willing Hands, and subsequently, by special appointment, to meet the famous one.

"Wot's that?" growled the big feller in his guttural rumble, scowling ferociously at the palpitant urchin when the sad case had been detailed to him. "Won't fight? Wot's the matter of'm?"

"The other kids is mean to me," whined the unfortunate Joey.

Happily the great man was in jovial mood that day.

"Don't let 'em," he advised. "Here! I'll learn yah."

Assuming a crouching attitude, he circled round the wondering boy, his hamlike fists pistoning up and down. "Hit me!" he invited.

"I dassent," sniveled Joey.

"Hit me!" bellowed the giant.

Terrified into obedience, the boy lashed out.

"Oof!" grunted the big feller in amiable pretense. "That was a good un."

"Again! Wurff!" he exclaimed as the gratified Joey rushed at him, flailing wildly. "That's the lad!"

Joey was exalted. Was this thing possible? Was he, Joey Gillig, the school coward, receiver in general of such shameful epithets as "mommer's pet," "softy," "yellow belly," "girly-girl," and the like, actually inflicting injury upon the most terrible fighter that the world had ever seen? Eyes tight shut and mouth wide open, he pressed gloriously forward.

"He ain't such a bad little puncher at that, Gillig," said John L. to the gratified father. "Time!"

And the elder Gillig had to haul his young hopeful off by the slack of his trousers.

"Now lissen, son," adjured the big feller. "Here's the fightin' man's golden rule and don'tchu forget it: Do unto the other feller what he would do unto you—and do it first! Take nothin' from nobody! Always swap a punch! Never go back when yah can go forward! Don't swing till yah see yahr openin', but when yah do put all yah got into it! Yours truly, John L. Sullivan, champion of the world."

The finale he put into writing and presented it to the boy. A month later Christmas brought to Joey a set of small boxing gloves, the gift—if Santa Claus was to be believed, which in this case he perhaps wasn't—of yours truly, John L. Sullivan. Fortunately the awed and entranced recipient was not moved to compare the writing with his prized autograph, for though the elder Gillig had done his best, his right hand was better adapted to a half-arm jolt than to free-hand forgery.

To Joey Gillig the big feller thus became an object of the purest worship. And when the purblind, groping thing which we call a human soul finds something to command its worship, the radiance of another world impregnates it with an immaculate idealism.

Joey Gillig became an idealist.

The signs and symbols of the great change were not at first obvious. Though Gillig Senior and Gillig Junior held daily services with the new gloves, Joey's lamb-like disposition endured unaltered to the common observation until one day an envious spirit among his schoolfellows cast doubt upon the authenticity of the great one's autograph and followed up this insult by worse.

"My old man says John L. always was a big stiff, anyway. Cry baby!" the tormenter added with surprise and contempt. "Wotcha bellerin' about now?"

Unlike the poet, Joey was not one to endure the unendurable. His tears, misprized by his uncomprehending opponent as tokens of weakness, were those of a devotee infuriated by a desecration. Though the other boy towered half a head above Joey, the weeper went for him headlong, to the mingled joy and derision of the capering crowd. Mommer's pet was trying to fight! Not only trying, it promptly appeared, but succeeding beyond all belief. The profaner of the holies did his best, but against the practice-hardened little muscles of Girly-girl Gillig he was helpless. Bleeding lip succeeded to black eye and a woeful bump on the nose completed the ruin and sent him howling to refuge. Whereupon the erstwhile pacifist ran amuck and roaring through the appalled and scattering crowd.

Before the term was over he was sent home for exemplary chastisement by his father, not so much for having beaten up every boy in the grade as for offering to take on the teacher, who had inadvertently omitted the name of Sullivan from a roster of Massachusetts' most famous sons.

Thereafter for a period his fistic prowess was in abeyance for lack of material upon which to manifest itself. In the fullness of time Joey Gillig disappears into that realm of obscurity wherein plumbers' apprentices live and move and compute their amazing accounts, and there emerges, after a further and briefer lapse of years, Spike Gillig, welterweight aspirant.

Destiny may have foreordained young Gillig to the padded ring, but it was chance that made the occasion; chance and the overbrooding spirit of the mighty John L. Sullivan, now treading the boards as an accomplished Thespian.

Butch O'Kane, middleweight pride of South Boston, stood at his favorite bar in his own ward drinking straight gin—for he was enjoying a period of pleasance after his defeat of the Middle States champion—and discoursing upon heroes of fistiana, present and past, in terms of disparagement much appreciated by the circle of obsequious henchmen invariably attendant upon a rising pugilistic star.

"Jawn L?" sneered the Butch. "Woddid he ever have? A rush and a swing. Thassall. I'd 'a' cut him into strips in three rounds an' put him away on ice the fourth."

"John L. Sullivan," pronounced an emotion-surcharged voice from without the group, "is the greatest fighter that ever lived."

The utterance was identified by the gaping circle of parasites as coming from a young workman at the end of the bar. The O'Kane calmly ignored it.

"A big package o' bluff," he pursued. "Used to scare 'em to death with a hard look. That was the best thing he had. An' wot's he doin' now? Turned preacher an' roastin' the booze because he wasn't man enough to git away with it!"

"John L. Sullivan," interrupted the same voice, now high-pitched and with a hint of an impending break in it, "is the best man and the grandest gent on earth."

The defender of the faith was observed to be taking off his coat, whereat the inextinguishable laughter of the henchmen smote the ceiling.

"Nothin' to it! Nah-thin' to it!" they cackled enjoyably.

They were right. As the unknown moved purposefully forward O'Kane slapped him across the face, following this with a contemptuous and wholly insufficient punch on the jaw. He received in return a straight jab that almost broke him in two and a second that sent him sprawling beneath a table. Discretion—recalling the previous evening's long processional of straight gins, which tend to cloud the eye and soften the punch—overcame valor. The fallen fighter forbore to rise. For the moment the circle of satellites hung agape and unbelieving upon this portent. Then as one man they fell upon the assailant, bore him, still lunging savagely, to the floor and subsequently to the police court, where they made ready to swear away his life if need be.

As One Man They Fell Upon the Assailant, Bore Him, Still Lunging Savagely, to the Floor

But Butch O'Kane boasted the lordly soul of the sport. Employing a well-tested pull, he got his assailant off, took him to a near-by bar and put him to the question; what in hell was John L. Sullivan to him? Uncle?

"N-n-no, sir," responded Gillig, who, having been apprised of his antagonist's professional status, was smitten with awe.

"Friend o' yer family?"

"Yessir, kinda. I boxed with him once." And he told the story.

The rising genius of the ring was pleased to accord to the recital his patronizing approval.

"Now I'll tell yeh," said he profoundly. "Yer wallop ain't much. Yeh don't know nothin'. But your abdominal equipment is intact"—Mr. O'Kane's precise wording of this last was somewhat less Latin and more Anglo-Saxon than my version—"and yeh got a left jab like a railroad spike. If yeh wanta make a bit, come round to the club and I'll see that yeh get a try-out."

As this history deals with the spiritual rather than the physical development of Joey, henceforth to be known as Spike Gillig, I may refer the detail-demanding reader to the sporting pages of the Boston newspapers for the years 1915–17. Three stages mark his rise and fall. In the first he said modestly, "I'll take him on," to whatever was proposed. That year's record is richly strewn with the capital W., which signifies "won," and hardly less richly with the initials K. O., which stand for "knock-out."

The second was the braggart stage of the arrived-and-successful pugilist, and its catchword, delivered too often between drinks purchased for a growing circle of fawning liege men, was "Ah-h-h-hrr! Three days' trainin' is all I need to put 'm out in a punch." The K. O.'s were markedly less frequent in this year, and though there was still a goodly showing of W.'s, the roster was thickest with the big D., which stands unsatisfactorily for "draw."

In the final stage the fighter was wont to say to the barkeeper, leaning confidentially across his shaking glass of whisky: "That referee is a bum. He give me a dirty deal again las' night."

By this time Spike's roster no longer appeared in the local prints. He was relegated to the also-rans, the has-been class from which, so the initiated hold, they never come back.

To use Andy Dunne's telling phrase, the lights had got to Spike Gillig. White and Red, got they to him.

It is no purpose of mine to map the easy descent to the Avernus of the mixed-ale scrapper which Spike trod step by step, or to picture the sordid agencies of his decline. The heavyweight champion of all time in a department far removed from Gillig's has summed it up in an imperishable refrain: "*Tout aux tavernes et aux filles.*"

Thither went Spike Gillig's money, as had gone five centuries before the sous of the master rogue and master singer, Villon, whether it was the thousand-dollar purse of his prosperity or the wretched ten spot to which he declined as the price of being hammered about the reeling ring in a four-round prelim.

"All to barrooms and the girls."

In all that time he never once set eyes upon John L. Yet the fire of his reverence burned undiminished until thirst temporarily quenched it. He sold the precious talismanic autograph to a barkeep for the price of a quart of Medford rum. That was the lowest step. Beneath lay the abyss.

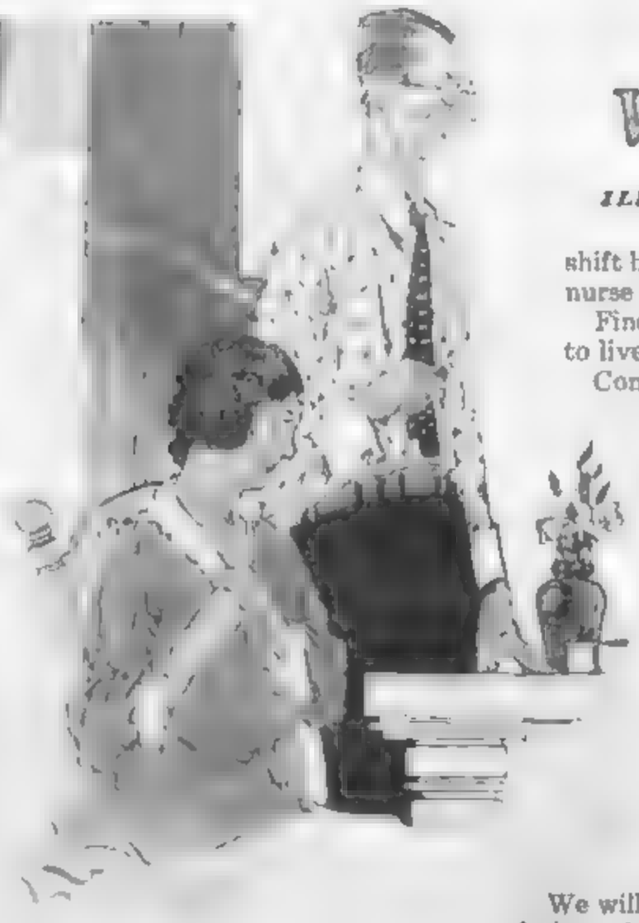
Pallid and shaking from cheap debauch, he met one February day Butch O'Kane, warm and prosperous in the

(Continued on Page 152)

THE YOUNG IMMIGRUNTS

By Ring W. Lardner, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



PREFACE
By the Father

THE person whose name is signed to this novel was born on the nineteenth day of August, 1915, and was therefore four years and three months old when the manuscript was found, latein November, 1919. The narrative is substantially true, with the following exceptions:

1. "My Father," the leading character in the work, is depicted as a man of short temper, whereas the person from whom the character was drawn is in reality as pleasant a fellow as one would care to meet and seldom has a cross word for anyone, let alone women and children.

2. The witty speeches accredited to "My Father" have, possibly owing to the limitations of a child's memory, been so garbled and twisted that they do not look half so good in print as they sounded in the open air.

3. More stops for gas were made than are mentioned in the story.

As the original manuscript was written on a typewriter with a rather frayed ribbon, and as certain words were marked out and others handwritten in, I have taken the liberty of copying the entire work with a fresh ribbon and the inclusion of the changes which the author indicated in pencil in the first draft. Otherwise the story is presented to the reader exactly as it was first set down.

THE FATHER.

CHAPTER 1
My Parents

MY PARENTS are both married and ½ of them are very good looking. The balance is tall and skiny and has a swarty complexion with moles but you hardily ever notice them on account of your gaze being rapped up in his feet which would be funny if brevvity wasnt the soul of wit. Everybody says I have his eyes and I am glad it didnt half to be something else tho Rollie Zeider the ball player calls him owl eyes for a nick name but if I was Rollie Zeider and his nose I wouldnt pick on somebodys else features.

He wears pretty shirts which he bought off of another old ball player Artie Hofman to attrack tension off of his feet and must of payed a big price for them I have heard my ant tell my uncle when they thorght I was a sleep down to the lake tho I guess he pays even more for his shoes if they sell them by the frunt foot.

I was born in a hospittle in Chicago 4 years ago and liked it very much and had no idear we were going to move till 1 day last summer I heard my mother ansk our nurse did she think she could get along O. K. with myself and 8 brothers John Jimmie and David for 10 days wilst she and my old man went east to look for a costly home.

Well yes said our nurse barshfully.

I may as well exclaim to the reader that John is 7 and Jimmie is 5 and I am 4 and David is almost nothing as yet you might say and tho I was named for my father they call me Bill thank god.

The conversation amungst my mother and our nurse took place right after my father came back from Toledo where Jack Dempsey knocked Jessie Willard for a gool tho my father liked the big fellow and bet on him.

David was in his bath at the time and my mother and our nurse and myself and 2 elder brothers was standing around admireing him tho I notice that when the rest of the famly takes their bath they dont make open house of the occassion.

Well my parents went east and dureing their absents myself and brothers razed hell with David on the night shift but when they come back my mother said to the nurse were they good boys.

Fine replid our nurse lamely and where are you going to live.

Connecticut said my mother.

Our nurse forced a tired smile.

Here we will leave my parents to unpack and end this chapter.

CHAPTER 2
Starting Gaily

WE SPENT the rest of the summer on my granmother in Indiana and my father finley went to the worst series to write it up as he has followed sports of all sorts for years and is a expert so he bet on the wite sox and when he come home he acted rarther cross.

Well said my mother simperingly I suppose we can start east now.

We will start east when we get good and ready said my father with a lordly sneeze.

The next thing was how was we going to make the trip as my father had boughten a new car that the cheepest way to get it there was drive it besides carrying a grate deal of our costly bagage but if all of us went in it they would be no room left for our costly bagage and besides 2 of my brothers always acts like devils incarnite when they get in a car so my mother said to our nurse.

If you think you can manage the 2 older boys and David on the train myself and husband will take Bill in the car said my mother to our nurse.

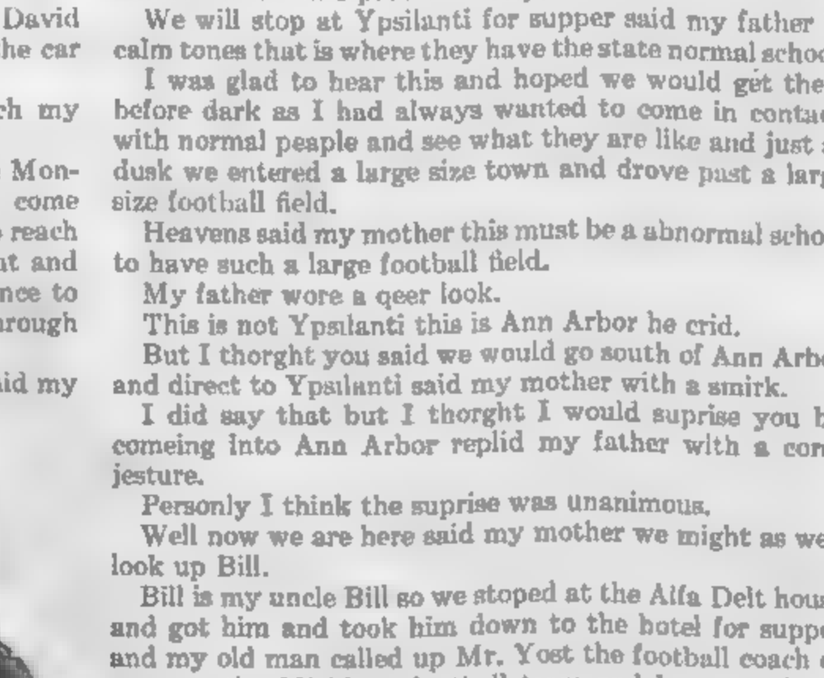
Fine replied our nurse with a gastly look witch my mother did not see.

Myself and parents left Goshen Indiana on a fine Monday morning leaveing our nurse and brothers to come latter in the weak on the railway. Our plans was to reach Detroit that night and stop with my uncle and ant and the next evening take the boat to Buffalo and thence to Connecticut by motor so the first town we past through was Middlebury.

Elmer Flick the old ball player use to live here said my father modestly.

My mother forced a smile and soon we were across the Michigan line and my mother made the remark that she was thirsty.

We will stop at Coldwater for lunch said my father with a strate face as he pulls most of his lines without changeing expressions.



My Parents are Both Married and ½ of Them are Very Good Looking

Sure enough we puled up to 1 side of the road just after leaveing Coldwater and had our costly viands of frid chicken and doughnuts and milk fernished by my grate ant and of witch I partook freely.

We will stop at Ypsilanti for supper said my father in calm tones that is where they have the state normal school.

I was glad to hear this and hoped we would get there before dark as I had always wanted to come in contack with normal peaple and see what they are like and just at dusk we entered a large size town and drove past a large size football field.

Heavens said my mother this must be a abnormal school to have such a large football field.

My father wore a qeer look.

This is not Ypsilanti this is Ann Arbor he crid.

But I thorght you said we would go south of Ann Arbor and direct to Ypsilanti said my mother with a smirk.

I did say that but I thorght I would suprise you by comeing into Ann Arbor replid my father with a corse jesture.

Personly I think the suprise was unanimous.

Well now we are here said my mother we might as well look up Bill.

Bill is my uncle Bill so we stoped at the Alfa Delt house and got him and took him down to the hotel for supper and my old man called up Mr. Yost the football coach of the Michigan football team and he come down and visited with us.

What kind of a team have you got coach said my father lamely.

I have got a determined team replid Mr. Yost they are determined to not play football.

At this junction my unlucky mother changed the subjeck to the league of nations and it was 10 oclock before Mr. Yost come to a semi colon so we could resume our jurney and by the time we past through Ypsilanti the peaple was not only subnormal but unconsius. It was nerly midnight when we puled up in frunt of my ants and uncles house in Detroit that had been seting up since 7 expecting us.

Were sorry to be so late said my mother bruskly.

Were awfully glad you could come at all replid my ant with a ill consealed yawn.

We will now leave my relitives to get some sleep and end this chapter.

I Notice That When the Rest of the Famly Takes Their Bath They Dont Make Open House of the Occassion

CHAPTER 3
Erie Lake

THE boat leaves Detroit every afternoon at 5 oclock and reachs Buffalo the next morning at 9 tho I would better exclaim to my readers that when it is 9 oclock in Buffalo it is only 8 oclock in Goshen for instants as Buffalo peaple are qeer.

Well said my father the next morning at brekfus I wander what time we half to get the car on the board of the boat.

I will find out down town and call up and let you know replid my uncle who is a engineer and digs soors or something.

Sure enough he called up dureing the fornoon and said the car must be on the board of the boat at 3 oclock so my father left the house at 2 oclock and drove down to the worf tho he had never drove a car in Detroit before but has nerves of steal. Latter my uncle come out to his home and took myself and mother and ant down to the worf where my old man was waiting for us haveing put the car on the board.

What have you been doing ever since 3 oclock arsked my mother as it was now nerly 5.

Haveing a high ball my father replid.

I thorght Detroit was dry said my mother shyly.

Did you said my father with a rye smile and as it was now nerly time for the boat to leave we said good by to my uncle and ant and went on the boat. A messenger took our costly bagage and put it away wilst myself and parents went out on the porch and set looking at the peaple on the worf. Suddenly they was a grate hub bub on the worf and a young man and lady tarted up the gangs plank wilst a big crowd throwed rice and old shoes at th m and made a up roar.

When We Got There the Entire Party Was Soping Wet and Rarther Rabid

Bride and glum going to Niag ra Falls said my father who is well travelled and seams to know everything.

Instantly the boat give a blarst on the wistle and I started with surprise.

Did that scare you Bill said my father and seamed to enjoy it and I supose he would of laughed out right had I fell overboard and been drowned in the narsty river water.

Soon we were steeming up the river on the city of Detroit 3.

That is Canada over there is it not said my mother.

What did you think it was the Austrian Tyrol replid my father explodeing a cough. Dureing our progress up the river I noticed sevral funny things flotting in the water with lanterns hanging on them and was wandering what they could be when my mother said they seam to have plenty of boys.

They have got nothing on us replid my father quick as a flarsh.

A little latter who should come out on the porch and set themselfs ner us but the bride and glum.

Oh I said to myself I hope they will talk so as I can hear them as I have always wandered what newlyweds talk about on their way to Niagara Falls and soon my wishs was realized.

Some night said the young glum are you warm enough.

I am perfectly comfertible replid the fare bride tho her looks belid her words what time do we arive in Buffalo.

9 oclock said the lordly glum are you warm enough.

I am perfectly comfertible replied the fare bride what time do we arive in Buffalo.

9 oclock said the lordly glum I am afrade it is too cold for you out here.

Well maybe it is replid the fare bride and without farther adieu they went in the spacius parlers.

I wander will he be arsking her 8 years from now is she warm enough said my mother with a faint grimace.

The weather may change before then replid my father.

Are you warm enough said my father after a slite pause.

No was my mothers catchy reply.

Well said my father we arive in Buffalo at 9 oclock and with that we all went inside as it was now pitch dark and had our supper and retired and when we rose the next morning and drest and had brekfus we puled up to the worf in Buffalo and it was 9 oclock so I will leave the city of Detroit 3 tide to the worf and end this chapter.

CHAPTER 4

Buffalo to Rochester 76.4

AS WE was leaving the boat who should I see right along side of us but the fare bride and the lordly glum.

We are right on the dot said the glum looking at his costly watch it is just 9 oclock and so they past out of my life.

We had to wait qite a wile wilst the old man dug up his bill of loading and got the costly moter.

We will half to get some gas he said I wonder where they is a garage.

No sooner had the words fell from his lips when a man with a flagrant Adams apple handed him a card with the name of a garage on it.

Go up Genesee at 5 blks and turn to the left or something said the man with the apple.

Soon we reached the garage and had the gas tank filled with gas it was 27 cents in Buffalo and soon we was on our way to Rochester. Well these are certainly grate roads said my father barshfully.

They have lots better roads in the east than out west replid my mother with a knowing wink.

The roads all through the east are better than out west remarked my father at lenth.

These are wonderfull replid my mother smuggleing me vs her arm.

The time past quickly with my parents in so jocular a mood and all most before I knew it we was on the outer skirts of Batavia.

What town is this quired my mother in a tolerant voice.

Batavia husked my father sloughing down to 15 miles per hour.

Well maybe we would better stop and have lunch here said my mother coyly.

We will have lunch in Rochester replid my father with a loud cough.

My mother forced a amile and it was about ½ past 12 when we arived in Rochester and soon we was on Genesee st and finley stoped in front of a elegant hotel and shared a costly lunch.

CHAPTER 5

My Father's Idear

We Was All More Than Ready to Get Up When the Wraped on Our Door Long ere Day Brake

WILST participateing in the lordly viands my father halled out his map and give it the up and down.

Look at here he said at lenth they seams to be a choice of 2 main roads between here and Syracuse but 1 of them goe way up north to Oswego wilst the other goe way south to Geneva where as Syracuse is strate east from here you might say so it looks to me like we would save both millage and time if we was to drive strate east through Lyons the way the railway goe.

Well I dont want to ride on the ties said my mother with a loud cough.

Well you dont half to because they seams to be a little road that goe strate through replid my father removeing a flys cadaver from the costly farina.

Well you would better stick to the main roads said my mother tacklessly.

Well you would better stick to your own business replid my father with a pungent glance.

Soon my father had payed the check and gave the waiter a lordly bribe and once more we sprang into the machine and was on our way. The lease said about the results of my fathers grate idear the soonest mended in a word it turned out to be a holycost of the first water as after we had covered miles and miles of ribald roads we suddenly come to a abrupt conclusion vs the side of a stagnant freight train that was stone deef to honks. My father set there for nerly ½ a hour reciteing the 4 Horses of the Apoplex in a under tone but finley my mother mustard up her curage and said affectedly why dont we turn around and go back somewheres. I cant spell what my father replid.

At lenth my old man decided that Lyons wouldnt never come to Mahomet if we set it out on the same lines all winter so we backed up and turned around and retraced 4 miles of shell holes and finley reached our objective by way of Detour.

Puling up in front of a garage my father beckoned to a dirty mechanic.

How do we get to Syracuse from here araked my father blushing furiusly.

Go strate south to Geneva and then east to Syracuse replid the dirty mechanic with a loud cough.

Isnt there no short cut araked my father.

Go strate south to Geneva and then east to Syracuse replid the dirty mechanic.

You see daddy we go to Geneva after all I said brokenly but luckly for my piece of mind my father dont beleive in corporeal punishment a specially in front of Lyons peaple.

Soon we was on a fine road and nothing more hapened till we puled into Syracuse at 7 that evening and as for the conversation that changed hands in the car between Lyons and Syracuse

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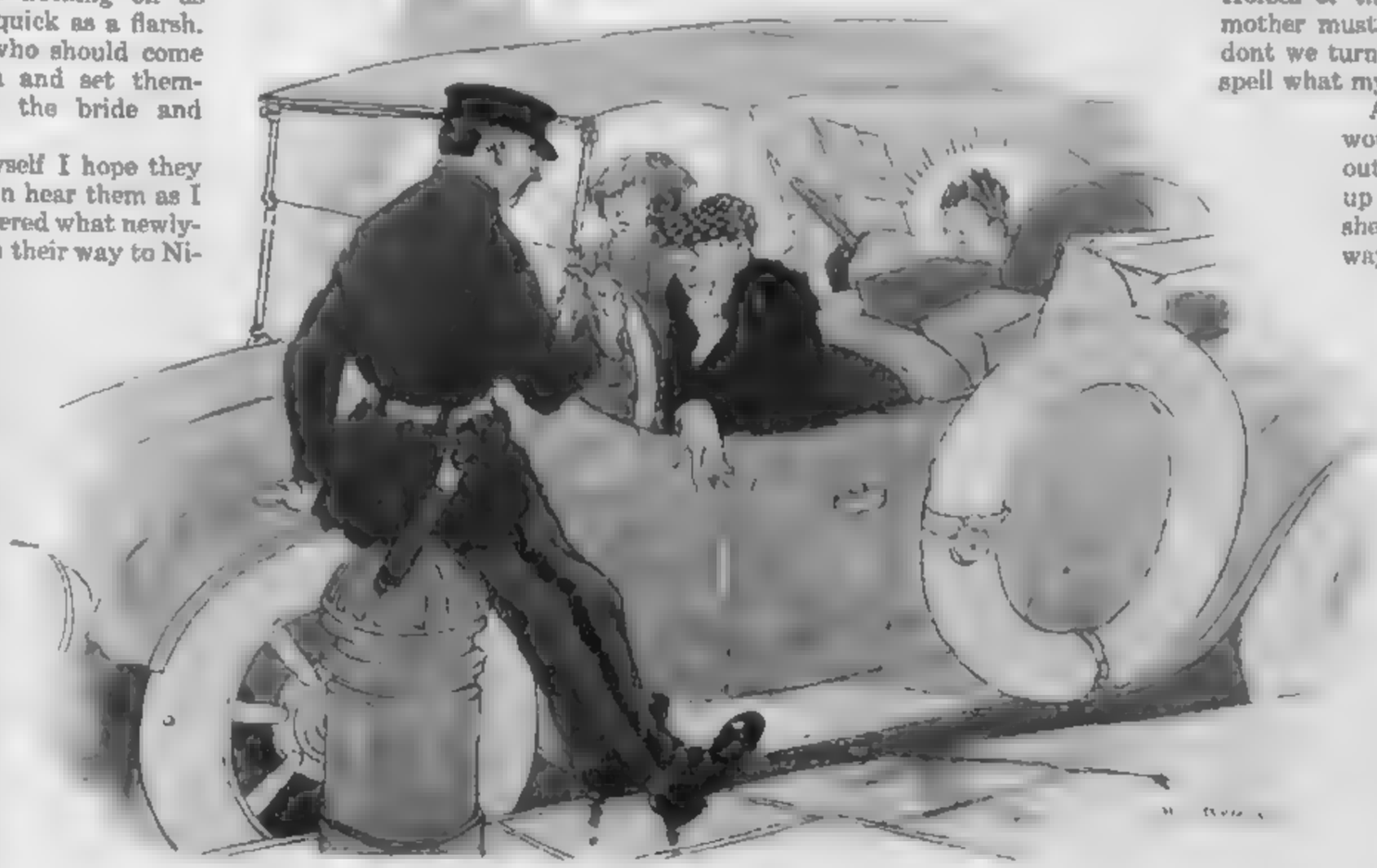


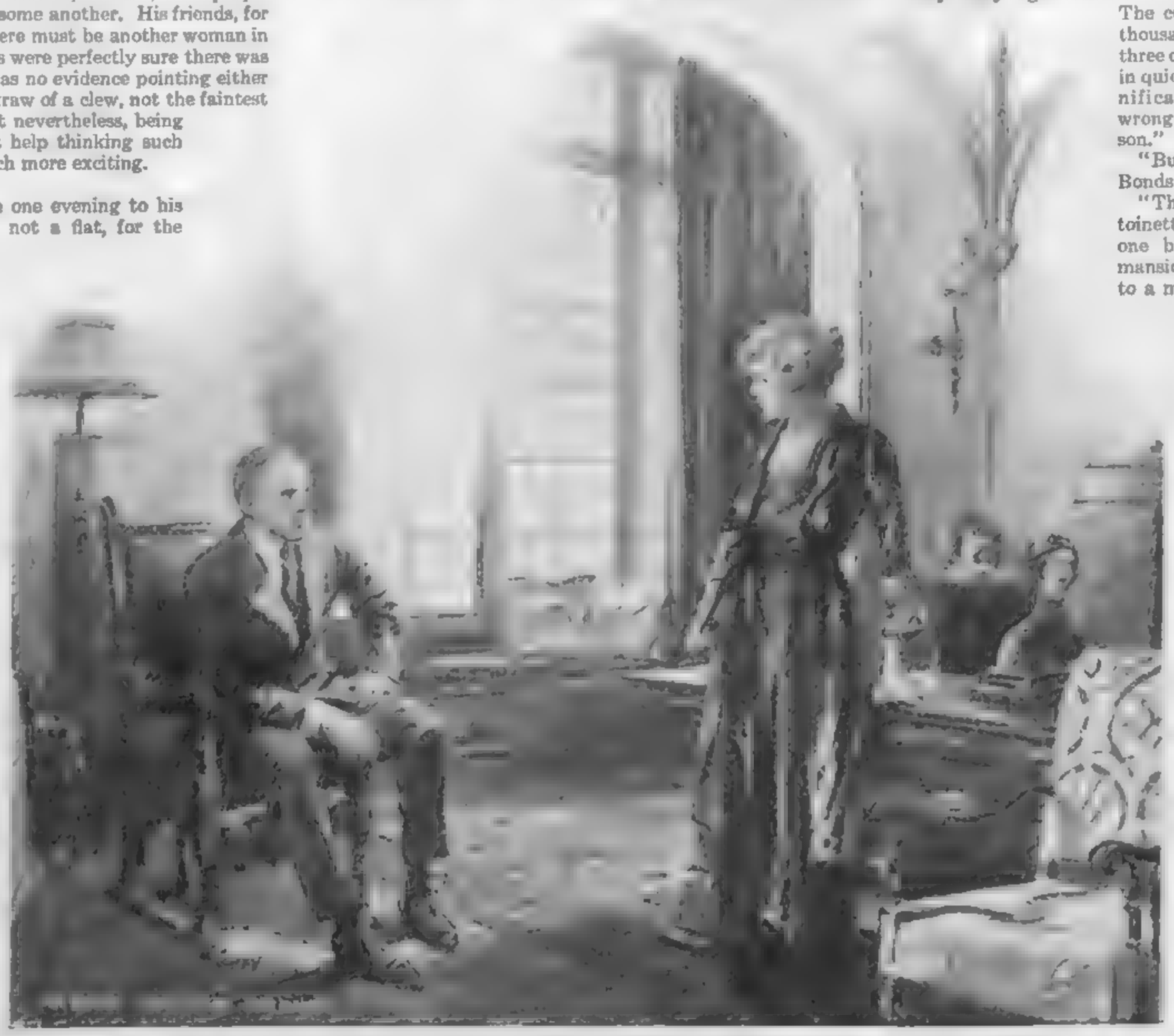
If Albany Pays Their Policemans by the Word Ill Say We Were in the Presents of a Rich Man

THE INCOMPATIBLE HUSBAND

By Charles Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

WHEN they saw the little advertisement in the personal column announcing that Sylvester Judson would no longer be responsible for debts contracted by Antoinette, his wife, some people thought one thing and some another. His friends, for instance, agreed that there must be another woman in the case, and her friends were perfectly sure there was a second man. There was no evidence pointing either way, not the slightest straw of a clew, not the faintest breath of a rumor; but nevertheless, being human, they could not help thinking such things. But it was much more exciting.



"How Much Do You Think There Is in My Bank Account After Paying Last Month's Bills? There Is Exactly Three Dollars and Thirteen Cents"

Sylvester came home one evening to his apartment—no, it was not a flat, for the bedrooms were called master chambers and an impressive functionary in uniform condescended to run the elevator—to his apartment on the Gold Coast Sylvester came, with the air of a husband in an Ibsen drama. The aura of jocularity which he had acquired in the days when he was a traveling salesman had left him; the genial glow of success and responsibility that identified him as The Firm's general manager had faded out. Externally he was only a middle-aged man with hair that was getting thoroughly gray, a bald spot, a roll of fat under his waistcoat and another over his collar—a middle-aged man of cheerful countenance but without a smile.

Within, however, he was epic; he was one who had cast the die, crossed the Rubicon and challenged Destiny. Though he did not know it he was temporarily a superman, beyond good and evil, serene and potent in a great decision. He was also in that mood of self-possession which few Anglo-Saxons ever know and which is almost exclusively a talent of Frenchmen, Turks and Japanese—he was neither in love nor out of love with his wife.

Being unreflective he was not aware of his uniqueness, his dramatic isolation, his lonely grandeur. As he used his latchkey his only thought was: "Shall I do it now or wait until after dinner?" If he had waited he would have been lost. His power would have passed from him, and he would have gone on until the end, a plain man, a mere husband, a mote of dust in the trampling of the generations. But he was exalted that night; he was a will incarnate moving inexorably toward its purpose; and between the insertion of the key and the turn of the lock he decided that he would do it now.

Antoinette, a bright birdlike creature, one of those blessed women who have stepped over their thirty-fifth birthday without the need of dieting, had been sitting in the drawing-room, which was done, perhaps overdone, in Chinese lacquer colors, awaiting his arrival with the proper blend of domestic fondness and conjugal nonchalance. She made a pretty picture of a matured wife for whom marriage had ceased to be a romance but had continued to be a pleasant arrangement—a wife secure and tolerant of her husband. She dropped the Journal of Decoration in which she had been reading an article describing the influence of Léon Bakst on American wall papers and rose to greet him cheerfully. He was tendered a dutiful kiss, and he accepted it without any sense of being grateful for the favor. Again the spirit that was in him thrust human weakness aside.

Sylvester seated himself firmly in the least uncomfortable chair and studied the colored terra-cotta bust of an expressionless lady, said to be Italian, which stood on a table believed to be Florentine. A flicker of emotion disturbed his serenity.

"I suppose, Antoinette," he observed, apropos of nothing at all, "that this crockery Mona Lisa who is now staring me out of countenance must have cost several hundred dollars."

"Something like that. I have forgotten exactly how much," she answered as she returned to her magazine.

"I assume that you like the thing—but why?"

"It's very smart and artistic, you know, Sylvester dear. Of course I like it."

"And I want to smash it. Why is that?"

"Really, Sylvester, you must come with me to some of the lectures on interior decoration at the Cercle des Artistes. They will broaden your mind."

"This Francesca da Rimini from the collar bone up, this tombstone effigy of a highbrow Jane annoys me," continued Sylvester calmly. "This *pousse-café* drawing-room annoys me also. So does the William-and-Mary bedroom set; and the rare old Jacobean effect in the dining room; and the French Renaissance trimmings of the guest chamber. And as for my den—well, there is a line in Kipling's Mary Gloster that describes it. I can't quote it to you, however, because that Pre-Raphaelite image might be shocked."

Antoinette began to think that Sylvester was acting the way he used to in the days when it was possible for him to take too many cocktails before starting home for dinner.

"Whatever has gotten into you, Sylvester? You're so strange!"

"Yes, I am strange," he agreed. "I am a perfectly strange man to you to-night. Antoinette, how much do you think I am making?"

"Well, you said when you got your last raise that it was twenty thousand dollars a year, didn't you?"

"Correct. Now how much do you think there is in my bank account after paying last month's bills?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Of course you haven't. There is exactly three dollars and thirteen cents."

This information did not disturb Antoinette. She merely arched her eyebrows and looked uninterested.

"From this financial statement," he continued, "you may safely argue that we are living within our means. The contrast between twenty thousand dollars a year and three dollars and thirteen cents in quick assets, however, is significant that something is wrong with the house of Judson."

"But we have our Liberty Bonds," she suggested.

"They have vanished, Antoinette. The new car took one batch, and that stucco mansion we rented next door to a millionaire on the North Shore last summer took another, and a third went when you jazzed up this flat with the last tortured cry of so-called art. The good little three and a half per cents were, I think, charged off against miscellaneous purchases along State Street. That pretty frock you're wearing is probably one of them."

"You have never accused me of extravagance before," she said with injured dignity. "I've simply been living up to your position."

"A little beyond it perhaps," he replied. "No, I must be fair—there's that three dollars and thirteen cents. But you will soon be beyond it, Antoinette, for you never know where to stop. Fifteen years ago, in Cleveland, I got my first promotion to a job with a title. You spread your wings too far; the bill collectors began to camp on my office door sill, and I got fired. I landed on my feet again in St. Louis, but when I became Our Mr. Judson you struck a gait to correspond; I got into the habit of borrowing money, and once more I hit the toboggan. You did not trace the connection between those two downfalls of mine and your own desire to fly high; and I was too fond of you to mention it.

"Five years ago I got in right with this Chicago firm, and I've been going up fast. Luck has been with me, I must admit, but if any bouquets are being distributed to hard workers I'll claim my share. Yes, I've been going up fast, but you have been coming along right behind me, stepping higher and higher. You're not exactly extravagant, Antoinette; you merely have an irresistible desire to buy things. I think you do it for a sense of social superiority. Your things must be better than someone else's. When I was a clerk you wanted to outshine Mrs. Bookkeeper. When I was a salesman you wanted to put it over on the wife of the man who hired me. And now that I'm general manager you're trying to knock the spots off of the heiress who married the president of the firm.

"If it was only dresses and hats and jewelry I wouldn't care, because that sort of thing is just sweet feminine cussedness and goes in the for-better-or-worse contract. But this art! This high-priced, gaudy, affected art"—he glowered at the Italian lady in terra cotta—"is fantastic nonsense! It is probably the last touch that makes a completely superior person—but it is also the last straw that breaks the camel's back. And that long-suffering beast of burden, Antoinette, is myself."

Sylvester had never talked in this strain before, and Antoinette could hardly believe that this cold and quiet man who voiced his Philistinism with such settled conviction was her easy-going husband. Preachments on the theme of thrift were not customary with him, and so his remarks did not touch her on a point of irritation.

She listened without feeling that she was being nagged; wondered if Sylvester had been losing money in speculation, and answered comfortingly:

"Very well. From now on we'll try to save a little. But we can move into that eight-thousand-dollar apartment next May, can't we? It's much more elegant than this" she patronized the luxuries of their drawing-room with a gesture learned from a Russian-ballet professor—"and it lends itself amusingly to decorative effects. The lease came to-day for your signature."

"You don't know the half of it, dear," he announced. "We are going to move, yes; but not to a new ledge in a new rookery on the Gold Coast. This bird has sworn off flying into boob traps. We're going back in the direction from which we came."

With a hint of dismay she asked what he meant.

"Well, in the first place," he explained, "my statement that we have only three dollars and thirteen cents until next pay day was hardly correct. We—or I—have thirty-five thousand dollars safely invested in six per cents. About a year ago, Antoinette, I made what is technically known as a killing by gambling in stocks, and these ill-gotten gains I have concealed from you."

"Sylvester, you darling! How clever of you!"

"Any fool could have won the money, but I'll admit that it was clever of me not to tell you about it. I wouldn't tell you even now but for the fact that the money is completely protected from all the accidents and temptations of matrimony. The bonds and preferred stock I bought with it are not in the safety-deposit box where we keep the family jewels, because you, my dear, have a key and the right of entry to that hiding place. Nor are they in another box under my name alone, which you might be able to enter with a court decree or a stick of dynamite. I have turned them over to a trust company which will permit me to touch nothing but the interest on them. Here is a memorandum of the agreement in trust."

He handed her a paper which, she knew after one glance at it, she couldn't understand.

"So, Antoinette, we have an income of two thousand, one hundred dollars a year."

"Added to your salary, that is very nice indeed," she observed. "I don't see that we have anything to worry about."

"You do not yet know the half of it. Beginning with the first of next month I shall have no salary at all."

"Sylvester, you don't mean ——"

"No, I haven't been fired again, but I have resigned. Here is a carbon copy of my letter to the chief. I am retiring from business. I've got a high blood pressure, a tobacco heart and a promise of nervous prostration. I have also got a strange idea that there may be something more in life than work for me and art for you and a battle with the bill collectors at the end of every month. So I am going to retire from business and live on my income, and I invite you to come along and share my lot. We can do it, in spite of the high cost of everything, and have a lot of lively fun in beating the game. We're just the kind of people that can do it successfully. We have no children to consider, and it's more than likely that we never will have any. My life-insurance policies are paid up. The two-thousand-dollar-a-year social class is the one we came from, and a pretty good class it is—or was—when compared to the bunch of gilt-edged aesthetes that you have horned in with. Its tastes in art, I may point out to you—though art is a subject that bores me—are healthy. Longfellow and The Angelus for the pikers; vers libre and any young moon-and-sixpence decadent for the swells. Give me the pikers. So, old girl, it's back to the lower middle class for you and me."

In a kind of pale still horror she asked him if this was a joke.

"No, Antoinette, it is a sign of the spirit of the times. It is the alarm bell of the great husbands' strike. The walking delegate of freedom has blown the whistle and I have dropped my monkey wrench and walked out. I am for decreased worries and a no-hour day. I am no longer a marital galley slave. I am a pioneer in the emancipation of my sex."

Antoinette scornfully informed him that he was crazy.

"Of course I am, in this country. From the American point of view I am as crazy as a coot, and on two thousand, one hundred dollars a year I shall be an ignoble thing—a cheap pedestrian to be honked and squawked at derisively by the fiery chariots of joy-riders. But in France they would call me a retired capitalist; they would point to me as a monument of thrift; and they might even tie a bit of ribbon in my lapel buttonhole to signify that I had given honorable service to the nation as precinct clerk of elections or secretary of the local street-cleaning association."

She did not answer. Her world had suddenly burst into flames and she was aghast at the destruction. Her husband had become a madman and was proposing social double suicide. The panic of a nightmare seized her.

He studied her coolly for a while, and then added: "You are taking it more easily than I thought you would, Antoinette. In this poignant stillness of yours there seems to be the mood of the lady who said: 'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people.' Now come on out to dinner and I will give you the full details of the great idea."

She followed him down the hall with a deadly blaze in her topaz eyes.

II

SYLVESTER JUDSON, new style, described his descent to the depths of the lower middle class to Antoinette, still his wife, in the following series of letters:

Dear Friend Wife: Well, here I am, partly installed in my hermitage. My Georgian bed, bereft of its twin, looks strangely lonesome, and probably is feeling rather blue, but I pay no attention to its emotions. I am as bright and cheery as Robinson Crusoe on his desert island, and out in the kitchen a temporary Man Friday is unpacking cases with mighty wallops of his proletarian hammer.

The bed and the François the Steenth writing desk that you gave me for a birthday present and my unread books are the only things in sight to remind me of our gilded cage on the Gold Coast. You ought to see the rest of the junk. I bought the complete equipment of a lower middle-class establishment at secondhand for three hundred and ninety-five dollars, and the loot sings to me of the old folks at home. It's quarter-sawed oak of the early Grand Rapids period—the substantial kind of stuff you and I were brought up on.

I like my pictures, too, though I'm afraid they would not be a riot at the Cercle des Artistes. They are chromos and department-store engravings, very restful to the eye. I have a Landseer dog; Madox Brown's The Last of England; that thing showing the country doctor at the bedside of a sick child which your fresh young friend, the German art critic who got interned, used to say was the depth of human depravity; and a grand costume piece called Shakspere Reading Macbeth at the Court of Queen Elizabeth.

My parlor, I fear, is going to look much like that one in Brooklyn where I used to call to court a certain Miss Watkins, the pretty daughter of a man who owned a good cut-rate shoe store. You knew her well once upon a time, but of recent years you have been unable to remember her at all.

Your refusal to help me get settled has been a blessing in disguise. My neighbors think I am a recently bereaved widower, and are trying to be kind to me on that account. I have already been invited to take my meals next door, in the bosom of the family of a rising young machinist, until I can get squared away with my housekeeping arrangements. Did I accept? You bet I did. I think I shall be able to subsidize one of the half-baked daughters or ambitious wives of the vicinity to do a little cooking for me. But I have prepared for the worst by buying a cook-book.

I inclose a check for one thousand dollars, the proceeds from the sale of memberships in two fancy golf clubs. This will tide you over the period of the emergency. But I'm afraid that hereafter I can send you only fifteen dollars a week. I advise you to sell the motor car. I'm sorry you wouldn't come along. It's going to be a lark.

Oh, say, Toinette: You would like Rosedale Manor—that's the name of my new social environment—if you would let your imagination exercise itself on the subject as it does over a cubist painting. It's on the extreme southwest fringe of town, and is a kind of breathing place between a wilderness of shanties and a forest of industrial chimneys. It was open prairie until last year, when Mr. Flanagan, an energetic advocate of good housing for the lowly, subdivided it with profit to himself and the world. The sky line to the south is a wonder. Pillars of smoke by day and pillars of fire by night.

It's a view much less monotonous and much more inspiring than the tame lake we used to look out on from the Gold Coast. There are breezes here that come straight from the country too.

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"We Happen to be Out of Adam To-day. Perhaps Something in Eve Might Appeal to You?"

CON

By W. C. Crosby and Edward H. Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

COLONEL NOVENA was, of all the rogues and scoundrels I have encountered in my professional life, the confidence man par excellence, as the French would say; not by the excellence of his high character, to be sure, or his moral worth, but by his artistic superiority.

It is possible that the reader of my retrospect will never have heard of Colonel Novena. To tell the truth, I myself had not met his prayerful name until some weeks ago when I set out to trace American confidence gaming to its bed of birth. My notion is that there was no such thing as confidence, properly speaking, before about 1855, all of which I have said before. And it is in the newspapers of the years just following this date that I found the eminent colonel. His true name seems to have been merely Julian Cinquez and his port of embarkation Havana. In this country for a period of ten years he celebrated himself as Colonel Novena, General Alverosa, Count Antonelli, Sir Richard Murray and under various more modest aliases, used as fancy or occasion directed. In the days just after the Civil War this necromancer was a scandal in our metropolitan press, a wonder of ninety times nine days.

That is, however, not the sole reason for recalling him from the shades. Colonel Novena has a proper and inherent right to be resurrected here, for he was not only one of the first American con masters, but he was the father of a school of bunko which has by this far-advanced day come to a florescence past all his creative dreams. His art has lived after him and reproduced strange fruitage on its stem. Colonel Novena lives still, through a numerous spiritual progeny, and he lives with a baleful luster and evil vitality beyond all he can have foreseen.

The Ladies Doted on Him and the Men—Which Was Regrettable—Lent Him Money

Novena's Work in High Places

THE estimate of his worth wherewith I introduce this significant figure to your notice is that of a contemporary. I find it in a curious and uncommon volume, Detectives of Europe and America; or, Life in the Secret Service. A Selection of Celebrated Cases, Etc., Etc., by George S. McWatters, late member of the American Secret Service. The work was published in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1877, when McWatters had retired after long police duty in New York and sat him down to write a book. McWatters further embalms the blithe Novena in this fashion:

"Colonel Novena was no small man in his way. He was a handsome man, too, possessing a finely shaped face, with large, dark, not quite black, eyes and eyelashes, such as would rouse the enthusiasm of the master painters and which gave to those eyes that sweet alluring expression so irresistible to women; or when reflecting the light of anger from them added a twofold horror to their expression, enough to make the strongest man quail, for the man seemed then a very demon. The colonel was about five feet ten inches in height, elegantly proportioned, his form being perhaps as nearly perfect in every respect as any man on this wide globe could boast of. Grace, dignity and strength combined in it, and when at all roused Colonel Novena was as lithe and flexible as a cat, or better perhaps, a tiger."

We read also that this marvelous fellow "could imitate anything from the grimace of a pretty simpering girl to the Falstaffian stolidity of a Dutch judge, and was one of the most excellent story tellers in consequence." He dressed faultlessly and never never overdressed. He played the part of the literary savant to perfection. The ladies doted on him and the men—which was regrettable—lent him money.

So much for the personality of this capital villain as it struck one of the foremost police officers of the day. It reads a little moviesque no doubt, but who would strip either the past or the movies of extravagance?

Novena, or Cinquez, appears to have trod our shores first in 1859. Society opened its doors; Fifth Avenue took down blinds and barriers; and he managed to insinuate himself within the White House, which must have been a bit more democratically run in those days. We discover, not without amazement and amusement, that this scoundrel got letters from President Buchanan, General Frémont, Chief Justice Taney, Andrew Johnson, Mr. Seward and others almost as notable. With such credentials he hardly needed to win the confidence of men and women of money and position.

His Games

IMAGINE if you can how the provincial society of the bloody sixties fell prostrate before this paragon. Novena, the practical soul, never failed to make pragmatic applications of this adulation. At first he merely borrowed large sums of money "until I can draw upon New York," or "till my manager in Havana can forward my dividends." But loans make both the lender and the borrower shy. The cream was soon off this milk and Novena turned to other pastures. He now went from city to city, plying a certain type of con game for the first time so far as I can determine. In each city Novena played the social game till he was established. Then he bought or optioned eight or ten lots on both faces of a prominent but not too developed corner and announced that he would shortly erect on part of this site the great Novena building. Architects' drawings were soon in evidence. They showed a building such as the town had never imagined, designed to cover the three corner lots. Naturally it was wondered what Novena wanted with the remaining ground. He worked up local enthusiasm with great skill, shortly sold his lots, often including those reserved for the building, pocketing a big profit. Land values all about the projected Novena structure had been run up by his manipulations. The money in his jeans, Novena disappeared, leaving the city his magnificent plans. This was only one of his schemes, but it is representative of all.

When this fellow borrowed money of social acquaintances and failed to pay he was no more than an adventurer, one of the type whose doings fill the records of every time and country. But when Novena turned from this antique deceit to business schemes he made the transition from adventuring to confidence gaming. He became the innovator, the maker of criminal history. Not that he was

the first con man. No such basic claims are made for him. Others were conning in his day or slightly before. But Novena was the first in a particular field. He was the originator of the con game as adapted to the man of business, the merchant, the manufacturer, the money-maker generally. He is thus the progenitor of a whole line of the most distinguished rogues. He is father to the perennial Wallingford.

These descendants of the lustrous Cuban of old times I have marked out for special attention. They are not unrelated to the con man who aims at bankers—a being whom I described in an earlier article. I need not explain, I suppose, that the banking point of view is not far different from the business prospect. Naturally, then, the con man who attacks business people will not differ vastly from the enemy of bankers. The schemes he is likely to exploit will on the other hand be quite disparate. They will lack some of the refinements of the game leveled at the banker, but they will be found to make up for this loss in color and flavor of a sort that would at once jar on the sensitive business eye and palate of the financier.

An Imitation-Coffee Machine

AS FOR the personal origins of the con men who attack the man of business much might be recounted. But to sum up the general truth, I believe it is correct to say that most of the bunko fellows who work in this field were themselves business men before the shadow of the illicit fell over them. This, I believe, is the fact in the cases of nearly all high-class operators in bad business. The legitimate man of business is the logical prey of the business man gone wrong. His is a game with which such a sharper is intimately familiar. To do the respectable commercial gentleman is simply to carry superior shrewdness past the boundaries of legality.

There is a popular notion, I realize, that criminals are born, or at least that a criminal is one thing and an honest man another—separate, without contact, aloofly unrelated. Happily or otherwise, this is untrue. Most of the higher-type sharpers I know were once in legitimate business. Misfortune or temptation or necessity drove them astray some little step, some slight distance. But once off the straight road these men found it too hard to get back and too easy to go on. With time and progress they all graduated into unblushing crime. Please remember, I am speaking here of the higher-class men only. Of the common fellows of bunko I shall have something to say when I reach them. But all, high or low, became criminals; they were not so ordained.

"There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford," said the pious man as he stood in a dirty London gutter and saw a felon being dragged to the gibbet. And strangely enough Bradford himself was later burned at the stake as a criminal heretic.

Just how the descent from honesty to roguery was made by all of the many men who have changed the "roses and raptures of virtue for the lilies and languors of vice" would be a most intriguing inquiry, which would be foreign to the present design. Evidently, however, it is not a difficult metempsychosis. Many have traversed this rough road.

And while we are on the subject of changing coats from fair to foul it is just as well to remember that the morals of business have undergone a great change within the generation. I cannot say that they have improved in every direction, but in general it is true that such practices as were legitimate with business men of even twenty years ago are now either forbidden by custom or actually criminal. Most men changed with the changing order. But some found themselves unable to follow their times and they soon found themselves bankrupts, shady fellows or the inmates of jails. I think of a luminous illustration.

About 1894, when I was building machinery in Philadelphia, a man came to me from a neighboring town and asked whether I could construct a machine to make coffee beans out of a flour paste. I built parts of his device, which molded and baked fake beans out of dabs of white flour and water, the same substance used in making macaroni or spaghetti. These beans came out of the machine white and crisp. They were later browned in ovens and sold to the trade. The manufacturer of these wares intended them to deceive the public and so they did, for jobbers, coffee roasters and grocers everywhere mixed this worthless stuff with real coffee and defrauded the American breakfast table. My manufacturer did a thriving business for many years and collected much money.

But whatever circumstances created the sharper out of the honest fellow, we have to-day a country very well provided with the former. Just how each one came to his goal need not bother us. What may both entertain and benefit us is an account of confidence attacks on business men and an explanation of the many schemes and guises by which the reputable commercial or manufacturing men are defrauded. I think these matters can best be made clear by recounting a series of my own adventures and those of other men.

Generally the scheme aimed at the business man has a local character and very often it depends for its effect upon civic pride and the progressive spirit which every business man likes to display. Perhaps one of the oldest of such devices is the ice-plant swindle. This thing originated all of thirty years ago, but it is by no means dead.

The Ice-Plant Swindle

ARTIFICIAL-ICE plants are now common in nearly all communities of any size, but twenty years ago only the larger towns were equipped and all smaller places were still full of opportunity which sharpers were quick to seize. The artificial-ice plant was a thing to appeal to the pride of any community. Again it produced a necessity, a product in continuous general demand. Finally there is a certain mystery about the making of ice which always adds to the attractiveness of a scheme. Considering these things, gangs of shrewd men set out in various parts of the country to search for towns where ice plants might be needed. Finding such a town, the schemer approached the merchants and unfolded his idea. For fifty thousand dollars he would erect or remodel a factory, install a complete plant and begin the making of ice, which could be produced at such and such a price and sold at a very large profit. The schemer carried figures and credentials. He demonstrated his idea by the huge profits of ice companies in the big cities and by the evidence that artificial ice had everywhere driven natural ice out of the general market.

The schemer next began to discuss his idea in the local newspapers, dwelling on the plea that a place so progressive ought not to lag behind. He appeared before the local commercial club or merchants' association. He talked to the aldermen. In a little while he had the town behind him and his stock subscribed. He now took over an old factory

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A Month or So in the Outdoors of a Carolina Springtime Had Very Definite Allurements

Housekeeping for the Richest Rich

WE ARE always hearing that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and much ink is used to remove that ignorance. But we usual Americans rarely get anything more authoritative than the movies or the fiercest best seller to tell us how the very rich order such daily details of their palaces as food and service and company doings. My knowledge of these realms of high finance comes from having kept some of these palaces running.

A successful housekeeper in such does not keep house, but she oils a vast and complicated range of domestic machinery and acts as a buffer between mistress and servants. She is an Aunt Sally at a fair; something on salary, as it were, for people to throw things at. She must be all things to all men and in particular to all women.

I am a successful housekeeper. I say it with much pride, knowing that had I been born a man and given the proper environment I should have become a beacon light in diplomatic circles.

It all happened this way a good many years ago. Suddenly I found that in some way, somehow, I must earn my living, so, of course—being quite unfitted and untrained for anything—I decided to be a professional housekeeper in the same high-hearted spirit that moves the most ignorant maidens to demand the position and the wages of a first-class cook. Therefore it came about that one summer morning I found myself in New York, summoned thither to an interview with a great lady on the subject of becoming her housekeeper.

Getting Used to the New Job

A GOOD deal of correspondence had passed between her social secretary and myself and in the end I sent on my photograph by request. Next came a telegram directing me to present myself in person at once. With belated gratitude I realized the blessings of a plain but honest countenance. I had never before been in New York, but I had heard and read much of its lurking dangers. Above all I had been warned never to venture alone in a hired vehicle, not even an innocent-looking, open-faced hansom being above suspicion. No one met me at the Grand Central, so I defied counsel and boldly hailed a hansom—it was before the days of taxis—and gave the Fifth Avenue address.

The city did not impress my country mind; most of the avenue was boarded up and looked ugly and dusty, the side streets hot and forlorn. Neither was I awed by the marble palace I entered, where everything was muffled in brown-holland covers, madam having come up from Newport merely for a few hours, I and the dentist being responsible. How gracious she was, how charming, how lightly she touched on each subject. I am a Canadian and she intimated that fact was a passport to her approval.

"Then wherefore all the correspondence?" thought I.

"The Englishwoman so unadaptable, so selfish; the French"—a shrug; her own countrywomen "so undomestic; but the Canadian!"

I was engaged as housekeeper at fifty dollars a month—fifty whole dollars! It was some time later that I learned what was the average salary of a New York housekeeper. I would have the entire charge of town and country houses and twenty-five servants, more or less.

In a couple of weeks' time I took up my duties at the country house—a beautiful brownstone palace overlooking a lordly sweeping river, green valleys and far-off blue hills. A crowd of people were getting it in order for the autumn residence. Some were old servants who had been with the family many years. How obvious was their distrust of me! There are many pitfalls for the housekeeper, but the old servant problem is the deepest. Some had been recently engaged by madam's secretary; others were stop-gaps from the neighborhood, required only for charing. Later I went to town and engaged more—kitchenmaids, under housemaids, footmen; in fact scarcely a week passed without some change in the help.

The standard in madam's household was high. The head housemaid—a German—ostentatiously handed me the keys of the linen room; the butler quite thankfully gave me the storeroom keys. To these symbols of office I clung tenaciously. They were all I possessed of responsibility—just then.

At last the day of the family's arrival came. The final touches had been given to every perfect room, the gardeners had placed magnificent palms and rare ferns in drawing-rooms, halls and corridors, on verandas and balconies. I had spent hours arranging flowers in the various rooms. The gardens were ablaze with autumn bloom, the lawns mowed and rolled to velvety greenness, the carriage drive smooth and firm. In distant meadows below and beyond the wide lawns a herd of Guernsey cattle decorously browsed. Our fad was a dairy farm. Business men humorously estimated the cost of our butter to its owner at two dollars a pound, and this was long before the war!

There came the sound of wheels; carriages swept up to the door and were met by a deferential butler and hovering footmen; the smart omnibus deposited voluble French maids and supercilious valets at the servants' entrance; the luggage van brought piled-up trunks and boxes; the third footman scurried up the garret stairs with Old Glory under his arm; a moment later it floated above the house. The family was in residence.

About this time I learned how much I owed to my early reading. I had in my youth a sneaking fondness for literature of the Family Herald sort, to the exclusion of such meritorious works as those of Charlotte M. Yonge, Jane Austen and others. In the pages I devoured prim housekeepers, gray-haired butlers, first, second and other footmen and maids of all degree did the bidding of the British and other aristocracies. I was therefore saved from referring to James, the head footman, as "the man with the nose," or the second housemaid as "the girl who squints." Then, too, the housekeepers—the nice ones—wore stiff, rustling black silk. I couldn't afford the stiff kind on fifty dollars a month, so I provided myself with a plain soft silk frock and with it I wore a white-lace collar and cuffs. The day I heard madam reprove a footman for a squeaky shoe I knew that the gods had befriended me. I omitted the long gold chain my early friends displayed, but I sometimes tucked a rose or a couple of carnations in my belt, and my many keys hung in a bag at my side. I think much of good stage setting and of dressing to a part, and like the immortal Mr. Crummles I approve of the actor who blacked himself all over when playing Othello.

What a bewildered atom I was during those first weeks! All my days and most of my nights were spent praying that I didn't look as big a fool as I felt. How I longed to run away from it all—the grandeur, the endless chain of visitors, for whose comfort I was mainly responsible; the veiled insolence of the perfectly trained servants, who knew me for the greenhorn I was; the hauteur of the family to me, who had always held myself the equal of any—better than most.

I used to compare myself with a maid I had once haled from a two-roomed cabin on a backwoods farm, who after a few days trial—of me—"guessed she'd stay," but added, "I'd never have come if I hadn't s'posed I'd eat with the family."

And when in weak argument I asked, "But who'd wait on table if we all sat down together?" she replied, "Oh, most anybody could get up and run round!"

She stayed six years and became an excellent servant and a better friend, and I have always considered that friendship with Sophronia, whom we called Jane for short, my highest claim to diplomatic honors. These recollections stiffened my dignity and endurance not a little.

Morning Boudoir Sessions

EVERY morning at nine o'clock sharp, with knees knocking together and all the blood in my body surging into my hands, I would tap on madam's boudoir door, my book of painstakingly written menus under my arm, the chef and I having composed the day's list overnight. I would also be armed with a notebook. In it were jotted down things I thought best to consult with madam about, but very soon I learned that the less I consulted madam the better for madam and me and madam's household.

Madam in a charming negligée would look at me as I entered—and I knew from that first look which side of the bed she had got out of. On the days when the left leg had obviously moved first I restricted my communications to yea and nay. Sometimes—I used to think from pure cussedness—she would slash the unfortunate menu to bits, jotting criticisms and suggestions all over the page and margin. It was a Chinese puzzle to make out and rewrite before showing it to the exasperated, vociferating chef.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he would cry. "Madame again wishes ze petits muttons, ze jeune chicken, ze pudding of ze rice, ze purée of ze prune! My art! It will ruin wizout ze practice! I will make my congé!"

"Never mind, chef," I would counsel. "Madam has dyspepsia. Wait a little and then you will see."

During my daily half hour with madam she would give me any instructions she happened to think of as fast as she could talk, while I scribbled them in my notebook. Sometimes she would suddenly ask an irrelevant question, such as "Where have you sent the Brussels-lace bedspread belonging to the rose suite to be cleaned?" Or "How does

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The Annoyance of Being Rich To-Day—By Edwin Lefèvre

HOW do actual conditions of living affect those families who even now do not spend their income? What valid reason for complaining can there be among people to whom the high cost of living is not a burning grievance, who pay their income tax with resignation, to whom the winelessness of their clubs and the beerlessness of the rabble are of no great consequence? We know that the grouch of 98¾ per cent of our fellow citizens has to do with the number of dollars needed to obtain food enough to sustain life. But what difference has the Great War made in the everyday life of the extremely rich? By this is not meant the retailers in foodstuffs and woolen garments, but people who have been extremely rich all their lives.

Of course everybody, rich and poor, is less comfortable to-day than formerly. But the discomforts of the poor—that is, of the majority—will slowly disappear as the war recedes into the past. It should be a cheerful thought that the millionaires no longer indulge in dreams; they suffer from nightmares. They are haunted by the vision of what they will not have in the near future. Personally, after many talks with some wretchedly rich people, I have come to the conclusion that they fear Bolshevism less than the arrival of annoyances to which their wealth made them strangers in the dear dead days.

I should explain that it is not so much the rich people as the people to whom being rich has become a life habit who consider to-day the most annoying epoch of their existence.

Plato writing two thousand two hundred and seventy years ago put into the mouth of Socrates the most beautiful of all pagan prayers. One of the sentences is: "Let me account the wise man rich; and of wealth let me have only so much as a prudent man can bear or employ." It doubtless fell on deaf ears then. To-day even the rich are beginning to see the wisdom of it. I am convinced that there is a definite social disease which we may call gold poisoning. When a man has too much gold some of it gets into the system; through the pores, it almost seems. It causes deafness and affects the sight. These ailments, gold deafness and gold blindness, are responsible for most of the annoyances of which the stricken rich so bitterly complain to-day. Instead of seeing or hearing, they are merely aware of a rumbling sound—the tread of their fellow men marching toward them, armed with bombs, bitterness and taxes. It explains the otherwise inexplicable grouch of the rich.

There are classes among the poor. Among the rich there are only degrees. The poor are highly individualistic; no two paupers curse alike. The rich are surprisingly alike in their point of view. There are very many things on which all very rich people think precisely the same thoughts; but there is only one thing on which all poor people think alike, and that is—poverty.

It is not necessary to defend the rich by ascribing to them a capacity for the human virtues. During the war they gave of their dollars and their children long before the Government increased the income tax or established the draft. Death played no favorites in the Argonne, but took poor and rich alike. On the other hand, Uncle Sam has certainly done his best to pick on the rich. Yet the income tax is the least of the annoyances of the rich.

In this country making money has always been a widespread vice. But being rich has really never developed into a national habit. The business of making money may at times be exciting or even thrilling; it may be an amusing game or even assume a form of patriotism. But the business of being rich is incomprehensible. To desire aristocratic ancestors is at bottom really logical; any stock breeder will understand it. But to wish to be rich in order to live as the rich have always lived is not comprehensible, because it is not intelligent.

The Revelation of a Plutocrat

BY RICH I mean that set concerning whom the excluded rich and the excluded poor alike love to read. I happened to meet a friend who is in that set, and the character of his grievances amazed me. It led me to seek other rich friends. I did this less in search of material than to verify suspicions.

I will say at the very outset that nowhere did I hear complaints about unfairness or annoying obscurities in the matter of taxes. This article merely reproduces bits of more or less desultory conversations and observations. There is no fiction about it whatever. Every incident happened; every story is unfortunately true. It would be far more credible if faked. As I listened to complaints, and to those self-revelations of which people are always guilty when you look sympathetic, it struck me that scores of millions of Americans would not believe that such human beings draw their breath sixteen times a minute in the land of the free and the home of prohibition.

One day last spring I saw a very rich man on Fifth Avenue. His name is an American synonym for inherited wealth and for leadership in the highest social set in New York. He waited for me to come up to him. By this I knew he had a grievance to impart, for a few nights before he had been telling me at his club about the terrible troubles to come.

"I told you," he said, "that it wasn't the troubles to come, but the troubles that are already here that make the situation so serious. I tell you it is already here."

"What is already here?" I asked, merely to give him the additional pleasure of additional words.

"The revolution."

"Where did it revolute this time?"

"Right there." And he pointed to Sherry's. That was a fortnight before that famous restaurant closed its doors for good and all.

"And what particular form did the menace of the masses assume this time?"

"I went in for lunch. My wife had asked me to meet her there."

"Well, if women have the vote I don't see why ——"

"Leave out the comedy. I was very hungry. In the course of the meal I told the waiter, 'More bread, please.' And what do you think he did?"

"Was it one of the colored waiters they used as strike breakers?"

"No. He was white. But what do you think he did when I told him I wanted more bread?"

"What?" I echoed encouragingly.

"He said, 'Sure thing!' Now just consider this matter as a straw that shows which way the wind is blowing. I ask you: Isn't that the limit?"

"But you called it the revolution," I objected.

"What else is it?" he challenged.

"The revolution," I said.

"Well, that is what I told you."

"You did," I said. "You called it the revolution, but you don't see that it is the revolution."

"You are crazy."

"It isn't what I am," I told him coldly. "It is what you are and what all of you are who wear spectacles made of solid gold to see through. Blind!"

"Blind?"

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TUTT AND MR. TUTT

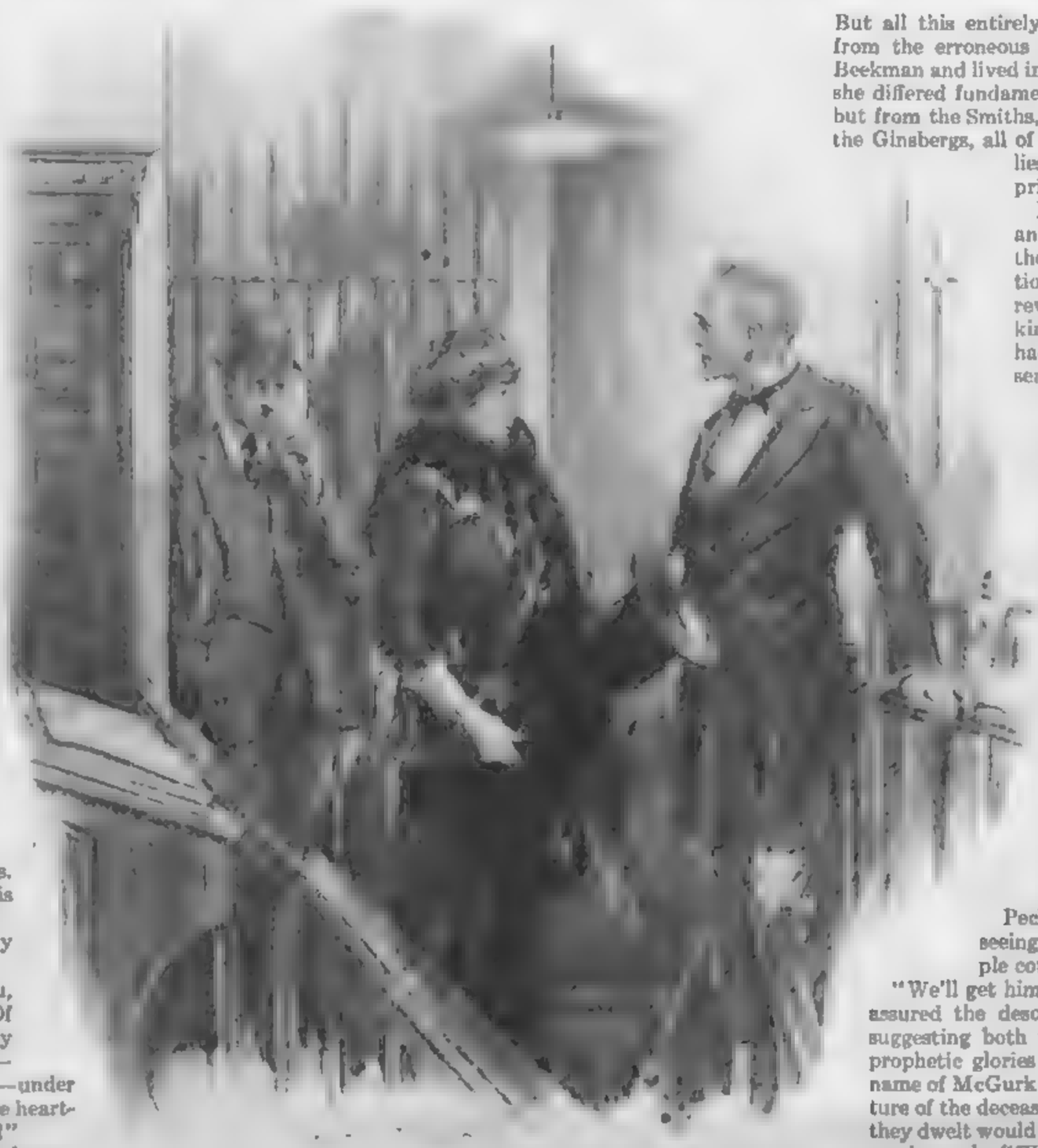
Contempt of Court—By Arthur Train

The court can't determine what is honor.—Chief Baron Bowes, 1743

I know what my code of honor is, my lord, and I intend to adhere to it.—John O'Conner, M. P., in Parnell Commission's Proceedings, 103d Day; Times Rep. pt. 28, pp. 19 *ff*

Well, honor is the subject of my story.—Julius Cæsar, Act I, Sc. 2.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"I Haven't Very Good News for You. He's Confessed to Me—Told Me Everything—Why He Shot Him. He's a Brave Boy, Though"

"WHAT has become of Katie—the second waitress?" asked Miss Althea Beekman of Dawkins, her housekeeper, as she sat at her satinwood desk after breakfast. "I didn't see her either last night or this morning."

Dawkins, who was a mid-Victorian, flushed awkwardly.

"I really had to let the girl go, ma'am!" she explained with an outraged air. "I hardly knew how to tell you—such a thing in this house! I couldn't possibly have her round. I was afraid she might corrupt the other girls, ma'am—and they are such a self-respecting lot—almost quite ladylike, ma'am. So I simply paid her and told her to take herself off."

Miss Beekman looked pained.

"You shouldn't have turned her out into the street like that, Dawkins!" she expostulated. "Where has she gone?"

Dawkins gazed at her large feet in embarrassment.

"I don't know, ma'am," she admitted. "I didn't suppose you'd want her here so I sent her away. It was quite inconvenient, too—with the servant problem what it is. But I'm hoping to get another this afternoon from Miss Healey's."

Miss Beekman was genuinely annoyed.

"I am seriously displeased with you, Dawkins!" she returned severely. "Of course I am shocked at any girl in my household misbehaving herself, but—I—wouldn't want her to be sent away—under such circumstances. It would be quite heartless. Yes, I am very much disturbed!"

"I'm sorry, ma'am," answered the housekeeper penitently. "But I was only thinking of the other girls."

"Well, it's too late to do anything about it now," repeated her mistress. "But I'm sorry, Dawkins; very sorry indeed. We have responsibilities toward these people! However—this is Thursday, isn't it?—we'll have veal for lunch as usual—and she was so pretty!" she added inconsequently.

"H'm. That was the trouble!" sniffed the housekeeper. "We're well rid of her. You'd think a girl would have some consideration for her employer—if nothing else. In a sense she is a guest in the house and should behave herself as such!"

"Yes, that is quite true!" agreed her employer. "Still—yes, Brown Betty is very well for dessert. That will do, Dawkins."

Behind the curtain of this casual conversation had been enacted a melodrama as intensely vital and elemental as any of Shakspere's tragedies, for the day Dawkins had fired Katie O'Connell—"for reasons," as she said—and told her to go back where she came from or anywhere she liked for that matter, so long as she got out of her sight, Katie's brother Shane in the back room of McManus' gin palace gave Red McGurk—for the same "reasons"—a certain option and, the latter having scornfully declined to avail himself of it, had then and there put a bullet through his neck. But this, naturally, Miss Beekman did not know.

As may have been already surmised Miss Althea was a gracious, gentle and tender-hearted lady who never knowingly would have done a wrong to anybody and who did not believe that simply because God had been pleased to call her into a state of life at least three stories higher than her kitchen she was thereby relieved from her duty toward those who occupied it. Nevertheless, from the altitude of those three stories she viewed them as essentially different from herself, for she came of what is known as "a long line of ancestors." As, however, Katie O'Connell and Althea Beekman were practically contemporaries, it is somewhat difficult to understand how one of them could have had a succession of ancestors that was any longer than that of the other. Indeed, Miss Beekman's friend, Prof. Abelard Sumothrace, of Columbia University, probably would have admitted that just as the two had lived in the same house—albeit at different levels—on Fifth Avenue, so their forbears at some prehistoric period had, likely as not, occupied the same cave and had in company waded on frosty mornings the ice-skimmed swamps of Mittel Europa in pursuit of the cave bear, the mastodon and the woolly rhinoceros, and for afternoon relaxation had made up two-somes for hunting wives with stone clubs instead of mashees in their hairy prehensile hands.

It would seem, therefore, that—whatever of tradition might have originated in the epoch in question—glimmerings of sportsmanship, of personal pride, of tribal duty or of conscience ought to have been the common heritage of them both. For it was assuredly true that while Miss Katie's historic ancestors had been Celtiberians, clad on occasion only in a thin coating of blue paint, Miss Althea's had dwelt in the dank marshes of the Elbe and had been unmistakably Teutonic, though this curse had been largely removed by racial intermarriage during subsequent thousands of years. Indeed, it may well have been that in the dimmer past some Beekman serf on bended knee had handed a gilded harp to some King O'Connell on his throne. If the O'Connells were foreigners the Beekmans, from the point of view of the aboriginal American, were no less so simply because they had preceded them by a couple of hundred years.

Tradition is not a matter of centuries but of ages. If Katie inherited some of hers from the peat bogs adjacent to Tara's Halls in that remote period when there were still snakes in Ireland, Miss Althea had vicariously acquired others from the fur-clad barbarians described by Tacitus who spent their leisure time in drinking, gambling or splitting each other's skulls with stone mullets. On this subject see Spencer's Data of Ethics and Lecky's History of European Morals. But all this entirely escaped Miss Althea, who suffered from the erroneous impression that because she was a Beekman and lived in a stone mansion facing Central Park she differed fundamentally not only from the O'Connells but from the Smiths, the Pasquales, the Ivanovitches and the Ginsbergs, all of whom really come of very old families. Upon this supposed difference she prided herself.

Because she was, in fact, mistaken and because the O'Connells shared with the Beekmans and the Ginsbergs a tradition reaching back to a period when revenge was justice, and custom of kinsfolk the only law, Shane O'Connell had sought out Red McGurk and had sent him unshriven to his God. The only reason why this everyday Bowery occurrence excited any particular attention was not that Shane was an O'Connell but that McGurk was the son of a political boss of much influence and himself one of the leaders of a notorious cohort of young ruffians who when necessary could be relied upon to stuff a ballot box or otherwise to influence public opinion. As Red was a mighty man in Gideon, so his taking off was an event of moment, and he was waked with an elegance unsurpassed in the annals of Cherry Hill.

"An' if ye don't put the guy who kilt me b'y in th' chair, yer name's mud—see?" the elder McGurk had informed District Attorney Peckham the next morning. "I've told the cops who done it. Now you do the rest—understand?"

Peckham understood very well. No one seeing the expression on McGurk's purple countenance could have failed to do so.

"We'll get him! Don't you worry!" Peckham had assured the desolated father with a manner subtly suggesting both the profoundest sympathy and the prophetic glories of a juridical revenge in which the name of McGurk would be upon every lip and the picture of the deceased, his family, and the home in which they dwelt would be featured on the front page of every journal. "We'll get him, all right!"

"See to it that ye do!" commented his visitor meaningly.

Therefore, though no one had seen him commit the crime, word was passed along the line to pick up Shane O'Connell for the murder of Red McGurk. It mattered not that there was no evidence except the report of a muttered threat or two and the lie passed openly the week before.

Everybody knew that Shane had done it, and why; though no one could tell how he knew it. And because everybody knew, it became a political necessity for Peckham to put him under arrest with a great fanfare of trumpets and a grandiose announcement of the celerity with which the current would be turned through his body.

The only fly in the ointment was the fact that O'Connell had walked into the district attorney's office as soon as the rumor reached him and quietly submitted to being arrested, saying merely: "I heard you wanted me. Well, here I am!"

But though they badgered him for hours, lured him by every pretext to confess, put a stool pigeon in the same cell with him, and resorted to every trick, device and expedient known to the prosecutor's office to trap him into some sort of an admission, they got nothing for their pains. It was just one of those cases where the evidence simply wasn't forthcoming. And yet Peckham was aware that unless he convicted O'Connell his name would indeed be mud—or worse. This story, however, is concerned less with the family honor of the O'Connells than with that of the Beekmans.

Miss Althea was the last surviving member of her branch of the family. Though she would probably have regarded it as slightly vulgar to have been referred to as "one hundred per cent American" she was so nearly so—except for a reminiscent affection for "the late dear Queen"—that the phrase in her case would have been substantially correct. Her mother had been the daughter of a distinguished Revolutionary statesman who had been

a signer of the Declaration of Independence, an ambassador and justice of the Supreme Court as well; her father a celebrated newspaper editor. She had been born in the Prue and I period in Gramercy Park near what is now The Players' Club, and the old colonial house with its white trimmings and ornamental ironwork had been the scene of many a modest gayety at a time when Emerson, Lowell, and George William Curtis were viewed less as citizens than as high priests of Culture, sharing equally in sanctity with the goddess thereof. She could just remember those benign old gentlemen, as well as the many veterans of the Civil War who dined at her father's decorous mahogany and talked of the preservation of the Constitution and those other institutions to found which it is generally assumed the first settlers landed on the Atlantic seaboard and self-sacrificingly accepted real estate from the wily native in return for whisky and glass beads. She was forty-seven years of age, a Colonial Dame, a Daughter of the American Revolution, a member of the board of directors of several charitable institutions, and she was worth a couple of million dollars in railroad securities. On Sundays she always attended the church in Stuyvesant Square frequented by her family, and as late as 1907 did so in the famous Beekman C-spring victoria driven by an aged negro coachman.

But besides being full of rectitude and good works—which of themselves so often fail of attraction—Miss Althea was possessed of a face so charming even in its slightly faded prettiness that one wondered how it was possible that she could successfully have withstood the suitors who must have crowded about her. Her house on Fifth Avenue was full of old engravings of American patriots, and the library inherited from her editorial parent was replete with volumes upon subjects which would have filled a Bolshevik with disgust. Briefly, if ever Trotzky had become Commissar of the Soviet of Manhattan, Miss Althea and those like her would have been the first candidates for a drumhead court-martial.

She prided herself equally upon her adherence to religious principle and the Acts of Congress. For the law, merely as law, she had the profoundest veneration, viewing the heterogeneous statutes passed from time to time by desultory legislators much as if they had in some mysterious way been handed down from Mt. Sinai along with the Ten Commandments. For any violator of the law she had the uttermost abhorrence, and the only weakness in her ethics arose out of her failure to discriminate between relative importances, for she undoubtedly regarded the sale of a glass of beer after the closing hour as being quite as reprehensible as grand larceny or the bearing of false witness. To her every judge must be a learned, wise and honorable man because he stood for the enforcement of the law of the land, and she never questioned whether or not that law was wise or otherwise, which latter often—it must be confessed—it was not. In a word, though there was nothing progressive about Miss Althea she was one of those delightful, cultivated, loyal and enthusiastic female citizens who are rightfully regarded as vertebræ in the backbone of a country which, after it has got its back up, can undoubtedly lick any other nation on earth. It was characteristic of her that carefully folded inside the will drawn for her by her family solicitor was a slip of paper addressed to her heirs and next of kin requesting that at her funeral the national anthem should be played and that her coffin should be draped with the American flag.

But there was a somewhat curious if not uncommon inconsistency in Miss Beekman's attitude toward law-breakers in that once they were in prison they instantly became objects of her gentlest solicitude. Thus she was a frequent visitor at the Tombs, where she brought spiritual, and more often, it must be frankly admitted, bodily comfort to those of the inmates who were recommended by the district attorney and prison authorities as worthy of her attention; and Prosecutor Peckham being not unmindful of the possible political advantage that might accrue from being on friendly terms with so well-known a member of the distinguished family of Beekman, lost no opportunity to ingratiate himself with her and gave orders to his subordinates to make her path as easy as possible. Thus quite naturally she had heard of Tutt & Tutt, and had a casual acquaintance with the senior partner himself.

"That O'Connell is a regular clam—won't tell me anything at all!" remarked Mr. Tutt severely, hanging up his hat on the office tree with one hand while he felt for a match in his waistcoat pocket with the other, upon the afternoon of the day that Miss Beekman had had the conversation with Dawkins with which this story opens.

"National temperament," answered Bonnie Doon, producing the desired match. "It's just like an Irishman to refuse point-blank to talk to the lawyer who has been assigned to defend him. He's probably afraid he'll make some admission from which you will infer he's guilty. No Irishman ever yet admitted that he was guilty of anything!"

"Well, I've never met a defendant of any other nationality who would either," replied Mr. Tutt, pulling vigorously at his stogy. "Even so, this chap O'Connell is a puzzle to me. 'Go ahead and defend me,' said he to-day, 'but don't ask me to talk about the case because I won't.' I give it up. He wouldn't even tell me where he was on the day of the murder."

Bonnie grunted dubiously.

"There may be a very good reason for that!" he retorted. "If what rumor says is true he simply hunted for McGurk until he found him and put a lead pellet back of his ear."

"And also, if what rumor says is true," supplemented Tutt, who entered at this moment, "a good job it was too. McGurk was a treacherous, dirty blackguard, the leader of a gang of criminals, even if he was, as they all agree, a handsome rascal who had every woman in the district on tenterhooks. Any girl in this case?"

Bonnie shrugged his shoulders.

"They claim so; only there's nothing definite. The O'Connells are well spoken of."

"If there was, that would explain why he wouldn't talk," commented Mr. Tutt. "That's the devil of it. You can't put in a defense under the unwritten law without besmirching the very reputation you are trying to protect."

The senior partner of Tutt & Tutt wheeled his swivel chair to the window and crossing his congress boots upon the sill gazed contemplatively down upon the shipping.

"Unwritten law!" sarcastically exclaimed Tutt from the doorway. "There ain't no such animal in these parts!"

"Do You Understand That You are in Contempt of This Court?"

"You're quite wrong!" retorted his elder partner. "Most of our law—ninety-nine per cent of it, in fact—is unwritten."

"Excuse me!" interjected Bonnie Doon, abandoning his usual flippancy. "What is that you said, Mr. Tutt?"

"That ninety-nine per cent of the laws by which we are governed are unwritten laws, just as binding as the printed ones upon our statute books, which after all are only the crystallization of the sentiments and opinions of the community based upon its traditions, manners, customs and religious beliefs. For every statute in print there are a hundred that have no tangible existence, based on our sense of decency, of duty and of honor, which are equally controlling and which it has never been found necessary to reduce to writing, since their infraction usually brings its own penalty or infringes the more delicate domain of private conscience where the crude processes of the criminal law cannot follow. The laws of etiquette and fair play are just as obligatory as legislative enactments—the Ten Commandments as efficacious as the Penal Code."

"Don't you agree with that, Tutt?" demanded Bonnie. "Every man's conscience is his own private unwritten law."

Tutt looked skeptical.

"Did you say every man had a conscience?" he inquired.

"And it makes a lot of trouble sometimes," continued Mr. Tutt, ignoring him. "You remember when old Cogswell was on the bench and a man was brought before him for breaking his umbrella over the head of a fellow who had insulted the defendant's wife, he said to the jury: 'Gentlemen, if this plaintiff had called my wife a name like that I'd have smashed my umbrella over his head pretty quick. However, that's not the law! Take the case, gentlemen!'"

"Well, I guess I was wrong," admitted Tutt. "Of course that is unwritten law. People don't like to punish a man for resenting a slur upon his wife's reputation."

"But you see where that leads you?" remarked his partner. "The so-called unwritten law is based on our inherited idea of chivalry. A lady's honor and reputation were sacred, and her knight was prepared instantly to defend it with the last drop of his blood. A reflection on her honesty was almost as unbearable as one upon her virtue. Logically, the unwritten law ought to permit women to break their contracts and do practically anything they see fit."

"They do, don't they—the dear things!" sighed Bonnie.

"I remember," interjected Tutt brightly, "when it was the unwritten law of Cook County, Illinois—that's Chicago, you know—that any woman could kill her husband for the life-insurance money. Seriously!"

"There's no point of chivalry that I can see involved in that—it's merely good business," remarked Mr. Doon, lighting another cigarette. "All the same it's obvious that the unwritten law might be stretched a long way. It's a great convenience, though, on occasion!"

"We should be in an awful stew if nowadays we substituted ideas of chivalry for those of justice," declared Mr. Tutt. "Fortunately the danger is past. As someone has said, 'The women, once our superiors, have become our equals!'"

"We don't even give 'em our seats in the Subway," commented Tutt complacently. "No, we needn't worry about the return of chivalry—in New York at any rate."

"I should say not!" exclaimed Miss Wiggin, entering at that moment with a pile of papers, as nobody rose.

"But," insisted Bonnie, "all the same there are certainly plenty of cases where if he had to choose between them any man would obey his conscience rather than the law."

"Of course there are such cases," admitted Mr. Tutt. "But we ought to discourage the idea as much as possible."

"Discourage a sense of honor?" exclaimed Miss Wiggin. "Why, Mr. Tutt!"

"It depends on what you mean by honor," he retorted. "I don't take much stock in the kind of honor that makes an heir apparent 'perjure himself like a gentleman' about a card game at a country house."

"Neither do I," she returned, "any more than I do in the kind of honor that compels a man to pay a gambling debt before he pays his tailor, but I do believe that there may be situations where, though it would not be permissible to perjure oneself, honor would require one to refuse to obey the law."

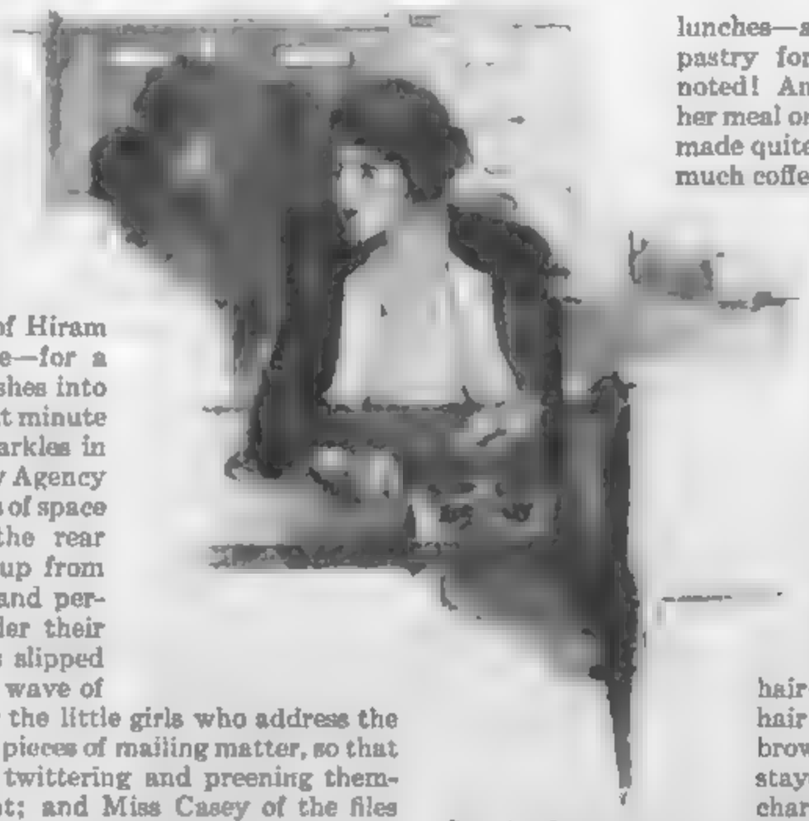
(Continued on Page 127)

MISS CASEY OF THE FILES

By OSCAR GRAEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

THE rear windows of the offices of the H. W. Day Advertising Agency are almost flat against the lofty walls of an adjacent skyscraper. There is but the narrowest of air shafts between, but somehow once a day the sunshine manages to insinuate itself through those rear windows. It stays only a minute. For only a minute the brass jardinière, which stands upon the filing case and which through the spring and summer is kept filled with flowers from the gardens of Hiram Day's New Jersey home—for a minute this jardinière flashes into pure gold. And during that minute an unusual animation sparkles in those employees of the Day Agency who through the exigencies of space are forced to inhabit the rear offices. The typists look up from their machines and smile and perhaps surreptitiously powder their noses before tiny mirrors slipped from their hand bags; a wave of subdued chatter rolls over the little girls who address the various and multitudinous pieces of mailing matter, so that they sound like sparrows twittering and preening themselves in the brief sunlight; and Miss Casey of the files glances up from the letters she is assorting and over her glasses frowns at this display of frivolity, while all the time her heart is in sympathy with their exuberant youth and vitality.



For the First Time in Her Career Miss Casey Loafed Through the Entire Afternoon

But this snatch of sunlight is not the one minute of the day for which Miss Casey lives, though her one minute may be compared to that fleeting visit of sunshine. Her one minute comes when Hiram W. Day emerges from his private office at the very front of the building, saunters down the main aisle and goes to the wash room at the rear, where he performs his ablutions preparatory to going home. Invariably as he approaches Miss Casey's desk he stops and says, "Good afternoon. Pleasant day, we've had, isn't it?" or something as insignificant and trite—and Miss Casey looks into his eyes, nods, and he passes on.

In this little incident repeated every day is concentrated all the comedy and tragedy, all the passion and futility and happiness of Miss Casey's existence. It would be amusing if it were not so sad; it would be pathetic if it were not so illustrative of loyalty and devotion and many of the things of which the fabric of life is woven. This one moment lights up Miss Casey's day just as the sudden sunlight whips the jardinière into flame. Don't be mistaken. Miss Casey is not in love with old Hiram Day—not in the sense in which ordinarily we speak of love. She knows—she never forgets—that old Hiram is married, has a wife and family. But Miss Casey has been in Hiram Day's employment forever—ever since, as he himself says, he was doing business on a shoe string. She has been with him through failures and successes. His business is her business. His life to a very large extent is her life.

It is doubtful if Leonora Casey realizes what the moment in which Hiram Day stops at her desk means to her; it is quite certain that Hiram Day does not. With him it is simply a habit—a habit of many years' standing; with her it is a rite. And if Hiram Day is away for any reason—illness, a business trip, anything—and therefore cannot perform the rite, Miss Casey is restless and unhappy every day until old Hiram returns. But she does not know why she is unhappy and restless. Miss Casey is not of an analytic type of mind. She does not indulge in introspection.

On this particular day Miss Casey had difficulty in meeting Mr. Day's eyes as he paused before her. To his "How much longer is this rainy weather going to last, Miss Casey?" she had great trouble in finding a reply. And after she had forced herself to mumble something and he had passed by she sighed with relief. Miss Casey was confronted with the gravest problem of her life.

That noon she had gone as usual to the little tea room in Thirty-second Street for her lunch. It was a spick-and-span little tea room, which exactly suited Miss Casey's prim tastes. Of late Miss Casey had felt that she could no longer afford the tea room. The prices had really advanced enormously, but knowing the leaping cost of food Miss Casey acknowledged that the tea room was justified in advancing its prices. But the trouble was—well, Miss Casey's salary for a year or two had been completely devoid of any leaps and advances. She found, however, that she couldn't give up the tea room. She had finally met this emergency in a way by chopping desserts from her lunches—and yet how she loved the pastry for which the tea room was noted! And now she drank coffee with her meal only every other day. It really made quite a saving, and, after all, too much coffee—so she had read in certain advertisements prepared by her own beloved Day Advertising Agency—was bad for the nerves.

At lunch that day she met Angie Carr. In the years that Miss Casey had been employed by the Day Agency an endless stream of girls had passed before her inspection as she sat at her desk beside the filing cases—pretty girls and homely girls, girls with black hair and girls with blond hair and girls with red hair—while Miss Casey's own hair was turning from a soft brown to gray—girls who had stayed a week and been discharged, girls who had stayed a year and been married, girls who had stayed two or three years and left to take better positions. Of all these girls Miss Casey liked Angie Carr the best. As Miss Casey expressed it, "There is something nice and sensible about Angie, and her as pretty as you'd want 'em." She was utterly unlike the recent run of flibbertigibbets whom Miss Casey so despised—flighty little things with tight skirts and painted faces who might be dressed appropriately for a dance hall, but never for a business office. Furthermore, Angie Carr had been Miss Casey's own disciple. It was Miss Casey who had taught Angie all she knew about filing—taught her so well that eight months ago Angie was enabled to get another job at a tremendous increase of salary with the Penn Engineering Company.

Miss Casey noticed immediately that day at lunch that there was something unusual about Angie.

"She looks different," thought Miss Casey.

Angie always had been pretty, but now she was beautiful. There was a hushed look about her, as if she were listening to the music of muted violins, and yet there was a glow to her, as if a gossamer veil of happiness separated her from the humdrum of ordinary affairs. As soon as Angie saw Miss Casey she jumped up from her own table and, after throwing her arms round Miss Casey, seated herself opposite.

"Oh, Miss Casey," Angie began, "I hoped I'd see you here to-day. That's really why I came."

"We used to come here together pretty often, didn't we, Angie?"

Miss Casey sighed. Since Miss Carr's departure she had been unable to find another lunch companion who met her rather strict requirements. Those flibbertigibbets were apt to embarrass you frightfully by flirting with any man who gave them the slightest encouragement.

"Yes, we did, and we had a good time together too. You were awfully good to me, Miss Casey." Angie stopped, leaned forward intent. "Guess what's happened!"

Before Miss Casey had any opportunity to guess what had happened Angie Carr continued, "I'm going to be married!"

"Married!"

"Yes, married—and he's a peach too! I—I never thought I'd get married so soon, but—well, you ought to see Bill, Miss Casey! No, you ought not only to see him—you ought to know him."

"Tell me all about him," said Miss Casey, frowning at the waitress who obtrusively hovered too near.

Angie held forth for half an hour on the extraordinary virtues of Bill. At the end of the half hour Angie stopped abruptly with flushed cheeks and half-parted lips.

"Well, I must be going," she said, and laughed apologetically. "I guess I forget my—my job and everything else when I get started talking about Bill. And I want to do the right thing by the Penn Engineering Company, even if I am going to be married next week. They've been awfully white to me. But, gee! I'm almost forgetting what I particularly wanted to see you about, Miss Casey. It's this: Why don't you take my job with the Penn Engineering Company?"

"Me!" said Miss Casey. It was the most astonishing question that had ever been asked her.

"Yes, certainly you, Miss Casey! Don't look at me in that surprised way! I really mean you ought to take it. You never told me exactly what the Day Agency was paying you, but in one way and another I guessed—and the Penn Engineering Company will pay you ten dollars a week more."

"Why, I couldn't leave Mr. Day's employ, Angie."

"The trouble with you, Miss Casey, is that you're too loyal. You should have left long ago. You'd have bettered yourself if you'd done it. Why, look at me! I've been raised twice since I left you and I'm not one-two-three compared to you when it comes to knowing about filing."

"But I've been so many years with Mr. Day, Angie."

"That's just the trouble! You've been there so long they've forgotten all about you. You're like a piece of office furniture to them—always there, always to be counted on. They've overlooked the fact that you need more money, Miss Casey, like everybody else, because living expenses have gone up so."

"Oh, Angie, how can you say they've forgotten me! Mr. Day stops to talk with me every afternoon."

"Yes, but a little bit of jolly like that don't get you anywhere. You can't pay the extra five dollars your landlady asks by telling her what a nice lady she is."

"How did you know I had to pay more board?"

"How did I know it? Everything's increased, hasn't it? That's how I know it. You take my job with the Penn Engineering Company and you'll get ten dollars a week more than you're getting now—ten dollars a week more to start with, Miss Casey. Think of that! When they get to know what a wiz you are at filing, with your memory and everything, you'll get more than I ever would."

"But my memory's only good for the Day Agency's business."

"Now, don't get thinking that way, Miss Casey. Your memory's a good one for any business after you get the run of it. It's a trained memory, isn't it? You've just let yourself get in a rut because you've been so long with the Day Agency."

There was a thoughtful pause during which Miss Casey, her lips trembling, considered the matter. There was a flush on her pale cheeks. She was acutely conscious of her gray hair and the glasses which only recently had to be changed to a slightly stronger lens. Miss Casey never would admit to anyone, not even to herself, that she was getting on in years, and indeed she felt fairly young as long as she was associated with Hiram Day, for he was older than she, and yet he personified to her always the utmost in youthful vigor and virility. Presently she said faintly, as if the truth were wrung from her despite herself, "But won't—won't the Penn Engineering Company think me a—a little old for the job, Angie?"

Angie Carr patted Miss Casey's hand reassuringly.

"I won't have you talk that way, Miss Casey!" she cried indignantly. "It's perfectly foolish of you to talk that way! You're just the kind that a sensible man wants in his business. He don't want those gay young things that can't attend to their duties because they've danced all night. I've fixed it all up for you with my boss at the Penn Engineering Company. I've raved about your ability. Why, he was tickled to death to hear about you and that he might get you. You know how hard it is to get competent office help, don't you? The job is waiting for you if you'll only come down and grab it."

"No, I couldn't leave Mr. Day's employ, Angie."

"Then just promise me this, Miss Casey: Promise you'll come down to-morrow morning at nine and have a talk with my boss, Mr. Penn. That won't commit you to anything. Will you promise that?"

Miss Casey reluctantly promised.

And that was the reason why that afternoon Miss Casey was unable to meet Mr. Day's eyes as he paused beside her desk. A feeling of treachery possessed her. She felt that never again could she meet Mr. Day's eyes.

For the first time in her career Miss Casey loafed through the entire afternoon. She sat there in her familiar position, a huge pile of unassorted letters before her. She attempted to work, but the minute she had read the contents of a letter, noted its signature, its address, these left her again. Her memory—her keen, retentive memory of which Angie Carr had spoken—was a blank. It refused to function. It was like a wax cylinder which had hardened, upon which no impression could be made.

It had rained all day, but in the late afternoon the weather cleared; the sunshine threw its sudden momentary gleam through the rear windows. The typists looked up from their machines and smiled; the little girls burst into chatter; the jardinière flamed into gold. But Miss Casey did not even glance up from her desk, her battered old desk which had seen as many years of service as Miss Casey

herself. In turn she felt cold and she felt hot. Her slender hands, white and meticulously kept, her quick, agile hands, trembled as they lay idle on the scarred top of the desk before her. She was still in a daze of indecision when she descended into the Subway and with thousands of others was carried to her home in Brooklyn.

Miss Casey's home was a boarding house in Lafayette Avenue, but as boarding houses go it was not a bad boarding house. It was an old-fashioned residence that seemed to have retained some of the flavor of a private house. The furniture was faded and scratched, but it was good furniture. The carpets were worn, but they were of rich, subdued pattern. The boarding house suited Miss Casey. Once—oh, years ago!—when Miss Casey had dreamed that she might have a home of her own that visionary home resembled in many ways the faded respectability of the boarding house. And its guests, too, were respectable men and women, middle-aged and—like Miss Casey—clerks in offices. There was one exception—a young imp of a scalawag who was attending the endowed art school near DeKalb Avenue. He was an incorrigible tease.

At dinner he said to Miss Casey: "Well, I read a copy of Printer's News to-day and I saw the Taylor Agency is putting it all over your Day Agency, Miss Casey. They've taken away your Sunset Automobile account, haven't they?"

Instead of telling him how the Day Agency had refused to handle the Sunset Automobile account, instead of meeting the young scalawag's attack with fiery denunciation and caustic irony, Miss Casey simply nodded.

"Yes, they have taken it," she said.

The young scalawag turned his attention elsewhere. There was no fun in baiting Miss Casey to-night. There was something about her, in fact, that made you feel a little guilty about baiting her.

Miss Casey went to her room and tried to read the society notes in her evening newspaper society was a subject in which she took a lively interest. There was an account of an amazing Arabian-Nights fête in which a golden apple was awarded the most beautiful woman, but even this could not hold her attention. Nothing could hold her attention to-night—nothing except the jumbled, scurrying whirl of thoughts in her own mind. She sat there in a rocker beneath the flickering gaslight. If only she had some confidante with whom she could discuss this matter fully and in the most intimate detail. But she had no one—no one!

Miss Casey had a married sister, who lived at the other end of Brooklyn, and for a moment she had the mad idea of going to see this sister, telling her all about her great problem. Once they, the two sisters, hadn't a secret which wasn't shared. But that was years ago, when they were girls. Now her sister wouldn't care to talk so intensively of the Day Advertising Company. She would want to tell Miss Casey how well Henrietta was doing in high school and repeat some of the remarks Henrietta's teachers had made about her precocity. Her sister couldn't understand how she, Miss Casey, felt about the Day Agency, and she could hear her sister saying, "If this other place will pay you ten dollars a week more, Leonora, why, for land's sake, take it! You need the money."

As if that matter-of-fact solution would actually solve the problem!

Why, she couldn't leave the Day Agency—money or no money! The idea was preposterous! Practically all the interests of her life were wrapped up in the interests of the Day Agency. When the Day Agency achieved a triumph it was a triumph for her; when some of the advertising turned out a notable success it was a success for her; when a client sent in a complimentary letter it was a compliment to her. She knew the history of the Day Agency; she knew all the little incidents that made its history; why, she was a part of the history! She had given the business so much of herself—her thought, her time, her ability—that if she left now her ghost would remain. Rather, it was the ghost that would leave and the very essence of herself that would remain.

And then there was Hiram Day himself. How proud she had been when she overheard a new employee ask "Why does Mr. Day always stop at Miss Casey's desk?"

And she also remembered the answer: "Oh, Miss Casey has been here so long that she seems more like a friend of Mr. Day's than just one of his clerks."

How that had thrilled her. And it was true! She was a friend of Mr. Day's. Why, they had been together years and years! This it was, these years and years spent together, that had created the feeling which Miss Casey's sister could not understand—which even Angie Carr could not understand.

"I Thought Money Meant More Than Anything Else, But Now Since I've Been Married to Bill I Know It Doesn't"

And yet like an undercurrent to these thoughts ran a dark whispering. What was it Angie had said? They regarded her, Miss Casey, simply as a piece of furniture, a fixture—something that could be safely passed by when the raises went round. Well, she had always been satisfied, but she wished Angie hadn't said that. It was a cruel thing to say. It was a thing which stayed and rankled and could not be forgotten. And prices had gone up so. Living expenses had increased in every way—food, clothing, board—even the occasional ice-cream soda to which Miss Casey treated herself. Only a year or two ago her salary had seemed sufficient; not only sufficient, but handsome to Miss Casey, but now ——

Of course she wasn't considering going with the Penn Engineering Company. Of course she had no intention at all of going with them. She had promised that she would call on them in the morning—that was all. With Miss Casey a promise was a promise. She would keep her promise—nothing more. In the morning, however, when Miss Casey called at the office of the Penn Engineering Company and was ushered before Mr. Penn by Angie Carr unexpected things began to happen.

Mr. Penn was a large, dark and altogether irresistible gentleman. He took matters for granted. He asked questions and supplied his own answers. He imposed his will upon you. Miss Casey wilted before his determination.

"I don't need to inquire very much about your experience, Miss Casey," he began. "Miss Carr has given me full details. If you were able to teach filing to Miss Carr in the way you did you must have ample ability to meet our rather simple requirements."

"But ——" began Miss Casey timidly.

"The salary offered is satisfactory, isn't it?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Well then, I shall expect you next Monday morning."

"But ——"

Miss Casey was not permitted to finish any of those interrupted sentences; she was swept out of Mr. Penn's presence, she found herself breathless and bewildered in the outer office with Angie Carr hanging to her arm and smiling up into her face.

"I told you it would be all right," said Angie Carr.

"Yes, but it isn't all right"—Miss Casey was not afraid to speak to Angie "I—I can't leave Mr. Day's employ, Angie."

"Oh, rot!" said Angie. "You're expected to report here Monday morning. You've practically said you would, so that's that!"

Miss Casey might still have revolted against these circumstances which had been forced upon her if it were not for that tiny germ of discontent which Angie Carr had started when she said Miss Casey at the Day Agency was looked upon as little more than a piece of office furniture. It was the germ of discontent which finally urged her up to Mr. Gillespie's desk. Mr. Gillespie was the office manager of the Day Agency. He was an overalert and overefficient young man who took his position a bit too seriously and he did not altogether approve of Miss Casey. He disliked Mr. Day's habit of stopping at Miss Casey's desk.

"Sentiment is all very well," he was fond of

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ELEPHANT ACQUAINTANCES

By GEORGE CONKLIN

MUCH of my first knowledge of training elephants I got from Stuart Craven. Without any exception I consider him the best all-round elephant man there ever was in this country. I had been with Pogey O'Brien for two or three years when Craven came to O'Brien's winter quarters for the first time to train an elephant for him. He came three different winters for the same purpose and in helping and watching him I picked up a good many points.

Craven was a big, slim, rawboned fellow, very strong and very determined. He was the only man I ever knew who could ride an elephant, standing up. In my younger days, when I was supple, I tried and tried to learn the trick myself. I even arranged ropes and one thing and another to steady me, but no use. I never succeeded. One not familiar with elephants and thinking of their great size might wonder what there would be difficult about it. The secret of the difficulty is that an elephant's skin is loose and as soon as he begins to move the skin rolls all round, giving a man a footing about as secure as water; but in spite of this Stuart Craven would ride clear round the ring balanced on one foot.

Craven once trained a troupe of elephants for Cooper & Bailey. Old Ad Forepaugh was so much taken with their act that he told Craven that if he would train him a troupe that could do as well he would pay him as much as Cooper & Bailey did, and if he trained them so they were better than Cooper & Bailey's he would give him a thousand dollars extra. So Craven went to work and he succeeded in training some that were much better than the ones Cooper & Bailey had. He turned them over to Forepaugh, who was pleased enough with them, but when it came to paying for them he refused to give Craven the extra thousand dollars, claiming that the elephants were no better than those of Cooper & Bailey.

A Trap for Forepaugh

FOREPAUGH and Craven had some hot words and Craven went away without his thousand dollars, but he had not given up. He waited until Forepaugh's show went out on the road. Then he employed a clever lawyer. The first thing they did was to send some strangers to attend one or two of the Forepaugh performances, and they came back and reported that the showman was boasting to the public how much better his elephants were and how much more they could do than those of Cooper & Bailey. The next move of the lawyer was to go himself with two or three witnesses to the show, and after the performance was over they managed to approach Forepaugh, engage him in conversation and begin to praise his elephants.

"Those are pretty fine elephants you've got, Mr. Forepaugh. Their act was simply great."

"Yes, you bet they are!" Forepaugh replied. "They are 'nuff sight better than those things that Cooper & Bailey have got, an' they ought to be, too, for I paid good money to have them trained and I paid a thousand dollars extra to be sure they were better."

This was all Craven's lawyer needed, and it was not very long before Forepaugh was obliged to hand over the thousand dollars.

It was only the next winter, though, that Forepaugh had to get Craven to help him out of trouble. Forepaugh had a big elephant by the name of Romeo which began to be ugly and all his help got afraid of him. Finally it got so that none of them dared to go near him, not even to clean out his paddock, and all his food and water had to be put down through a hole in the floor over him. At last they got Craven to come and see if he could do anything with Romeo

Craven took a shotgun and went in where the elephant was and began to give him orders. The elephant showed no disposition to pay any attention to them, so Craven began to fill his hide with buckshot. Romeo did not care much about this either until one of the shots hit him in an eye. Then he gave in and Craven could do anything he wanted with him. Craven taught young George Forepaugh to handle Romeo after that, and the Forepaughs had him for a good many years longer.

Not long afterward Craven gave up handling elephants, went South and bought a great deal of land. What finally became of him I never knew. The last time I saw him was a number of years later. He was very anxious for me to buy a lot of his land and offered to let me have it for twenty-five cents an acre.

George Conklin and His Baby Elephant Coming Down the Stairs of St. Vincent's Hospital in 1908
Above—Some of Conklin's Charges

I had been with Pogey O'Brien's show only a few years when I trained my first elephant. She was called Queen Anne and at the time I took her in hand she was about thirty-five years old, stood some seven feet high and weighed about four and a half tons. When I went into the ring to perform her I had a black-velvet suit with gold stripes running down the sides of the pants.

The first thing I taught her to do was to walk round the ring nicely. After that I trained her to do what we called the Spanish trot. In teaching her this I placed a man on each side of her with an elephant hook, while I stood in front with my whip. As I moved the whip they would hook into first one and then the other of her legs and lift them up. In a very short time she learned what we wanted and the moving of the whip or a stick was all that was necessary to make her lift her feet. After that had been accomplished it was simply a matter of practice to train her so that when I walked beside her and beat time with my stick she would follow its motions with her feet, lifting them high in the air. As we came into the ring this way the band would strike up Comin' Through the Rye and to the spectators it seemed as if the elephant was really dancing to the music, but as a matter of fact the music was being very carefully played to her dancing.

Queen Anne's Faked Limp

ANOTHER act which I taught her was to fake lameness on first one foot and then another as I walked her round the ring. The crowd on the benches thought she was making the changes to suit herself, but she was strictly following the cues I gave her by my position. If I walked just ahead of her she would go lame in the right front foot. If I dropped back a little by her left side she would go lame in her left front foot; if farther back opposite her hip, in her left hind foot; and if I walked behind her she would go lame in her right hind foot. After doing this I would tie a handkerchief round her ankle, which she would untie and give back to me.

For a grand finish for the act, which usually brought down the house, I had a strip of carpet brought and laid on the ground. I would stretch myself on the carpet and then Queen Anne would walk over me both ways, straddle me lengthwise and end by kneeling down over me crosswise until she almost or quite touched me. In teaching her this part of the act I at first used a dummy, then after she had become accustomed to doing it I laid down myself. I taught her to do the act very slowly to increase the impression that it was very difficult. It was not so dangerous for me as it seemed, for I had my hook in my hands all the time, and if Queen Anne had settled down a little too heavy a touch from that would have raised her pretty lively.

When I went to the Cole show he had an Indian elephant by the name of Tom. He was an especially intelligent fellow and became my second elephant pupil.

The first thing I taught him was to walk a tight rope. He was about thirty-five years old at the time and weighed three tons.

We were all winter teaching him the trick. It made quite a hit when we brought it out, and so far as I know I was the first man to teach it to an elephant.

The first step in getting him to walk the rope was having him walk a six-inch plank we laid on the floor. It took us a good many days to accomplish this, but after a while he could do it easily and carry a balance pole in his trunk. Then we began and blocked the plank up a little bit higher each day. When we had got up high enough we exchanged the plank for a six-inch timber. Gradually we got him accustomed to walking the timber at quite a height. On either end of the timber we placed an inclined platform for him to walk up to the timber and away from it. After he had become thoroughly trained in the act we took pieces of rope and bound them onto the timber so that at a little distance it looked like a huge rope. When we put it up we set four jacks under it to make it solid. We found that we could have him do the act only in a building where the floor was very solid. When he attempted to do it on the ground some of the jacks would settle in the earth and throw him off. This happened two or three times. It did not hurt him, but it frightened him and made him holler in great shape.

One season in winter quarters Tom was placed just by the door which opened out into the yard and through which the men wheeled out all the manure from the place. He used to watch the men come behind him with wheelbarrow loads of manure, turn the key, open the door and go out into the yard. One day he tried turning the key and opening the door. He found he could do it and he did it so much that we had to stop leaving the key in the door.

Tom Would Toss a Playful Wheelbarrow

ONE day a stable man came and unlocked the door and left the key in the lock while he went out in the yard. When he came in he could find no key. All hands took hold and helped him hunt for it. Finally, after more than an hour's hunt we discovered that Tom was calmly standing on it and watching us. He had evidently taken it out of the door, dropped it on the floor and put his foot on it. I always thought that if we had gone away without finding it he would have picked it up again and opened the door with it.

Tom was taught a mean trick by the canvas men. Fortunately no one was ever hurt by it, but it might easily have been the cause of someone's death. How they came to do it or what their object was I never knew, but if a sledge hammer or a large stone or a wheelbarrow was left anywhere within Tom's reach he would pick it up and throw it at whoever happened to be in sight.

We had an amusing experience with Tom once out in Seattle. We had to go to the next place by boat and the pier was large, built out over the water quite a distance, and it shook a good deal when we tried to walk Tom over it. This frightened him so much that we had to coax him to make him move at all.

To make matters worse some of the planks broke and let his hind legs through. By the time we got him up out of the hole he had no use for piers and plank floors, so he bolted and ran.

On one side of the pier was a great sugar warehouse and into this he went just as far as the barrels and sacks would let him. No amount of urging could get him to stir. Something had to be done, for the show had to travel soon and he had to go with it. In thinking of some way to get him started I spied one of the boat's hawsers. I took an end of it across the pier into the warehouse and fastened it round one of Tom's hind feet. Then I put the other end round the drum of the windlass and had the men turn on it slowly while I went and talked to Tom. He was in his place on board all right when the show was ready to start. Cole kept Tom until after he bought into the Barnum show and then he sold him to Frank Lemon, who named him Rajah.

I once had an elephant that was very sick as the result of eating tobacco. Her name was Lalla Rookh. At that time the show was traveling by train. We had a car on purpose for the elephants. Built into one end of it was a stateroom for the use of myself and my head elephant keeper, an Englishman who went by the name of Printer. Printer sold tobacco to the rest of the men in the menagerie and he had hidden away in the straw of his mattress his stock of five pounds of plug. One morning when we went to breakfast Printer forgot and left the door from the stateroom into the elephants' quarters unfastened. While we were away Lalla Rookh got her trunk through the door into the stateroom and ate up the straw in Printer's mattress, tobacco and all.

I did not know about it. We took her over to the show grounds with the rest of the elephants and began dressing her for parade. I noticed that she did not act right and soon she was all atremble and could hardly stand up. We could not get her to move and I was considerably alarmed I had another elephant push her into the tent, where she lay down. Her eyes were rolled down until you could see nothing but the whites. I gave her such treatment as I could and after a time she began to seem relieved and presently got over it, but it was not until fall that I knew what was the matter with her.

Tobacco as an Elephantine Tonic

WE WERE going into winter quarters in St. Louis when Printer said to me one day: "You never knew what ailed Lalla Rookh that time, did yer, Mr. Conklin?"

"No," I said. "Did you?"

"Yes, she ate five pounds of my tobacco," he answered, and then he told me the whole story.

The tobacco must have been a kind of medicine for her, for in spite of its making her so sick it seemed to do her good.

She began to pick up right away after it and from then on she was in better flesh and general condition than she had ever been before.

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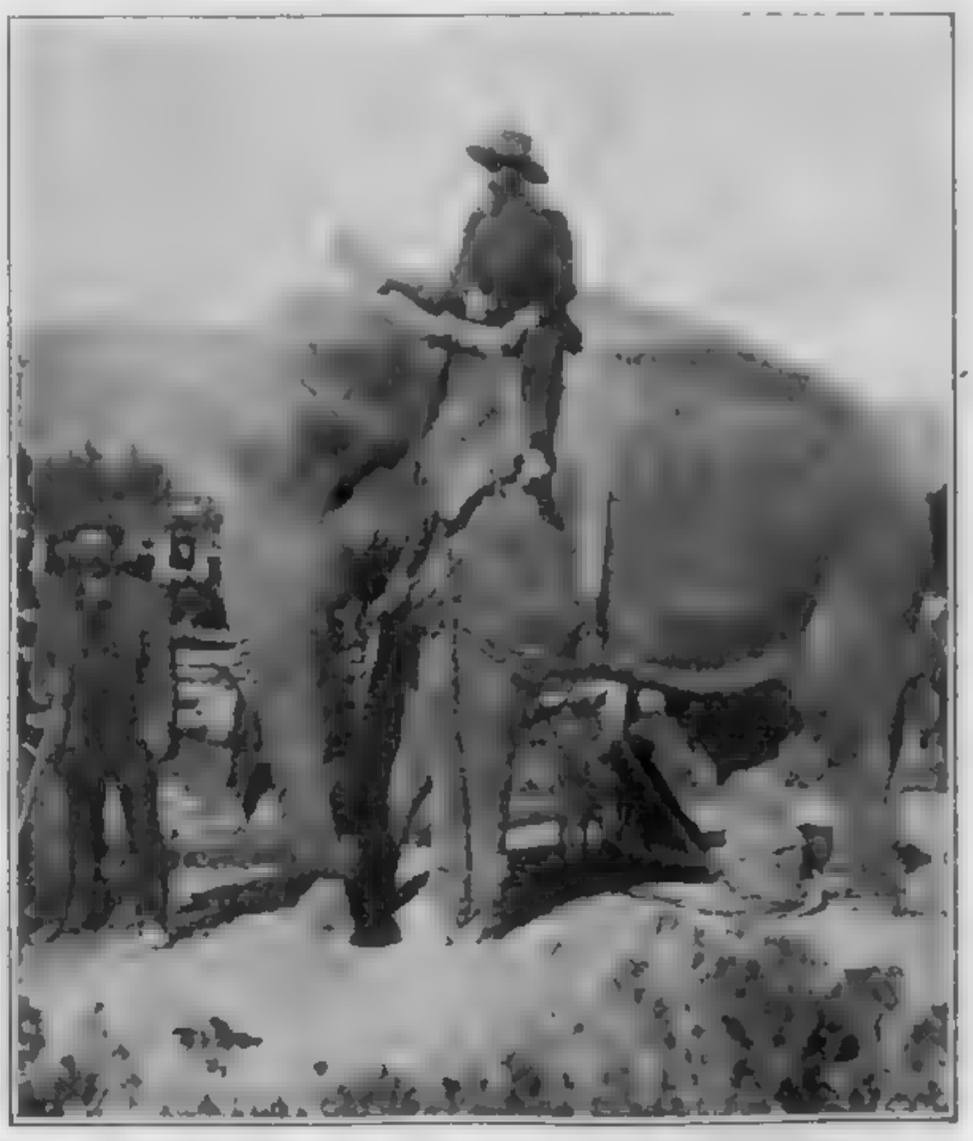
Fritz and Tom Thumb

Fritz, Barnum & Bailey Show, Broken in and Performed by George Conklin



Samson Was One of the Most Vicious Elephants on Exhibition

THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY

VI

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE reportorial instinct in Kitty Conover, combined with her natural feminine curiosity, impelled her to seek to the bottom of this affair. Her newspaper was as far from her thoughts as the poles; simply a paramount desire to translate the incomprehensible into sequence and consequence. Harmless old Gregor's disappearance and the advent of John Two-Hawks—the absurdity of that name!—with his impeccable English accent, his Latin gestures and his black eye, convinced her that it was political; an electrical cross current out of that broken world over there. Moribund perspectives. What did that signify save that Johnny Two-Hawks had fought somewhere that day for his life? Had Gregor been spirited away so as to leave Two-Hawks without support, to confuse and discourage him and break down his powers of resistance? Or had there been something of great value in the Gregor apartment, and Johnny Two-Hawks had come too late to save his friend?

A word slipped into her mind like a whiff of miasma off an evil swamp. As she recognized the word she felt the same horror and repugnance one senses upon being unexpectedly confronted by a cobra. Internationalism. The scum of the world boiling to the top. A half-blind viper striking venomously at everything—even itself! A destroyer who tore down but who knew not how or what to build. Kitty knew that lower New York was seething with this species of terrorism—thousands of noisome European rats trying to burrow into the granary of democracy. But she had no particular fear of the result. The reacting chemicals of American humor and common sense would neutralize that virus. Supposing a ripple from this indecent eddy had touched her feet? The torch of liberty in the hands of Anarch!

Johnny Two-Hawks. Somehow—even if she never saw him again—she knew she would always remember him by that name. Phases of the encounter began to return. Fine hands; perhaps he painted or played. The oblong head of well-balanced mentality. A pleasant voice. Breeding. To be sure, he had laughed at that fan popping out. Anybody would have laughed. Never had she felt so idiotic. He had gravely expressed the hope that they might never meet again because his life was in danger. What danger? Conceivably the enmity of a society—internationalism. The word having found lodgment in her thoughts took root. Internationalism—Utopia while you wait! Anarchism and Bolshevism offering nostrums for humanity's ills! And there were sane men who defended the cult on the basis that the intention was honest. Who can say that the rattlesnake does not consider his intentions honorable?

The attribute lacking in the ape to make him human is continuity of thought and action in all things save one. He often starts out well but he never arrives. His interest is never sustained. He drops one thing and turns to another. The exception is his enmity, savage and cunning, relentless and enduring.

Kitty was awake to one fact. She could not venture to dig into this affair alone. On the other hand she did not want one of the men from the city room—a reporter who would see nothing but news. If Gregor was only a prisoner publicity might be the cause of his death; and publicity would certainly react hardily against Johnny Two-Hawks. To whom might she turn?

Cutty!—with his great physical strength, his shrewd and alert mentality and his wide knowledge of peoples and tongues. There was the man for her—Kitty Conover's godfather. She dumped the contents of her hand bag upon the stand in the hallway in her impatience to find Cutty's card with his telephone number. It was not in the directory. She might catch him before he went out for the evening.

A Japanese voice answered her call.

"'Scuse, but he iss out."

"Where?"

"No tell me."

"How long has he been gone?"

"'Scuse!"

Kitty heard the click of the receiver as it went down upon the hook. But she wasn't the daughter of Conover for nothing. She called up the University Club. No. The Harvard Club. No. The Players, the Lambs; and in the latter club she found him.

"Who is it?" Cutty spoke impatiently.

"Kitty Conover."

"Oh! What's the matter? Can't you have lunch with me?"

"Something very strange is happening in this old apartment house, Cutty. I'm afraid it is a matter of life and death. Otherwise I shouldn't have bothered you. Can you come up right away?"

"As soon as a taxi can take me!"

"Thanks."

Kitty then went through the apartment and turned out all the lights. Next she drew up a chair to the kitchen window and sat down to watch. All was dark across the way. But there was nothing singular in this fact. Johnny Two-Hawks would have sense enough to realize that it would be safer to move about in the dark. It was even probable that he was lying down.

Tumpitum-*tump!* Tumpitum-*tump!* went the racing Elevated; and Kitty's heart raced along with it. Queer how the echo of Cutty's description of the drums calling a jehad—a holy war—should adapt itself to that Elevated. Drums! Perhaps the echo clung because she had been interested beyond measure in his tale of those two emeralds, the drums of jeopardy. Mobs, sacking palaces and museums and banks and homes; all the scum of the world boiling to the top; the Red Night that wasn't over.

She uttered a shaky little laugh. She would tell Cutty. The real drums of jeopardy weren't emeralds but the roll of warning that prescience taps upon the spine, the occult sense of impending danger. That was why the Elevated went tumpitum-*tump!* tumpitum-*tump!* She would tell Cutty. The drums of fear.

He over there and she here, in darkness; both of them waiting for something to happen; and the invisible drumsticks beating the tattoo of fear. If he were in her thoughts might not she be a little in his? She stood up. She would do it. Convention in a moment like this was nonsense. Hadn't he kept his side of the line scrupulously?

Nonchalance. It occurred to her for the first time that there must be good material in a man who could come through in a contest with death, nonchalant. She would fetch him and have him here to meet Cutty, this rather forlorn Johnny Two-Hawks, with his unshaven face, his black eye and his nonchalance. She would fetch him at once. It would save a good deal of time.

There were but ten apartments in the building, two on a floor. The living room formed an L. Kitty's buttressed Gregor's. The elevator shaft was inside, facing the court; and the stair head was on the Gregor side of the elevator. The two entrances faced each other across the landing.

As Kitty opened her door to step outside she was nonplused to see two men issue cautiously from the Gregor door. The moment they espied her, however, there was a mad rush for the stair head. She could hear the thud of their feet all the way down to the ground floor; and every footfall seemed to touch her heart. One of them carried a bundle.

She breathed quickly, and she knew that she was afraid. Neither man was Johnny Two-Hawks. Something dreadful had happened; she was sure of it. Reënforcing her sinking courage with nerve energy she ran across to the Gregor door and knocked. No answer. She knocked again; then she tried the door. Locked. The flutter in her breast died away; she became quite calm. She was going to enter this apartment by the way of the fire escape. The window he had come out of was still up. She had made note of this from the kitchen. In returning he had stepped onto the springe of a snare.

She hurried back to her kitchen for the automatic. She hadn't the least idea how to manipulate it; but she

The Whole Affair Must be Carried Off Secretly or Their Efforts Would Come to Nothing

was no longer afraid of it. Bravely she stepped out onto the fire escape. To reach her objective she had to walk under the ladder. Danger often puts odd irrelevancies into the human brain. As she moved forward she wondered if there was anything in the superstition regarding ladders.

When she reached the window she leaned against the brick wall and listened. Silence; an ominous silence. The window was open, the curtain up. Within, what? For as long as five minutes she waited, then she climbed in.

Now as this bedroom was a counterpart of her own she knew where the light button would be. She might stumble over a chair or two, but in the end she would find the light. The fingers of one hand spread out before her and the other clutching the impossible automatic, she succeeded in navigating the uncharted reefs of an unfamiliar room. She blinked for a moment after throwing on the light, and stood with her back to the wall, the automatic wabbling at nothing in particular. The room was empty so far as she could see. There was evidence of a physical encounter, but she could not tell whether it was due to the former or to the latter invasion.

Where was he? From where she stood she could not see the floor on the far side of the bed. Timidly she walked past the foot of the bed—and the transient paralysis of horror laid hold of her. She became bereft of the power to grasp and hold, and the automatic slipped from her fingers and thudded on the carpet.

On the floor lay poor Johnny Two-Hawks, crumpled grotesquely, a streak of blood zigzagging across his forehead; to all appearances, dead!

Timidly She Walked Past the Foot of the Bed—and the Transient Paralysis of Horror Laid Hold of Her

VII

TWICE before in her life Kitty had looked upon death by violence; and it required only this present picture to convince her that she would never be able to gaze upon it callously, without pity and terror. Newspaper life—at least the reportorial side of it—has an odd effect upon men and women; it sharpens their tragical instincts and perceptions and dulls eternally the edge of tenderness and sentimentality. It was natural for Kitty to possess the keenest perceptions of tragedy; but she had been taken out of the reportorial field in time to preserve all her tenderness and romanticism. Otherwise she would have seen in that crumpled object with the sinister daub of blood on the forehead merely a story, and would have approached it from that angle.

But was he dead? She literally forced her steps toward the body and stared. She dropped to her knees because they were threatening to buckle in one of those flashes of physical incoördination to which the strongest will must bow occasionally. She was no longer afraid of the tragedy, but she feared the great surging pity that was striving to express itself in sobs; and she knew that if she surrendered she would forthwith become hysterical for the rest of the evening and incompetent to carry out the plan in her head.

A strong healthy young man done to death in this fashion only a few minutes after he had left her kitchen! Somehow she could not look upon him as a stranger. She had given him food; she had talked to him; she had even laughed with him. He was not like those dead she had seen in her reportorial days. Her orbit and Johnny Two-Hawks' had indeterminately touched; she had known old Gregory, or Gregor, who had been this unfortunate young man's friend. And he had hoped they might never meet again!

The murderous scoundrels had been watching. They must have entered the apartment shortly after he had entered hers. Conceivably they would have Gregor's key. And they had watched and waited, striking him down it may have been at the very moment he had crossed the sill of the window.

Her hand shook so idiotically that it was impossible for a time to tell if the man's heart was beating. All at once a wave of hot fury rushed over her—fury at the cowardliness of the assault—and the vertigo passed. She laid her palm firmly over Johnny Two-Hawks' heart. Alive! He was alive! She straightened his body and put a pillow under his head. Then she sought water and towels.

There was no cut on his forehead, only blood; but the top of his head had been cruelly beaten. He was alive, but without immediate aid he might die. The poor young man!

There were two physicians in the block; one or the other would be in. She ran to the door, to find it locked. She had forgotten. Next she found the telephone wire cut and the speaking tube battered and inutile. She would have to return to her own apartment to summon help. She dared not leave the light on. The scoundrels might possibly return, and the light would warn them that their victim had been discovered; and naturally they would wish to ascertain whether or not they had succeeded in their murderous assault.

As she was passing the first landing windows she saw Cutty emerging from the elevator. She flew across the fire-escape platform with the resilient step of one crossing thin ice.

Probably the most astonished man in New York was the war correspondent when the door opened and a pair of arms were flung about him, and a voice smothered in the lapel of his coat cried: "Oh, Cutty, I never was so glad to see anyone!"

"What in the name of ——"

"Come! We'll handle this ourselves. Hurry!" She dragged him along by the sleeve.

"But ——"

"It is life and death! No talk now!"

Cutty, immaculate in his evening clothes, very much perturbed, went along after her. As she passed through the kitchen window and beckoned him to follow he demurred.

"Kitty, what the deuce is going on here?"

"I'll answer your questions when we get him into my apartment. They tried to murder him; left him there to die!"

Cutty possessed a great art, an art highly developed only in explorers and newspapers reporters of the first order—adaptability; of being able to cast aside instantly the conventions of civilization and let down the bars to the primordial, the instinctive and the natural. Thus the Cutty who stepped out beside Kitty in the drizzle was not the Cutty she had admitted into the apartment. She did not recognize this remarkable transition until later; and then she discovered that Cutty, the suave and lackadaisical in idleness, was a tremendous animal hibernating behind a crackle shell.

Ordinarily Cutty would have declined to come through this shell, thin as it was; he liked these cat naps between great activities. But this lovely creature was Conover's daughter, and she would have the seventh sense—divination—of the born reporter. Something big was in the air.

"Go on!" he said briskly. "I'm at your heels. And stoop as you pass those hall windows. No use throwing a silhouette for somebody in those rear houses to see." . . . Old Tommy Conover's daughter, sure pop! . . . "There you go, under the ladder! You've dished the whole affair, whatever it is. . . . No, no! Just spoofing, Kitty. A long face is no good anywhere, even at a funeral. . . . This window? All right. Know where the lights are? Very good."

When Cutty saw the man on the floor he knelt quickly. "Nasty bang on the head, but he's alive. What's this? His cap. Poughkeepsie. By George, padded with his handkerchief! Must have known something was going to fall on him. Now, what's it all about?"

"When we get him to my apartment."

"Yours? Good Lord, what's the matter with this?"

"They tried to kill him here. They might return to see if they had succeeded. They mustn't find where he has gone. I'm strong. I can take hold of his knees."

"Tut! Neither of us could walk backward over that fire escape. He looks husky, but I'll try it. Now obey me without question or comment. You'll have to help me get him outside the window and in through yours. Between the two windows I can handle him alone. I only hope we shan't be noticed, for that might prove awkward. Now take hold. That's it. When I'm through the window just push his legs outside." Panting, Kitty obeyed. "All right," said Cutty. "I like your pluck. You run along ahead and be ready to help me in with him. A healthy beggar! Here goes."

With a heave and a hunch and another heave Cutty stood up, the limp body disposed scientifically across his shoulders. Kitty was quite impressed by this exhibition of strength in a man whom she considered as elderly—old. There was an underthought that such feats of bodily prowess were reserved for young men. With the naïve conceit of twenty-four she ignored the actual mathematics of fifty years of clean living and thinking, missed the physiological fact that often men at fifty are stronger and tougher than men in the twenties. They never waste

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 31, 1920

Seize the Government

REVOLUTIONS are all the rage in Europe and they are becoming quite fashionable over here. Foreigners who are sojourning—let us hope only temporarily—among us, and some men who were born in America—though they have since become unnaturalized—are displaying these new styles to us. By all means let us follow the fashions, but with due regard for our limitations. For when it comes to this sort of thing Europe has certain inherited advantages that it is quite impossible for us to overcome, unless we keep on importing Europeans.

For a regular revolution à la Russe we are terribly handicapped by our American proletariat. It is sickeningly prosperous for a proper proletariat, and rather more inclined to oppress the "upper classes" than to be oppressed. In this country, where anyone who is willing to be a "wage slave" for eight hours a day can earn big pay, where anybody who has ability can rise to the top, and where everybody who is thrifty can lay by a competence, we have to fake a lot to keep up the appearance of being ground down. Still, it is the only proletariat that we have and we must make the best of it. There might conceivably be a regular revolution of those who have only six pairs of silk stockings and Hudson-seal coats against those with two dozen pairs and mink capes; or a bloody uprising of flivver owners against the drivers of sixes and eights; but we shall probably have to be content with something less intriguing, as our best little uplifters would put it.

As a preliminary to the only kind of Yankee revolution that we really need we suggest that the American flag be run up and that press, pulpit and platform call on the proletariat to rise and seize the Government at the next presidential election. For our grievances are not against our form of government, which has proved itself the most perfect yet devised, but against the politicians who largely select and run the men who run the Government.

With the exception of inconsiderable minorities, grouped in tight organizations, that pursue their selfish aims regardless of the larger good of the majority, the American proletariat, comprising in great part the farmers, bankers, merchants, laborers, editors, manufacturers, poets, clerks, preachers and professional men, have been quite inarticulate politically. They have, it is true, been given a chance to express themselves in cheers, speeches and parades, but the politicians have expressed themselves first in the candidates. The average voter is about as much a part of the game as a college cheer leader. And after it is all over he can dance the boola if he craves further expression.

The politicians will continue to rule until this prosperous proletariat of ours wakes up to the fact that it is not so prosperous as it could and should be if it would devote a little attention to politics, especially before the primaries; until it rises and springs an American-plan *coup d'état* on the politicians.

Several methods by which this revolution may be accomplished suggest themselves. The one most discussed is the formation of a third party. Three years ago such a party was in existence. Were it alive to-day and standing for what a Progressive Party should stand for in our national life—if it were, as it should be, headed by a broad-minded, businesslike and determined American—it would sweep the country at the next election. But it was done to death by its leaders when it no longer served their political purposes and ambitions; when they thought they saw an easier and quicker chance to win with the old crowd. They could not stand the gaff. They were too short-sighted to see that in holding fast through defeat they would have been strengthened and prepared for victory. No doubt they meant to serve, but they were out to win. And so they lost the chance of a century both to win and to serve.

No third party that is formed round the ambitions of any man, or any set of men, or any class, or any interest, can get anywhere in America to-day. The slowly crystallizing purpose of the voter is to rid our politics of that particular form of unintelligent selfishness. The next President and the next Congress should take office as one-term men. If they do that sincerely and courageously, refusing to allow their acts to be influenced by the hope of a second term, they are likely to be reëlected. But only a President who is willing to do things that will look like suicide to the politicians, only a Congress that is prepared to kick down the Capitol steps any interest or class that demands special legislation at the point of a gun, can give the country the kind of an administration that it wants.

We need old-fashioned Americans in office, headed by a grim, determined, business executive—not men who seek office for salary or position, but men who are willing to sacrifice salary and position to take office. We need yes and no men, not the if and perhaps fellows.

There is an alternative, in fact two alternatives, to a third party—the Republican and the Democratic parties. Both stand for practically the same thing, though no one seems to know just what it is. Let them continue to stand for the same thing, but make it something worth while, and then the country cannot lose.

There are certain very big, very fundamental, but essentially simple issues before us. There is only one right policy on these issues, with small chance for an honest division of opinion among Americans. In the settlement of these questions there will be differences as to details; but these are business details and as such they call for the best business brains and practice of the country, not for politician-made executives and legislators.

As things stand to-day our two great parties are simply traditions. Voting for the candidates of one or the other is largely a matter of birth and habit. There is no good reason why the voters should not stick to their traditions, provided they seize control of both parties and dictate their platforms and the selection of their candidates.

The suggestion that one party should become radical and one conservative does not go to the root of the matter. Average Americans of good understanding are neither radical nor conservative in the sense in which the words are commonly used to-day. They stand on a middle ground that demands the application of ordinary common sense to our problems.

Common sense is simply that quality that is the outgrowth of experience. It is willing to try anything once that sounds plausible, but when a thing has once been tried and failed conclusively it shies away from it. That is why it is through with experiments in government ownership, socialism and communism. Socialists and their ilk are like those short sports who are always failing and ceaselessly explaining that they would have won if they hadn't eaten something for breakfast that disagreed with them; or if their opponent hadn't been a rude, jostling roughneck; or if the judges hadn't been unfair; anything except the real reason—that they are not good enough to go the distance.

Common sense tells us that the treatment of labor as a commodity, the exploitation of men and resources for the enrichment and aggrandizement of a few and the limitation of opportunity, are the wrong kind of conservatism. Common sense with courage in office would soon find ways to crimp this brand of conservatism.

Common sense tells us that toleration of strikes that hold a gun to the head of the community, of reds who plot against our Government and of the repetition of socialistic failures, is the wrong kind of radicalism. Common sense with courage in office would soon find ways to abate this brand of radicalism.

A common-sense, not a conservative or a radical, party is what Americans need and want.

The American way has been to hammer from without; or more often to let the other fellow do the hammering. To be proper revolutionists our proletariat should adopt the Foster method and bore from within. With a good job of hammering and a good job of boring both parties can be forced to stand on clear, simple, business platforms and to nominate trained common-sense business executives. Then it will not make any special difference which ticket the voter marks.

Our besetting sins have been business and political cowardice. Some of our big business men are willing to jeopardize our national safety and the integrity of our institutions in order to pile up dollars that will depreciate and turn into waste paper like the Russian ruble if they are permitted to continue their practices.

Some of our big labor leaders are willing to divide and degrade the country into classes in the name of the brotherhood of man, in order that they may prosper and rule.

Some of our big politicians would continue to slap one group on the wrist and to tap the other playfully on the cheek, throwing an occasional kiss to the public, in order to hold office a little longer. If that public wants anything it must start something.

We are constantly getting letters from readers in which they wring their hands helplessly and ask what they can do. Fight. Do what the politicians do—organize, pick your men and put them into the primaries. Perhaps you are a member of a civic or a business men's association, a club, a grange, a chamber of commerce, a Browning society, a church sociable, a current-events class or some other group of men and women. If not, join one or start one. If anyone tries to tell you that your organization must not mix in politics tell him he's a fool, and prove it to him by his tax bills or any one of the concrete evidences of rotten business in government that you can find ready to your hand.

The work of getting good government, city, state and national, of electing the President and the Congress, begins in your block, your precinct and your ward. The time to begin is right now. A few months more and it will be too late. The most important part of the congressional and presidential election is already under way. You can send Bill Jones or John Smith or mayhap Herbert Hoover to Washington if you jump in and take a hand. Judging by his work during the past five years and his article in the Christmas number of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST it looks to a man up a tree as if Hoover were on the level. Formulate your principles and then pick your man to make them operative. Principles are eternally bigger than men, up to the point where you try to put them into effect. Then the man becomes ninety per cent of the job. Good principles, clearly formulated; then competent men. The first can get nowhere without the second.

Well-meaning people are continually parroting the phrase: "We must not mix in politics." Nothing gives the devil and the corrupt politician a heartier laugh.

A Debt to the People

THE Department of the Interior now has before Congress estimates calling for something less than two and a half million dollars to meet the cost of necessary work that the National Park Service has planned to undertake during the next fiscal year.

Attention is called to the importance of granting this appropriation, not because anyone doubts its wisdom or fears that the money would not be well spent, but because Congress and the country should realize that there is a well-grounded and irresistible popular desire to see our national parks properly developed and made more conveniently available for the hundreds of thousands of persons who wish to exercise their undeniable right to the enjoyment of this national heritage.

Observation teaches that appropriating bodies are never more apt to strain at budgetary gnats than just after swallowing budgetary camels. Parsimony follows prodigality as night follows day. It is not to be regretted, therefore, that the gnat which the National Park Service presents to Congress is an almost predigested insect warranted to sit more lightly on the stomach than the tenderest young camel of the departments.

The National Park Service estimates that about eight hundred and forty thousand dollars is immediately required for road construction and road paving. It goes without saying that if the throngs of tourists who flock into the national parks in increasing numbers each year are to have pleasant holidays and the maximum of enjoyment they must have decent roads to travel over. Earth holds no splendors that can awe or inspire the occupants of a flivver that bogs down in every hollow. Cheap roads and bad roads are bad investments, but well-built highways have been the badge of civilization ever since the Romans reduced road making to a fine art.

Congress owes these projected park roads not only to the country at large but rather particularly to those states which are spending their own funds so liberally in constructing magnificent approaches to our national parks. The state of Washington has appropriated two and a half million dollars, much of which will be devoted to constructing model concrete-surfaced roads to the chief entrances to Mount Rainier National Park. California is planning to spend three hundred thousand dollars in laying many thousand billiard tables edge to edge, so to speak, to make an equally smooth approach to Sequoia Park. The all-year route which the same state will build to Yosemite is to cost a round million. Local public spirit expressed in such substantial terms well deserves national recognition and support.

Though Congress made available about seventy-five million dollars annually for a three-year period for cooperation with the states in road building, and three million dollars a year for forest roads, not a cent was provided for much-needed new roads in national parks. This oversight is a pointed illustration of what inevitably happens under a government without a budgetary system. We understand that the appropriations just referred to were tacked to the Post Office Appropriation Bill, and the National Park Service, being unaware of the plan to obtain funds in this manner, had no opportunity to make its needs known at the right time.

To revert to the estimates of the National Park Service, one hundred thousand dollars is asked for the construction of trails and paths which will make easily accessible a considerable number of striking scenic features in nine different parks. Upon the advice of health authorities one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is asked for a sewerage system for the Yosemite Valley. The number of tourists that now visit this region is so great that sanitary considerations make this improvement imperative. Another item calls for one hundred thousand dollars for fighting forest fires. This charge appears no more unreasonable than that for fire insurance on one's house or shop.

Such are the chief items, over and above ordinary maintenance charges, which go to make up the sum total asked for by the National Park Service. Its requirements are moderate and it has been kept in a back seat so long that it is high time something really adequate should be done for it.

Last summer's travel demonstrated more strikingly than ever before the popular character of these national parks. Where one saw a single rich man in a high-priced car, one noted twenty or thirty flivvers filled with family parties, mechanics, clerks and farmers, boys and girls, small-town people and overworked school-teachers, all out to enjoy the most gorgeous and the most healthful show-places in all the world. Something like three-quarters of a million of these wholesome, hard-working folk took their vacation in the parks and made the best of the inconveniences which it is proposed to remedy.

It should not be forgotten that for five successive summers the playgrounds of Europe have been closed to American visitors. During that time we have learned at least in part to appreciate some of our home-grown wonders. Previously to 1914 we spent well over a quarter of a billion dollars a year on European holidays. Traveling Americans constitute the largest and the richest tourist trade in the whole world. Europe thinks it a crowd well worth catering to and Europe ought to know. Congress might do worse than to put in a substantial bid for a generous slice of that free-handed summer holiday trade.

Every dollar wisely spent in popularizing our national parks and in making them easier to get to and pleasanter to go about in will keep at home five or ten dollars that would otherwise go to Europe and stay there.

Any policy which deprives our national parks of the support they are fairly entitled to is a policy that will cost far more than it will come to.

FOXY!

LOMBROSINE

By THOMAS JOYCE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

THE happy man, they say, is he whose work is a game, and whose games are work, combining thus profit with pleasure and dividing his time fairly between business and recreation. Certainly if it were not for the hours set aside in schools and universities for restful amusement in the classroom it might be feared that boys and young men would be physically exhausted long before they are grown up. And it is perhaps as well that older men are able at times to seek refuge in the office from the demands of golf. Yet, as everyone knows, the business man prefers the hardest golf to the easiest morning—conversing with a typist—and is actually happier upon the links than on 'Change. Indeed the more time he can spend on the links the happier he is—that is, as long as his health will stand it.

Charles Brownrigg, however, was fortunate in a very strong constitution, and though for many years he had done no work at all, so that all his time was spent in pure amusement, he was still hale of body; in fact, he was a most enviable man. He had health; he had a good temper; he had a charming wife and plenty of money; a clear conscience; and a hobby which took up so much of his time and absorbed so much of his energy and intelligence that nothing remained for his social hours but good-nature and contentment.

Brownrigg was an amateur chemist—a true amateur, for he loved his hobby. Moreover, he was considered a very good chemist, because he devoted so much of his life to the craft and because he had not yet published any discovery for criticism.

The Brownriggs lived at Tottenham Green, a village on the new Northern Tube—it was not yet a suburb, though easily accessible from town. Here in the middle of a small park of one acre at the end of a winding avenue some fifty yards in length—though the house could be reached by persons in a hurry through a short cut of twenty paces—stood Barnton Lodge. Here Charles had his laboratory and Mrs. Charles had whatever it was which kept her amused all day, and happy. Sometimes it was wondered what this was. The Brownriggs had no children; Mrs. Charles did not care for gardening or books or art; she certainly took very small interest in the housekeeping; and her husband's pursuits were quite mysterious to her—but she must have had something, because she was certainly contented and happy. She said so herself.

Nevertheless, it appeared to some people strange that a pretty young woman, not very clever or ostensibly religious—in fact a charming young woman formed for enjoyment—should be happy with a husband who spent all his time in a ground-floor study and was often absent even from meals.

James Martin did not believe it. Very great experience of the world, especially the female part of it, inclined him to think that the improbable is not so often true as people, especially clever people, like to fancy. It was improbable that a woman like Nelly Brownrigg should be happy with a husband like Charles, and so James was ready to discover that she was not.

He went, like a man of experience, to Nelly herself and asked her.

"Would You Mind If I Said Good-by to Him?"

"Oh, yes! Of course I'm happy. Why do you ask?" Nelly was rather amused at the question.

"I'm very glad. You see, Nelly, we are old friends now ——"

"Nearly six months."

"Six months can be a very long time. It seems longer to me than many years before."

James looked pensive, and Nelly sighed. Not the least of Nelly's charms was her sympathetic nature. She could sympathize even with Charles in his inhuman vicissitudes with chemicals. She sympathized now very much with James, because he appeared to be sad.

"And I've noticed sometimes —— However, if you really are happy I needn't say any more. How nice your stocks smell. It's a good place for them under the laboratory window."

James seemed to shake off his melancholy thoughts by a social effort. But Nelly was not to be deceived.

"What have you noticed?"

"Nothing—nothing. By the way, what is Charles working at just now—or doesn't he tell you?"

"Yes, of course he tells me. He's trying to find out that—that—it's a sort of medicine, you know, to stop people wanting to be wicked. But what have you noticed?"

"Only that you seemed a little out of spirits now and then; when no one was watching—that is," James added in a softer tone, with a tender glance, "when you thought no one was watching."

Nelly was now herself pensive. She gave a little sigh of self-pity and murmured that nobody could always be in good spirits.

"Yes," said James earnestly, "but the truth is, Nelly, that you are not happy, and you know you are not happy. What is the good of hiding it? Do you think I don't see how much you feel your position? How lonely you are? How lacking in—in friends?"

Nelly made a slight gesture of protest.

"I know I oughtn't to be saying these things," said James penitently, "but you would forgive me if you knew how I felt about them. Would you rather I went away?"

Nelly did not seem to hear the last question, and continued to gaze thoughtfully at her toes. Then she sighed again, still more deeply. James edged a little closer to her on the garden seat.

"How can you be happy? How could anyone be happy ——"

"Yes, I suppose that's what it is," Nelly admitted.

"You're lonely. Worse than lonely."

"I suppose that's it."

"Of course it is! Why, what did you think it was?"

Nelly looked sadly at her friend. "But no one can always be happy."

"My poor Nelly"—James, with the daring of practice, took Nelly's hand—took it firmly, so that it could not be withdrawn without an ungraceful effort—"some people may not be able to be happy. But you don't tell me that you think you couldn't be happy always if you knew how." Needless to say, Nelly was quite sure of this. There are not many people who do not think that they could always be happy if they had the means or the knowledge. In short, everyone is convinced that the normal intended state of mankind is happiness and that any falling short therefrom, even for a day or two now and then, is due to fault or misfortune, and by no means to the nature of things.

"But I have everything I want, you know," said Nelly.

"Have you?"

Nelly looked inquiringly at the solemn James.

"A husband?" he asked.

Nelly was surprised.

"Of course. You know I have!"

"But is he a husband?"

"Charles is the best husb——"

"But, Nelly, think! Is he a husband? How often do you see him? What do you know of him, and what interest does he take in you?"

"But Charles is the kindest ——"

"Why, Nelly, you're no better than a widow," interrupted the impassioned James. "Worse even than a widow, because you can't marry again!"

The conversation was here broken off by the tea bell. But there were tears in Nelly's eyes as she gently released her hand from James' and suggested with a fourth and deepest sigh that he should call Charles from his laboratory and tell him that it was tea time.

It was pretty soon noticed in Tottenham Green that James Martin and Mrs. Brownrigg were on terms of more than friendship, and though all were ready to admit that they were not surprised, that Mr. Brownrigg neglected his

(Continued on Page 32)

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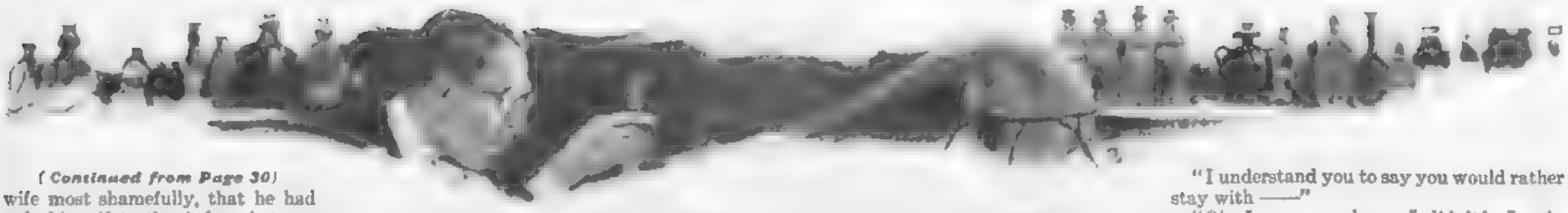

Brownrigg Was an Amateur Chemist—a True Amateur, for He Loved His Hobby

(Continued from Page 30)

wife most shamefully, that he had only himself to thank for whatever happened.

Meanwhile James Martin, whose social qualities were undeniable, became very popular, and Nelly was perceived to be a very attractive woman. Those who wished to secure the Brownriggs for a dance or a dinner asked James. And those who wanted James asked the Brownriggs and told him they were coming. As Charles and James were excellent friends these arrangements proved very successful.

James was no more pleased to see Nelly than Charles was to see James. James was a good fellow and never hurt or offended anyone in his life, unless it was necessary; he pleased as many and as much as he could. In fact he never forgot that most valuable precept that one's duty to one's neighbor is to say what he likes to hear, as one's duty to oneself is to know the truth. So he had no difficulty at all in showing great interest in Charles' chemistry, though he did not conceal from himself that Charles was an ass, quite undeserving of a wife like Nelly. Neither did he conceal it from some of his friends. He told me, for one, partly I think out of ingenuous surprise that any man married to a pretty woman could desert her for such frivolity as science.

"Do you know what he is after now—a cure for criminals!" James laughed heartily. "Yes—that's what it is," he went on. "A drug to paralyze their—something or other."

"Motor centers," I suggested.

I knew several medical students and rather prided myself on the words and hints acquired from them, which were not, by the way, all medical.

"Very likely. He was telling me all about it last night. Asked me into his stinks room on purpose. Whatever it is which makes people wicked, so Charles says, will gradually wither up, until they are all perfectly respectable." James laughed again.

I was grave. I felt that to a certain extent, owing to my medical friendships, I was bound to defend the honor of science.

"There's no reason why it shouldn't be done, as far as I know. This twilight-sleep business, for instance, is only a temporary paralysis of the memory. The women feel the pain just the same, or worse, but they don't remember anything about it afterward. If they can paralyze the memory I don't see why they shouldn't go a step further ——"

"They may, but not Charles," interrupted James with a grin.

"Why not?"

"He's a fly flat."

"A what?"

James sipped his whisky-and-soda, and explained:

"My dear old father used to say that the world is divided into three classes—the fly men, the flats and the fly flats. The fly men are really fly; the flats are flat and know it; but the fly flats are flats who think they are fly. And, of course, it is out of the fly flats that the fly men make their money. Because the real flats are too shy." James jingled his pocket and grinned at me.

"What am I?"

"That's not fair. But if you are a flat and know it, then you keep your money and your wife where they are safe, and you won't come to any harm."

"Wife?" I asked, looking suspiciously at the calm James. "Does that apply to Charles?"

"As I tell you, Charles is fly flat."

When James came to Barnton the house was in darkness except for a dim glow from the laboratory window. Charles Brownrigg worked much at night, as trains were fewer, and vibration affected his apparatus. But this did not disconcert the lover, because he knew that Charles in his laboratory was as deaf and blind to outward events as if he had been asleep in bed. James merely took the precaution of walking on the grass as he passed the window, and came to the garden door of the drawing-room, which opened onto the terrace, without the smallest mishap. The door was wide open and he went straight in.

Mrs. Charles was waiting, but she did not get up to meet her James. She sat until he should see her, and as the room was large and lighted only by one shaded candle on a table by the fireplace he did not see her for several moments.

Mrs. Charles knew that she was making a memory. This is always an anxious preoccupation, especially for women, to whom memories are so important. They know that much of their happiness, especially in the old age which is seldom long absent from their thoughts, depends on their memories.

Then she looked eagerly to see the dark figure of her lover silhouetted against the bright moonlight, for this she knew would be an unforgettable picture, and for an instant she was disappointed in James, because he seemed unexpectedly large. She did not say fat—she realized that James was not thin—but she had not remembered him so thickset. True, her husband was unusually slim, and James was wearing an overcoat, but she wished that he had taken more pains with his figure on this night of all others. He need not have worn the overcoat, for instance. Nelly felt slightly aggrieved with James for this piece of thoughtlessness and reflected with a stifled sigh that James, even James, had not that perfect sympathy which can rise to all the demands of a romantic and memorable situation.

James heard the sigh, soft as it was, and turned quickly. He raised his hands and smiled, showing his perfect teeth, which gleamed in the candlelight. They were new teeth, and he was justly proud of them. His attitude was most gallant. He looked charming. No woman could have asked for a better recollection than James Martin at that moment. With a glad cry Nelly threw herself into his arms.

"Poor Charles!" she said.

James smiled at this naïveté and tried to kiss his beloved. Nelly drew back hastily. Nelly did not wish to have a smallest memory of that evening with which her conscience could blame her. But James, who had kissed Nelly several times before and failed even yet to grasp the difference between this evening and other evenings, was somewhat surprised at this repulse.

"Why, Nelly—what have I done? Is anything wrong?"

"Oh, no, dear, but on the last night—it seems so unkind." And she added in a mournful voice: "The last night."

"So it is. Aren't you glad?" asked James.

Nelly opened her eyes wide and gazed at him tragically.

"You know I never could bear last things," she murmured. A tear rolled down her cheek as she glanced round the room and added sadly: "I shall never see Barnton again."

"But you said only yesterday that you hated the place; that it was inconvenient; that there was no water on the top landing ——"

"So I do—but, James, don't you understand—never, never again! It's quite awful to think of!"

Nelly sank down in a chair, quite broken, and dabbed her nose with her handkerchief.

"In fact you are sorry for Charles. Perhaps you'll say you love him after all?"

James was justifiably indignant. He planted his feet well apart on the hearthrug and looked severely at the unfortunate Nelly. Nelly sighed from her heart. James was falling very much short of her smallest expectations. But she reflected dimly that no man has a sense of the appropriate; no man can really enter into the least of a situation; and that James was perhaps doing as well as could be expected from his sex. She had not forgotten the disappointment of her honeymoon, when her husband had been so inconsiderate as to suffer from bad toothache all the first week.

"You know I do," she said at last.

"Oh, do you? Then perhaps I'd better go away. I'm sorry."

James turned toward the garden; in fact he had made a step in that direction, though a very slow one, before Nelly jumped up and caught his arm.

"Where are you going?" she asked wildly. "You can't leave me like this!"

Nelly Knew at Once That She Could Not Part With That Photograph

"I understand you to say you would rather stay with ——"

"Oh, James, you know I didn't! I only said I was fond of him and sorry for him. Surely you would not like me to be unkind—to Charles above all people—on a night like this. I could never forget it."

"Sorry for him? I hope he does you the honor of being sorry for himself to-morrow—but I doubt it."

Nelly sighed again, and drew away. "I think he'll be sorry. Charles is really very fond of me, you know, James. And he has always been so thoughtful."

"Thoughtful?"

"Not worrying me about things; in fact he hardly ever comes out of his laboratory."

James made a faint noise, which might have been a swear. "I thought, Nelly dear, that that was the principal objection to him as a husband—that you never saw him. And if we want to catch our train we must go at once."

"Yes, of course, it is very wrong of him," mused Nelly. "But still it is a great comfort—almost as much as if he went to town every day like other husbands."

"Where is your coat?"

James looked about him and discovered the coat hanging on the back of a chair. He held it up in silence before the docile Nelly, who turned round and was just about to put her hands into the armholes when she changed her mind and walked away.

"Well?" asked James, staring at her over the coat.

"Would you mind if I said good-by to him?"

"Good heavens! Say good-by? Nelly dear, do be reasonable!"

"I must say good-by!" Nelly frowned and shook her head. "Perhaps I shall—I shall—never see him again! Oh, James, I do feel so wretched!"

Nelly burst into loud sobs and collapsed into an armchair.

James had rather expected a scene of remorse and tears, and was an experienced comforter. He had, moreover, allowed plenty of time both for Nelly's well-known unpunctuality and just such a scene as this. He sat down on the arm of the chair and took Nelly's hand. From the arm he slipped gradually into the seat, while Nelly was raised as gradually toward the opposite arm. Thus in a short time she was in James' lap, leaning her head against his shirt front, and finding much consolation in that sympathetic contact.

"You will let me—won't you?" she begged.

"Let you what, darling?"

"Say good-by, dearest."

James gave up the point with a desperate grin over Nelly's unconscious head.

"Very well—but what will you say?"

"Only good night."

"Will he want to—to kiss you?"

"Oh, no! You see, he'll be coming up to bed—I mean he thinks he will be coming up to —— Oh, James, how sad it is, isn't it?" Nelly sighed deeply. "How awfully sad to think that last night was the last night that Charles will ever ——"

"You ought to be quick about this good-by," said James hastily, who feared another breakdown.

Nelly gave him a kiss of compunction and jumped off his knee.

"Now you can trust me," she said, smiling fondly as she went out.

"What a woman!" reflected James. "What a time we'll have! But, by Jove, I'll have to keep an eye on her! I never knew such a fickle—she'd jilt me as soon as look at me. Even now she's in two minds about it. I'm glad I won't be her husband."

But at this moment Nelly returned. Her cheeks were wet, and she was in a nervous hurry.

"Come," she said. "Let's go."

(Concluded on Page 52)

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PNEUMONIA, THE APACHE

By Stanley M. Rinehart, M. D.

ALL acute infectious diseases are enemies of the human race. They may be likened to highwaymen, gunmen and other assassins. But pneumonia is the Apache, always lurking in dark places, waiting to pounce upon his victim, and with swift sure stroke to lay him low. There is nothing slow and insidious about pneumonia. One moment you are moving happily along, you turn a corner, there is a descent of the knife, and you have fallen. A sharp and bitter struggle follows. If you are strong enough to get the better of your assailant he suddenly gives up and makes away. The attack has been swift, the encounter fierce, and the departure equally abrupt.

There are several kinds of pneumonia, but the one whose name should be capitalized is Lobar Pneumonia, man's deadliest enemy among the acute infectious diseases. It is responsible for more deaths than any of the others, and it is taking more and more human toll each year.

Lobar pneumonia is so called because it usually begins in one lobe, the lower lobe of the right lung being a favorite site. And though it may confine itself to one lobe it often attacks other lobes, at times affecting both lungs. Then it becomes the dreaded double pneumonia.

By far the most frequent cause of pneumonia is an exceedingly small germ called the pneumococcus—a deadly germ, but not always equally virulent, and with some persons apparently not virulent at all. Certain animals, especially the rabbit and the mouse, are much more susceptible than human beings; in fact though it is probably present in more than half the throats of those living in cities by no means all of this number get pneumonia. Those who carry about with them these bacteria, but who are not affected by them, are called "carriers." They can give the germs to others more susceptible and themselves remain immune.

Like other infectious diseases, pneumonia when introduced among a people to whom it has been a stranger creates great havoc. But those used to city life are to a certain extent protected. If all persons who become the temporary carriers of the pneumococcus were stricken with pneumonia the disease would become a scourge more dreaded than all the plagues of Pharaoh, because of its high death toll. About one-quarter of all those who have pneumonia succumb, so it is well for the continuance of the human race that of those who frequently harbor the germ in their throats not all are susceptible.

Seventy-five Per Cent Recover

A STANDARD medical work published four years ago states that "The course and outcome of the disease are uninfluenced by ——" and then it names categorically practically almost every means which can be used in the treatment. And further: "At present the infection is beyond our control other than such simple measures as tend to spare and support the strength of the patient by careful nursing and the alleviation of symptoms. Useless medicines should be avoided."

That is, the medical profession is helpless to prevent or to cure. Make the victim comfortable, lessen his pain and other distress. Watch him fight the powers of darkness alone and unaided—except by the forces within himself. They must carry on while the physician and friends stand by. The issue will depend entirely upon the relative strength and endurance of the opponents.

A black outlook, surely—or it would be if it were not modified by certain facts. The first fact is that the healthy person stands considerably less chance of getting pneumonia than one who is below par. It takes more than the germs to cause this disease. As with other diseases there must be contributing causes. And concerning most of these contributing causes, whether or not they shall be present to help the pneumococcus in his attack upon us we can decide and determine if we know what they are.

The second modifying fact has to do with quite recent discoveries in prevention, which were promoted by work in camps and hospitals during the war. The war brought together the most advanced, the most skilled specialists among the medical men of the country. It also brought together millions of young men. Many of the soldiers, removed from their accustomed environment, were taken ill with the various infectious diseases. They had every known disease and every variation of disease. Moreover, the sick were cared for in groups in the great hospitals where their afflictions could be studied. Also the scientists were there to study them.

Thus was pneumonia observed from every medical angle by the members of the hospital staffs and by commissions sent out by the Surgeon General to gather facts and to correlate them. And so was forged another weapon against the monster, not yet perfected, but developed so that it has proved its beneficence in thousands of instances. Of this weapon more will be said in its proper place.

One who has had pneumonia will not need to be told how swiftly it attacks or what havoc it creates. But many have not had it, and for this reason it may be expedient to enter into a somewhat detailed description.

You may or may not have a cold. Probably you have not been feeling well for several days. Perhaps you have been losing sleep or overworking or attending too many formal dinners or have been committing any one or any number of the common physical indiscretions.

One day you go home feeling chilly and languid. During the next day or two these disagreeable sensations continue, but you are too busy to pay much attention to them. If you have been coughing for several days you attribute everything to the cold.

Then like the traditional thunderbolt out of a clear sky comes a chill. A real chill, not a chilliness, that makes you long for all the hot-water bottles in the world. And with it a pain. Not a stitch but a stab; a continued rhythmic stabbing with every catching breath. And a short sharp cough that adds to the torture, infinitely increasing the pain.

"Send for the doctor!"

He comes, and finds you with a high fever, though you may still be shaking with cold. He feels your pulse; it is racing. You are breathing rapidly, much more rapidly than your fever warrants, because your respirations are shallow, caught almost at the very beginning by the racking stabs in your side. He listens to your heart and to your breathing, but at this stage of the disease they disclose little. However, he knows by inference. He is cheerful and attempts to reassure you, but downstairs he says: "Pneumonia!" You are in for it, and may you be one of the seventy-five per cent who recover!

What is taking place in your lungs? Something has been happening to you for several days before the attack, and you did not know it. In the first place, there were the germs. You may have harbored them in the throat and air passages for many days, but at least you had them for a time before you were stricken. Then came the exposure to cold and wet, resulting in a cold. Or, whatever it was, something occurred to break down your natural immunity, your usual resisting power.

This period between the true beginning and the violent onslaught is called the period of incubation. A better term would be the period of germination, because the seeds, the pneumococci, are plants, and they must reproduce billions of their kind before you are conscious of trouble. During this time, lasting from two to eight days, the symptoms are vague. You may feel merely out of sorts. But the poisons created by the bacteria are accumulating and are being absorbed into the circulation.

In the meantime, though you have been unaware of impending danger, your body knows. It has at once begun to fortify itself, to manufacture a tremendous number of the opposing forces against the invaders. In pneumonia as in other germ diseases it is the white corpuscles, certain kinds of them especially, that fight for us by destroying bacteria. So, long before your chill, before you are laid low, while the germs are increasing in number in your lungs, the white blood corpuscles are being manufactured in great numbers and are beginning the fight for supremacy.

One of the first things the doctor wants to know when he is called is the amount of your leucocytosis. Leucocyte is the proper name of the white blood corpuscle. The number of these fighters may have increased from two to twenty times the number present in the blood in health. And if you have a large number of leucocytes your chances for recovery are better than if the number were small. But in spite of all this preparation the bacteria have gained headway, and in their growth, millions upon millions of them, they have created enough disturbance to produce pneumonia.

The chill, the headache, the muscle pains—all the distressing first symptoms are caused by the poisons that have been taken up by the blood and distributed throughout the body. In the lung, at the site of their invasion, there is congestion. This resembles the congestion of ordinary diseased conditions as a cloudburst resembles a shower. It is overwhelming. All the blood vessels are swollen and engorged, and they will soon discharge certain elements into the groups of air cells. The inflammation is so violent that it nearly always affects the lining membrane of the lung, the pleura. Pleurisy, or better, pleuritis, causes the catching pain which occurs with every breath.

How the Disease May Spread

THEN comes the exudate, a sticky discharge that soon will fill all the air cells and shut off entirely the breathing space of that lobe, throwing all the burden of respiration upon the unaffected parts. The more lung shut off from air the greater the task for the rest of the lungs. The breathing is now rapid partly because of this decrease of air space.

But the blood has not only absorbed poisons; the germs themselves are invading the blood stream. Through it they may reach other organs and tissues of the body—the heart, the joints, the brain. Even the middle ear may be affected. Purulent inflammation of the middle ear is a frequent complication.

The heart has a tremendous burden thrust upon it. By the force of its contractions it must send the blood stream to every part of the body with sufficient velocity to insure a constant circulation of the stream. If there is an obstruction anywhere the work of the heart is tremendously increased. And here is a large area in which there is obstruction because of the pressure of the exudate. Also the heart muscle may be affected by the poisons in the blood. And the heart must beat faster because of the high fever. The great majority of fatal cases are directly due to failure of the heart.

During the progress of a pneumonia the doctor is chiefly interested in six things: First, the amount of lung involved, whether there are any fresh invasions. Second, the height of the fever; if the temperature remains very high the outlook is grave. Third, the condition of the heart muscle, as indicated by the sounds which he hears through his stethoscope, by the rapidity of the contractions and by the blood pressure. Fourth, the leucocyte count; he wants to know how the numbers of the defensive army are being kept up. Fifth, what the other organs of the body, chiefly the kidneys, are doing to eliminate the poisons. Sixth, whether there are any complications, especially of the brain, as evidenced by delirium.

But let us say you are one of the seventy-five who recover, of every hundred persons attacked. One day—it may be the third, the fifth, the tenth, any day; there is a common but erroneous belief that pneumonia prefers an odd-numbered day to stop—one day there comes a change. This change is usually as sudden and wonderful as the appearance of the sun after a hurricane. It is a real crisis. There is a peaceful calm, the world looks as different to you as you appear different to those about you.

(Concluded on Page 89)

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AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Humanity's Fabric

AMERICA produces between fifty-five and sixty per cent of the world's total cotton crop of approximately 30,000,000 bales. The present outlook is that the United States will have to continue to supply the greater part of the world's requirements in this important raw material. With an annual production of 5,000,000 bales, India ranks second as a cotton producer, while Egypt with 1,300,000 bales comes third. The world's area devoted to cotton is approximately 70,000,000 acres, of which the United States has 37,000,000 acres, India 25,000,000 and Egypt 1,825,000. Nine-tenths of the world's cotton area lies north of the equator.

"Down in the Land of Cotton"

At the commencement of the nineteenth century the total production of cotton in the world amounted to only 500,000,000 pounds. The total production to-day is in the neighborhood of 14,000,000,000 pounds. One hundred years ago the world produced only sufficient cotton to supply an average of four yards of cloth for each inhabitant of the earth; the present production is large enough to afford each person in the world thirty-five yards of cotton material. The present value of the world's cotton crop is about $3,000,000,000, of which total value the United States' production amounts to two-thirds.

In cotton manufacture, however, supremacy rests with Great Britain rather than the United States. The number of spindles in Great Britain totals approximately 56,000,000, while the best estimates indicate that there are only 32,000,000 spindles in the United States. Germany has about 11,000,000 spindles, Russia 9,000,000, France 8,000,000 and India 7,000,000. One authority estimates that the investment in the cotton mills of the world totals $6,000,000,000, of which the United States has $1,500,000,000 and the United Kingdom nearly $2,225,000,000. The total value of the world's cotton products amounts approximately to $6,000,000,000 annually, of which $3,000,000,000 is accredited to Europe and $1,000,000,000 to the United States.

There are also certain minor industries that are important by-products of the cotton business. The world's cottonseed-oil and oil-cake industry has an invested capital of $1,500,000,000 and turns out a product valued at about $1,000,000,000 yearly. The product of the knitting mills of the world amounts to something like two-thirds of a billion dollars annually, while the dyeing, mercerizing and finishing plants of the world produce goods having a value of approximately $500,000,000. To sum up, the total capital invested in the world's cotton business, including everything from the value of lands to the finished materials in the hands of consumers, amounts to not less than $30,000,000,000. The industry gives employment to upward of 6,000,000 workers and furnishes a living for more than 28,000,000 people.

So much for the principal statistics relating to cotton. The best grade of cotton produced in the world is that known as the Sea Island variety, grown in America. This particular product, however, comprises less than one per cent of the total output of the United States, the other ninety-nine per cent of our production being what is known as Upland cotton. Next to the Sea Island cotton, so far as quality is concerned, is the variety produced in Egypt.

Climatic conditions in Egypt are radically different from those prevailing in the large cotton-growing areas of the United States. The Egyptian cotton is produced with the aid of an elaborate system of irrigation and the plant is grown in a soil that is a mixture of sand and mud. The total water used in the cotton area of Egypt is equivalent to a rainfall of about thirty-five inches. Hand labor is used almost exclusively and the result is an abundant crop of long-stapled cotton with an extremely strong fiber. This superior product is now being used in the manufacture of fabric for pneumatic tires and for producing other cloths of a strong and durable nature.

India, the first country to produce cotton, though having an ideal climate, still produces a short, uncertain staple that is difficult to spin. The methods used are primitive, as is evident from the small production that is obtained from a very large acreage.

The cotton that is produced in the United States is raised by small farmers, most of whom do not even own the land they till. The general practice of these renters is to give from one-quarter to one-third of the crop they produce to the landlord. It is estimated that in the United States there are 2,000,000 farmers producing cotton and that the average production per farm is about six bales a season. At to-day's prices these six bales are worth less than $1000.

For years it has been stated that cotton is the curse of the South. The small farmers producing this staple have always contended that cotton has been grown at a loss. The contention has been that whatever profit they have gained from their farming has come from other things. Texas produces about one-third of all the cotton grown in the United States and this question as to the cost of raising the staple has been a matter of interest to the Texas people for a number of years.

A commission was appointed and after an investigation reported that the cost of growing cotton is now thirty-five cents a pound.

If this is true it is evident that with cotton selling round thirty cents a pound the grower must be engaged in carrying on an unprofitable business.

Another extensive investigation of costs was completed in the cotton districts of South Carolina and Mississippi. This examination brought out the fact that the cost of producing cotton in the regions investigated was approximately twenty-one cents a pound. It is likely, however, that all of these inquiries are inconclusive, because of the deficient methods that are employed by the majority of the small farmers in calculating their costs.

J. S. Wannamaker, president of the American Cotton Association, predicts that in a few years' time the world's spinning trade will require annually above 35,000,000 bales of cotton. He says: "The supply of cotton goods has been steadily wearing out for five years and now the world must be reclothed, just as it must be fed, from its famished condition. If the world's economic life is to be kept on a sound basis there must be a steady and continued increase in the cotton output. The growing cotton crop will be the shortest in the last decade. Before cotton can be secured from the 1920 crop we will face an absolute exhaustion of raw cotton. A small crop in 1920 will mean idle spindles and a great loss to manufacturers. To increase the output the work of producing cotton must be made more attractive to the laborer than work in the production of any other products. The producer is anxious to coöperate with the manufacturer, but feels that much of his trouble and adversity is chargeable to the small army of dealers that stand between him and the manufacturer, claiming an enormous toll from his product.

"The price that the producer will demand will be in the neighborhood of fifty cents a pound. A lower price will render other crops more profitable and will mean the certainty of another small crop. The old day of low-price labor and low-cost cotton has passed forever. The old economic chains have been broken and have gone to the scrap heap, never again to be forged. As a matter of patriotism first, and next as a matter of necessity, the cotton producer planted his lands during the war largely in food and feed crops. The result has been startling. The doctrine that has been preached to the producer for the last sixty years has been put into practice. The possibilities of the soils of the South and the necessity of diversified farming have been startlingly illustrated. Cotton, fabulous in its beneficences, has been a curse only to the sections which produced it. Cotton brought the slaves from the East to the South and made the South the defenders of slavery, the derelicts of agriculture, and consigned them to a sectional prejudice in the country's Government.

"The price of cotton was based upon slave's labor. To-day the cost of living is nearly eight times what it was twenty-five years ago. For instance, a family of four—man, wife and two children—under the old régime were issued four pounds of meat a week, mostly for the use of the man. It cost about thirty-two cents. Now they are demanding sufficient for all the family—ten pounds. It costs about $3.50. Such a family in that era got two pairs of brogan shoes a year. They cost about $1.50 a pair—total $3. Now they want two pairs of brogans, two pairs for Sunday wear, two pairs for the children—cost, about $25.

"Now as to clothing: The man got about one woolen suit every two years in the old days. It cost round $8, or an average of $4 each year. Now he wants at least one suit every year, costing round $25, with the probability of it averaging more. The same ratio applies to the clothing for the wife and children. Such a family under the old conditions lived in a one-room log cabin built without brick, glass windows, screens or ceiling; it cost approximately $50. They are demanding now a house with several rooms, brick chimneys, glass windows, screened and ceiled throughout. Such a house will cost now about $500.

(Continued on Page 38)

IT is our desire to be as temperate as possible in discussing this new Cadillac.

But it is not easy to tell even the plain facts in an entirely dispassionate way.

For we have knowledge of this Cadillac, in actual performance, which prompts us to almost unmeasured enthusiasm.

It is the climax and the culmination of more than eighty thousand Cadillac cars, of the same type, which have preceded it.

It embodies and expresses the best thought, and the best practice, of nearly six years of concentration on that type.

And it gives life and action to all of the refinements and improvements which the past year, in particular, has brought forth.

Slight wonder, therefore, if we are eager that you shall make test of the splendid properties we know it to possess.

Our sincere and honest conviction is that even these Cadillac works have not produced a car which equals it.

And candor compels us to add our conviction that no other car in the world has yet approached its wonderful facility of performance.

The added exterior beauties are plainly apparent—but the greater beauties are those which await you in an ease of control and a softness of operation beyond our ability to describe.

The car has accomplished prodigies of long, hard travel, with an absence of even the most usual adjustment so astonishing that it has amazed even those of us who best know the Cadillac.

Even while our eyes are fixed on a Cadillac steadily and progressively improving, we cannot help feeling that there has been attained, in this Cadillac, a secure superiority which is reward enough for a life-time of zealous labor.

And that is what this Cadillac actually represents—the life-work of the same group of craftsmen, giving today as they have for years, the very best that is in them to make a greater and greater Cadillac.

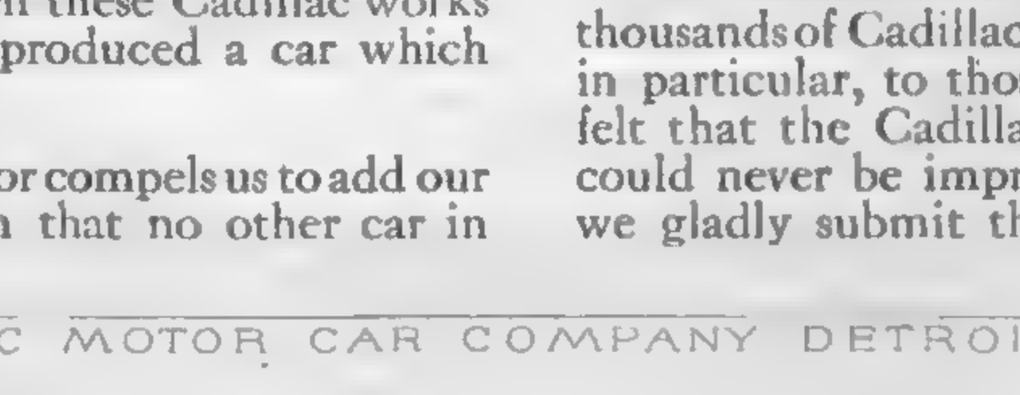
To the consideration of our tens of thousands of Cadillac friends, and in particular, to those who have felt that the Cadillac they own could never be improved upon, we gladly submit this fine car.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DETROIT MICH.

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

C A D I L L A C

New Series
Type 59



THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 36)

"As a result of cotton production in the South the producer has been forced to become a commercial cannibal, this being absolutely necessary to enable him to exist. He destroyed his forestry; fleeced his soils of their fertility; existed on his natural assets, denying to himself and family reasonable hours of work, proper working conditions, a decent home and the opportunity to play and to learn. To exist upon the price paid for cotton by the manipulator for the last sixty years has brought conditions to the rural sections of the South that have failed to attract any immigration to the cotton-growing section and has driven the white man to other employments and is even driving the negro to-day into other fields of work. The growing cotton crop is the most costly ever raised in the South."

The foregoing statement of Mr. Wannamaker to a certain extent is borne out by observations of Clarence Ousley, assistant secretary of the United States Department of Agriculture. Mr. Ousley points out that cotton is neither the South's most profitable crop nor the major half of its agricultural production. He says: "The time was when it was both, but that time has passed. The South is now entering an age of prosperity which is not due to what is called the high price of cotton, for cotton is not relatively high—not as high as wheat or dry goods compared with prewar prices. Cotton at thirty cents is less profitable than was cotton at twelve cents five years ago, for the cost of production has increased in greater ratio than the price of the raw product. The prosperity of the South is coming from the adoption of a system of safe farming which is being practiced in obedience to sound agricultural economics.

"It will surprise most people to learn that the South's corn crop this year will nearly equal the cotton crop in gross value. Its net value will probably be greater. There is more profit in corn at $1.85 a bushel than in cotton at thirty cents a pound. If the South will practice this kind of farming for two or three decades it will become the most prosperous agricultural region in all the earth."

If it is true, therefore, that the world is facing a shortage of cotton, it is evident that something must be done to encourage the larger production of this most essential staple. If we are to pay more for our raw cotton, therefore, then the price of our manufactured goods is certain to advance further, unless various economies are effected in some of the methods of handling and manufacturing. One opportunity for saving lies in the provision of more adequate warehousing facilities. If there were better ways to protect cotton on the farms before it is sent to city warehouses for sale the farmer would himself benefit and contribute toward the saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars that are now lost each year through country damage to the cotton crop.

The deficiencies in the handling and baling of cotton, from the field to the mill, are notoriously wasteful. The necessities of war caused us to step up from a bale density of twenty-two pounds to a density of thirty-two pounds.

When this step was proposed the spinners were fearful that the new practice would prove injurious to the fiber. However, no such evil result followed.

There are still great opportunities further to reduce shipping and cargo space. One authority states that if we would use only clean, uncut, light coverings for our cotton bales at the time of compression this would save seventeen pounds in freight on each bale that is shipped. With American exports of 8,000,000 bales and a freight rate of $2 a hundredweight from the point of origin on this side to the destination in the foreign country, the saving in freight on seventeen pounds of unnecessary covering is thirty-four cents a bale, or a total of $2,720,000 a year. What high-density baling means in the handling of cotton is best understood when we remember that one million cars are required to transport an average annual crop of cotton and seeds.

One of our statistical sharks estimates that of the world's population of 1,600,000,000 people, about 800,000,000 are only partially clothed and 250,000,000 wear practically no clothes. Of the clothing worn, about nine-tenths of the raw material is cotton and the popularity of this class of goods is increasing. As an example of this latter fact, he states that China and Japan have doubled their consuming capacity in less than seven years. Shorter hours in the cotton mills of the world has reduced the working spindleage by more than 18,000,000 spindles. In addition, the shorter hours have also worked for a loss of efficiency which has further curtailed output. This authority estimates that the world will require 77,000,000 new spindles in the next decade. This signifies that the machine shops throughout the earth will have to supply 7,700,000 new spindles each year, and this means approximately a thirty-four per cent greater production by the machine shops of the world than they were able to turn out in the decade from 1900 to 1910, the most prosperous era of cotton manufacturing in the history of the business. If this prediction is true we are going to be short of spinning machinery in a period when there is greater need for an adequate supply of mechanical equipment than has ever existed before.

As to the future of cotton prices, it is likely that the cost of the raw staple will increase rather than decrease. Farmers in our Southern States have discovered that there is more money in raising other things than in growing cotton. The world needs more of this important staple now than it ever did before. Increased production in any industry will not result unless there is promise of fair profit to encourage the additional effort.

In the matter of a new source of cotton supply, many people are now turning their eyes to Arizona, where this year we shall grow something like 50,000 bales of the long-staple Egyptian variety, which has been introduced into this region of the United States. The soil and climate of the Salt River Valley in Arizona are similar to those of Egypt. This is a really worth-while event in cotton growing and much credit is due to David Fairchild, Thomas Kearney and others in the United States Department of Agriculture, who pioneered this interesting venture. If we can now turn the dry Arizona plains into a fertile land of cotton, there is at least a partial silver lining to the clouds that hover over the cotton industry of the United States to-day.

Still Higher Prices

WE ARE tired of being good and have started out to raise Cain. A year and a half of war, work and sacrifice appears to have been too much for us. Saving is passé. Talk of thrift and efficiency now bores us. As a nation we have always been the champion wasters of the world, and we seem resolved to hold fast to this title of being the leaders in extravagance.

Since the signing of the Armistice people appear to have gone mad in the scramble to spend money. Dealers in luxuries cannot get enough goods to supply the demand. Folks who used to buy an eight-dollar article now refuse the same article that is to-day selling for fourteen dollars. They insist on having a twenty-dollar article that used to be twelve dollars. Not only are they willing to pay higher prices but they also insist on higher quality.

The war cost the world $337,000,000,000, but this does not include the effect of four years of bloody struggle on human relationships throughout the earth. Just at present civilization is running on three cylinders, and ahead of us lie steep hills. Who knows whether the faithful old car will be able to pull over the top?

Perhaps a few nations, heretofore oppressed, may be excused for running wild in this day of their newborn liberty. But here in the United States there is something vicious and foreboding in the reckless hilarity with which we have started to waste. In certain great areas on the earth millions of people are facing starvation. Here in our own land 3,000,000 children are without adequate school facilities. In the matter of building we have fallen behind our needs to the extent of 1,000,000 homes, 50,000 apartments, 453,000 factories, and 120 major freight terminals.

Everyone with a grain of intelligence is aware that the situation of society throughout the earth to-day is the same as would have resulted from a monstrous devastating fire. We came out of the war with distraught nerves which seem to have played havoc with our good sense. We shed tears over the evils of our high-cost-of-living problem, and on the same day enter a request for shorter hours of labor During our recent troubles we worked hard to win a victory; why should we now refuse to work hard to pay for the war? During the past twelve months there have been in the neighborhood of 2000 important strikes and lockouts here in the United States. Each and every one has cut down production and helped to boost the cost of commodities.

Our economic dilemma so far as high prices are concerned has come from our selfish willfulness and not our ignorance. The rich man who wastes thousands of dollars in catering to the abnormal desires of his children is one to blame, for he is engaged in the development of professional loafers who consume and do not produce. An inventory of the unnecessary expenditures of some of our wealthy American families this last year would answer some questions concerning the causes underlying class hatred now rampant throughout our land. Again, labor demands four things—shorter hours, easier work, more pay and lower prices. In view of the first three, the fourth demand is utterly impossible.

Unions are necessary, for history has shown that many employers refuse full justice to their workmen except when persuaded with a good-sized club. For this reason the unions of employees are essential and are a benefit. But somehow the bitter always comes with the sweet, and organized labor has made the mistake of adopting a policy that keeps lazy, inefficient people on the pay roll. Under our present system the shiftless individual fares as well as the ambitious capable worker; in other words, good and bad are placed on the same level. It's all very well to swat the big corporations, for some of them surely need it; however, it should be remembered that a banded group of employees can retard the working out of our economical problems just as effectively as can a selfish group of employers. While we are swatting let us swing the club both fore and aft.

(Continued on Page 40)

"Pulleyer" Machines in the Lasting Room of a Big Shoe Factory

"allons!"

CRASH of cymbals and thunder and roll of drums: exultant shout of brazen-throated trombones and trumpets: it is the music of men who march, the most stirring of all music: it brings thrill to the heart and a red fierce flame to the spirit.

The Band of the Garde Républicaine did all that to France—it made the Poilu!

There is only one Garde Républicaine Band and today in this country the one way to hear it is on Pathé Records.

Listen to "Sambre et Meuse"—or Ganne's "March Lorraine," as the Garde Républicaine play it; you can hear them at any Pathé Dealer's.

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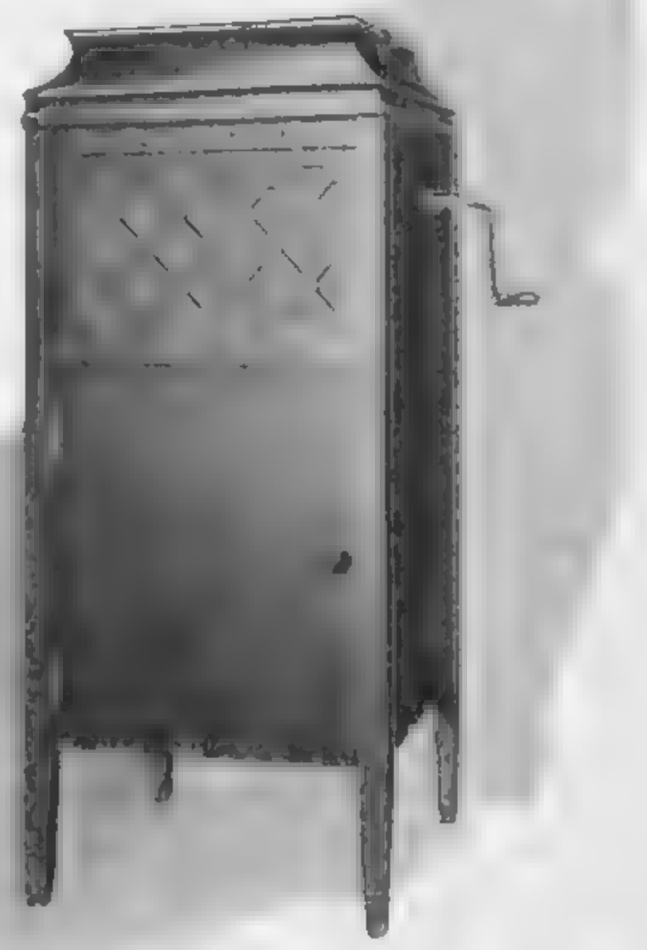

PATHÉ FRERES PHONOGRAPH CO.
EUGENE A. WIDMANN, *President*
BROOKLYN N Y
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(Continued from Page 38)

If a thousand intelligent men were to examine carefully the causes for the present high prices of a thousand articles of common use ninety-nine per cent of these men would report that the sole remedy is greater production. A reader in Texas, in characteristic fashion, suggests that the many discussions of economists concerning the high cost of things have been so intricate that the whole problem has been surrounded by a fog. He requests that I give some facts that will be easily understood, and that I go back to the beginning of the story, even if it takes us into the depths of an African forest.

Now I can't go to Africa, Asia or South America to get my data, and if I could they would lead to the same answer—more production. Everybody wears shoes, so, to be specific, let us investigate this necessary article of everyday dress. What is true of footwear is true of many of our other commodities. Shoes have gone up in price in alarming fashion of late, and, like most other essential articles, they are going very much higher. Let us see why.

The basic raw materials of the leather industries are hides and skins. Hides are a by-product. Cattle are not raised or slaughtered for their hides, and as a consequence the quantities of hides are determined by the sales of beef. For several years the per-capita consumption of beef has decreased while the per-capita consumption of leather has increased. As time passes we are finding more substitutes for beef as food, and we are not finding so large a number of substitutes for leather. In other words, we here have a commodity the supply of which does not increase with an increased demand.

In 1890 there were 52,000,000 cattle in the United States and at the same time our population amounted to 62,000,000. In 1919 we had 68,000,000 cattle and 110,000,000 people. During the four years of war we exported $286,131,947 more of leather and leather goods than we did the four years prior to the war.

Hides and skins are world commodities, and flow automatically to those countries where the highest prices prevail. Though the United States has a larger number of cattle than any other country prominent in leather making we are forced to import not less than fifty per cent of the raw material that is needed for our tanneries. During the war the European tanneries were demoralized; to-day they are trying to return to a normal basis. This is creating a larger demand and the stocks of hides throughout the world are fast diminishing. The only hope is Russia, but nothing is known definitely concerning her accumulations of skins. Shoes are selling at twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a pair in the countries of Continental Europe. Our extreme prices to-day look cheap to the eager buyers from those countries. Shoe and leather prices depend largely on foreign conditions. Our domestic figures for hides are determined by transactions in the world's markets.

The latest available figures indicate that here in the United States, of the hides and skins we consume, about sixty-three per cent of the value represented are cattle hides; fifteen per cent are sheep and lamb skins; ten per cent are calfskins; another ten per cent are goatskins, and the remaining two per cent are horsehides. Cattle hides form the basis of the industry and are used principally for sole leather, belting, harness, cases and bags, shoe uppers and upholstery. Sheepskins are used for shoe uppers, gloves and fancy articles. Calfskins are used almost exclusively for shoe uppers, but are now shut off from most countries, as they are chiefly produced in Russia. Goat and kid skins are used mainly for shoe uppers, but are now also entering into the manufacture of gloves in the United States to replace the kid gloves formerly imported from France. Glove making in America is really an infant industry, and is only now becoming a business of importance. Several French glove manufacturers have recognized the opportunity here and have lately established factories in this country. Horsehide is used for shoe uppers and for patent leathers. It is also employed in making heavy gloves and gauntlets.

The United States produces as much leather as all of Europe. In glazed kid we hold the bulk of the world's trade. Before the war Germany was our chief shoe and leather competitor in the world's markets. But when hostilities commenced the Teutons were cut off from their supplies of raw materials, and are only now recovering from the disaster that placed Germany, so far as shoes are concerned, on a wood and fiber basis. It will be several years before Germany can supply her home demands, so she is temporarily out of the export field. Great Britain before the war did not produce sufficient leather to meet her domestic needs and the requirements of her export business; however, her leather industries have grown and she is likely to become an exporter of the finer grades of upper leather. France has confined herself principally to the production of high-grade goat and kid leathers. She is not likely to become a formidable competitor of America.

It is evident from the foregoing that in the manufacture of leather the United States is the leading nation. We have 1300 shoe factories producing a total of 300,000,000 pairs of shoes annually. However, in the matter of raw materials we are not so independent. India has two and a half times as many cattle as we have, while Russia has nearly as many as the United States. As a producer of sheep we drop to another level, and rank third. We have about 48,000,000 sheep, while Russia and Australia each have about 70,000,000. The Argentine Republic has about 43,000,000. In the matter of goatskins, practically all we use come from abroad, for this country has only a small supply of goats.

Perhaps the weakest spot in our shoe and leather industry is our dependence upon the outside world for goatskins. As mentioned before, no animals are raised solely for the value of their hides. Citizens of the United States have never been able to acquire an appetite for goat meat and milk, so our goat population is very limited in extent. In India and China as well as in certain countries of South America the natives consume goat's milk and meat, and it is from these countries that we secure our supply of skins. It is further a fact that goats cannot be herded like sheep and cattle. They are capricious and will not graze peacefully in one spot like sheep or cows. If something attracts its attention a goat will immediately go and have a look at the new object, even though it may be only a leaf or a piece of paper. It is likewise true that the goat's young are not protected with wool as are young lambs at birth, so that if goats were allowed to graze on a large Western range in the same way that sheep are herded many of the young goats would be frozen soon after birth.

The skin of a goat is quite different from the skin of a sheep. This is due to the fact that one is a hair and the other a wool animal. Due to the difference in the size of the hair and wool cells in the skin the two materials make a different grade of leather. It is likewise a fact that the goatskins from India are quite different from those coming from China or Russia. The colder the climate the coarser the hair and the more durable the skin. It is for this reason that the Russian skins are superior. Goats raised in the warmer climate of Brazil have hair of a finer texture and the skins are often badly scratched from coming in contact with cactus and other prickly vegetation native to such climates.

In the matter of machinery for tanning hides and manufacturing shoes the United States ranks first. Chrome tannage, which makes the skins more durable and waterproof, besides adding to their beauty, was discovered and perfected here in the United States. This gave us a lead in the business, and so far other nations have not been able to catch up. Much of the leather goods made in other parts of the world is manufactured with our machines.

About sixty per cent of all the women's shoes manufactured and worn in the United States are made of glazed kid or vici kid. This leather is made from goatskins brought to the United States from foreign countries. In order to get at the basic cause for advances in women's footwear it is necessary that we examine the prices of raw materials. In general the advance in the cost of goatskins is about 500 per cent. Fine skins from China formerly sold for fifty cents and are now $2.75. Skins from India were seven to nine dollars a dozen and are now twenty-seven to thirty dollars a dozen. Argentine skins sold for forty-five cents a pound and are now $1.90 a pound. Chinese skins weigh 17½ pounds a dozen full goatskins in the raw, and will yield about sixty square feet of finished leather.

In the matter of tanning the skins here in the United States, the costs have shown an equal ability to climb. A dozen miscellaneous hides give an average measure of about seventy-five square feet of leather, and in former times the cost for tanning these dozen hides was $2.25. A careful investigation shows that the cost of tanning to-day averages twelve cents a square foot, or about nine dollars for a dozen hides. The average wage increase of piece-workers in tanning plants, including bonuses, amounts to 155 per cent. The increase for foremen and time workers has been 133 per cent. Tanning materials have advanced about 280 per cent. Finished leather to-day is being produced at an increased cost of approximately 400 per cent, which includes the cost of raw materials and the processes of manufacture.

From 3¾ to 4½ square feet of leather is required to make one pair of women's high boots. From 2¾ to 3¾ square feet of leather is required to make a pair of women's Oxfords. The reason for this large use of leather is that the manufacturer must cut the fine parts into the shoe. In leather parlance, he must eliminate the skirts. It is estimated that there are 110 operations in the manufacture of a shoe. I find it impossible to get an average figure showing the percentage increase in the wages of shoe-manufacturing operatives, but taking an average of several individual plants it appears that the minimum advance is not less than ninety per cent since 1913.

Bearing heavily on the cost of shoes is the matter of style. Never before have American women demanded so many rapid style changes. Even in men's shoes the same thing to a large extent is true. If the predominant style to-day is for gray shoes the dealer selling them knows that he is going to be stuck with dozens of pairs of this shade that will be out of style in a few months. To safeguard himself he feels obliged to charge a stiff price for his goods in order to cover the losses that will accrue when he has to sell the left-overs. This matter of extreme styles in shoes was injected into the business in 1914 and has been accumulating ever since. The women's shoe business is becoming more and more like the hat business. Five dollars' worth of material goes into a hat, and the dealer charges twenty dollars extra for the style that has been put into the same article. In any business where style is the dominating feature of the trade the retail dealer has to figure on large losses, and consequently endeavors to obtain long profits.

In the last paragraphs I have referred more particularly to goatskins and to women's shoes. A similar situation exists in regard to most other classes of shoes and grades of leather. The question naturally arises in the mind of the reader, "Why have the prices on raw skins advanced so enormously during the past two or three years?" India and China are both on a silver basis, and the value of this metal has increased from sixty cents to better than $1.30, or considerably more than 100 per cent. Actually this means that an American gold dollar in China and in India will purchase less than half of what it would formerly buy. Furthermore, the wages of employment in the Far East, though they have not advanced so greatly as in this country, have increased materially, with the result that all commodities in India and China have doubled and tripled in price. One further fact should be remembered, and that is the 200,000,000 liberated people in the world, who through the outcome of the war have been placed on a basis where they can now enter the world's markets and become purchasers and consumers of goods. If America must go abroad to buy materials she will come into contact with this new buying factor. Even here in our own country this foreign element is now acting to advance the prices of our domestic supplies, for notwithstanding the increased cost of articles here our prices still appear low to other nationals.

Summing up, the high prices of shoes in the United States have in part resulted from unavoidable causes. The cost of raw materials has advanced rapidly in recent months and the shoes that will be made from these higher-priced materials have not yet been placed on the market. Raw-material prices are not reflected in the shoes the public buy for at least six months after the raw skins are purchased.

There are other disconcerting factors, which I have not referred to. One of these is the embargo of fifteen per cent instituted by the Government of British India upon the exports of hides and skins with a preferential of ten per cent in favor of England and her colonies. The tanners of the United States have taken this matter up with our State Department, but it is not yet known whether their plea to our Government will be availing. The effect of this embargo has been to place our manufacturers of glazed-kid leather in a difficult position. For years upward of forty per cent of our imported goatskins have come from India.

It is not certain just what American tanners can do in the face of this discriminatory duty. One of our largest companies has already made arrangements to equip a tannery in Canada. If the duty is continued other concerns will likely have to follow suit, and the cost of shoes to American citizens will be subjected to another boost. There is little likelihood that sufficient supplies of goatskins for our tanneries can be secured from other countries. Expert opinion estimates that the actual effect of this duty on the price of kid leather in this country will amount to more than five cents a foot. If the policy adopted by the Indian Government with reference to raw hides and skins were to be extended to the British Empire as a whole it would affect no less than seventeen per cent of our cattle hides, thirty-six per cent of our calfskins, and sixty-three per cent of our sheepskins. In this connection it may be appropriate to mention that the British Empire is much the largest holder of livestock in the world. It has more than one-third of the cattle and sheep and nearly one-fourth of all the goats on the earth. The United States holds one-eighth of the cattle, one-tenth of the sheep, and one-sixth of all the horses in the world.

A careful government investigation disclosed the fact that the cost of materials entering into boots and shoes is approximately sixty-two per cent of the total value of the finished products. In other words, if a pair of shoes sells at a factory for five dollars, the cost of leather and other materials represents $3.10. The margin for cost of manufacture and manufacturer's profit is $1.90. It is not difficult to see therefore what the effect will be on the price of shoes when we figure in an increase in the cost of raw materials varying from 200 to 400 per cent.

It is undoubtedly a fact that the increased operating expenses of retail shoe stores throughout the country has been a minor factor in the higher prices of shoes. A careful estimate indicates that the average gross profit of retail shoe dealers is about thirty-five per cent. The average net profit of these retailers, after deducting the expense of doing business, is about nine per cent. There are of course some merchants who profiteer, and there are others who secure a net profit of less than two per cent. The successful merchant will turn over his shoe stock about four times a year, whereas the average merchant will replace his stock but twice annually.

(Concluded on Page 74)

Those of us who collaborate in the improvement of the Liberty Motor Car, do not delude ourselves that we will ever attain perfection.

The point of perfection recedes, of course, as we approach it—but equally, of course, the pursuit of perfection results in greater and greater excellence and beauty.

This latest Liberty, for instance, is unmistakably a closer approach to perfection.

It does not depart from a single previous Liberty essential—but it has improved upon them all.

In its inner excellence, and in outer aspect, this Liberty is undeniably better and more beautiful.

The skill and soundness of Liberty design and construction, find their best expression in that delightful difference in the way it rides and drives, which everyone instantly observes.

That fine quality, which is the key to all the rest, you will find more apparent than ever.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

HOOVER'S TRAMPS ABROAD

By HENRY M. HYDE

DO YOU know Causey, U. S. A., who made the great deal according to which the provisional government of Galicia furnished Vienna with eggs, the rate of exchange being one million eggs for one railroad locomotive—with no guaranty of quality on either side?

Did you ever hear of Atwood or Bell—also U. S. A. and R. R.—who stopped the war in Montenegro by hiring the whole of one of the armies to unload a food ship?

What about Goodyear, belonging to the same unsung brotherhood, called by his colleagues the Duke of Teschen—Lloyd George has admitted in Parliament that he never heard of it, either—who, by the discreet use of American cigarettes and ham sandwiches, kept the coal moving and saved thousands of women and children from freezing to death?

They are three average samples of Herbert Hoover's army of tramp engineers. Hoover has a weakness for the breed. He is by way of belonging to it himself. He said once that an American tramp engineer can do anything. Their training makes them versatile. When a man is equally ready to build a railroad over Alaska glaciers, dredge a river in the interior of Africa or dig a mine in the unexplored regions of Tibet he must naturally be a man of resource. When you back up one of these gentleman adventurers of to-day with a staff composed of the cream of the operating force of American railroads it is easy to understand why no job is too hard for him. And heaven knows they needed all their ingenuity and nerve and resource to tackle the job they undertook and successfully put through.

Because Europe is full of jealousy of America, because there is a disposition both here and abroad to decry our efforts to pull Europe out of the hole which threatened to engulf the Continent, and because when we state the simple facts we are accused of bumptious boastfulness—this is as good a place as any to say that the success of Hoover's tramp engineers in doing a job of incredible and unexampled difficulty has been recognized in the most practical and significant way possible.

When the American Food Administration closed its offices in Europe the governments of several of the new states requested Mr. Hoover to appoint an experienced American railway engineer to act as technical adviser to each of them. They were particularly anxious to get the permanent aid of the tramp engineers and railroad operating men who had served them in the emergency. And I hope I shall be the first to announce that Lieut. Col. W. B. Causey is already on duty in Vienna directing the management and operation of the Austrian railroads; that Col. William G. Atwood has taken the same position in the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes; Col. W. B. Ryan in Czechoslovakia; and Col. A. B. Barber and Maj. T. R. Ryan in Poland. Each of them is assisted by a staff of practical railroad men and is paid a handsome salary.

The Dictator From Pittsburgh

WHETHER they have fairly earned this recognition one may judge when he hears some details of the difficulties they encountered and overcame.

When the Paris conference attempted to unscramble the omelet of Central and Eastern Europe they set some thirty nice little hell pots of hate boiling and scattering hot water, machine-gun bullets and other souvenirs over the surrounding country. Almost every little racial group started to self-determine itself with axes, rifles and all other available weapons. There were so many of these newly born nations that I cannot state their exact number—to say nothing of their names. Did you ever hear, for instance, of the Russo-Carpathian Republic, which adopted a revised version of the Constitution of the United States as its own and over which a lawyer from Pittsburgh,

Maj. T. R. Ryan. Above—Col. William G. Atwood

Pennsylvania, ruled as absolute dictator for nearly six months? But that incident has nothing to do with this story.

The big idea of each of the new governments was to grab everything within reach and nail it down; to put an absolute embargo on anything going out of the country; to mobilize as many soldiers as possible and set them to annexing by force of arms as much of the surrounding territory as they could conquer. The new national boundary lines were of course not determined—some of them are not yet determined. Each state was trying to force out its imaginary boundaries as far as possible, believing that when the Three Wise Men in Paris finally got round to drawing the red lines on the new map of Europe they would be influenced by what all us diplomats call the *fait accompli*.

Not a railroad train was permitted to move anywhere near these imaginary and constantly changing boundary lines. If it did the new nation across the road would seize the engines and cars and add them to its own store of rolling stock. One new state might have a thousand tons of wheat more than it could use and be starving to death for sugar. Its next-door neighbor might be eating bread made out of sawdust and possess enough sugar to sweeten the temper of Europe. One might think that the provisional rulers of these two states would have negotiated a simple exchange. Not at all. Most of them were so mad and so haughty that they would not even speak to the other fellows.

It is quite impossible for Americans to realize the depth and bitterness of such hatred. Between many of these adjacent peoples ran blood feuds, religious feuds, dynastic feuds which had festered for centuries. Now they saw an opportunity to get even—at no matter what cost to themselves.

The Mandatory

IMAGINE that each of our forty-eight states was inhabited by people who for hundreds of years had feared and hated the folks who lived in each of the other states. Imagine that each state seized all the railroad locomotives and cars it could lay its hands on and refused to let any of them move outside its own boundaries. Say that Kansas had its barns and elevators full of wheat, corn and other foodstuffs, while its people were suffering and dying for lack of fuel, clothing and all sorts of manufactured products. At the same time, let the inhabitants of Kansas City—just across the state line—be starving to death, with all their bins and warehouses jammed with coal, woolen and cotton goods, and everything that factories turn out. Conceive that the Kansas farmers, armed to the teeth, are spending all their time making certain that nobody buys and moves their crops, stopping only to fire a volley now and then in the direction of the state line; while Kansas City merchants have hired soldiers to protect their stocks against possible customers, with instructions to return in double measure all shots fired across the river. Multiply this situation by ten, fill the whole district with a pestilential mist of ancient and savage hatred and mutual fear, add a percentage of illiteracy including more than half the whole people—and you begin to get an idea of what Hoover and his tramp engineers faced. It was a large part of their job to prevent the peoples of Eastern and Central Europe from mutually committing suicide.

It was first necessary to get hold of sufficient food to carry the destitute populations through the winter. And here it may be well to say that of the 1,100,000 tons of food which were secured up to the end of March, 1919, all but 38,000 tons came from America, and eighty per cent of it was carried on ships furnished by our much-criticized shipping board, the British Ministry of Shipping providing another ten per cent.

While the food ships were loading, the most pressing job was to get the paralyzed railroads into such shape that supplies could be moved over them from one country or newly self-determined state into another. That was a job for a combined diplomat, soldier, railroad manager and master executive. When it had to be faced Herbert Hoover did what seems to me the biggest and most audacious thing in his whole splendidly American career. He went before the Council of Three in Paris and asked that he be made the mandatory for all the tag-ends and bobtails of railroads which still remained in Eastern and Central Europe, including the rolling stock. The Council of Three agreed. And when the mandate system is discussed it might be worth while to remember that the first mandate of all was given to an individual American, and that with the aid of American engineers and railroad men it was successfully carried out and completed within a few months, the property involved being returned to its owners vastly increased in value. Also, it is worth remembering that neither the mandatory nor any of his agents was enriched in the process—an example which it may be hoped the beneficiaries of future mandates will follow.

First of all Hoover called in Colonel Causey and sent him out to investigate and report on the condition of rolling stocks and roadbeds.

Now one of Causey's jobs in the United States had been that of engineer of maintenance on a railroad line that is notoriously run down and inefficient. And if fear

(Continued on Page 44)

Printzess

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Paris CLEVELAND New York

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THE NEXT PRINTZESS SPRING STYLE ANNOUNCEMENT WILL APPEAR IN THE FEBRUARY 14th ISSUE OF THIS PUBLICATION

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of a libel suit did not prevent me from quoting literally his first telegraphic report, railroad men at least would be vastly amused. "Conditions," he wired, "are a damned sight worse than they ever were on the"—let us say—"X. & Y. W."

That investigation over, Colonel Causey called in Vienna a conference of the ministers of railways and communications of all the powers, principalities, republics and self-determined aspirants for nationhood which were involved in his work. They came and sat about a room in Vienna, breathing hatred and defiance, and many of them refusing even to speak to or recognize the presence of each other. As a railroad man Colonel Causey's first commandment is to keep the traffic moving. His address in opening that conference was short and blunt.

"My business," he said, "is to move foodstuffs and other necessary supplies over the railroads, to, from and through the states which you represent. Any reasonable rules and regulations which you unanimously agree on I will observe and enforce. In case you do not so agree I will make my own decisions; and they will be also observed and enforced. In any case I guarantee that the property rights of every country involved shall be protected. Now get busy."

They talked and argued for an hour, speaking several different languages and communicating through an interpreter who was apparently a star graduate from the University of Babel. One of the chief objectors represented a power at whose ports a large part of the supplies from America were landed. At these ports there had been much delay, chiefly caused by the determination of the power in question to get everything it wanted for itself before anything was allowed to pass through to other territories. Its representative proved to be stubborn and insistent, unwilling to agree to any kind of compromise.

Finally Colonel Causey blew up. I regret to say that when roused the gallant colonel has been known to relapse into the use of a somewhat tart and emphatic vocabulary, acquired during strenuous old railroading days in the West.

"Tell that blankety-blank," he ordered the interpreter, "that if he doesn't act decently I'll see that food supplies for his country from the United States are entirely cut off."

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Col. A. C. Goodyear

Now that interpreter was a diplomat as well as a linguist. He translated the speech of the irate colonel somewhat as follows: "Your Excellency, the colonel ventures respectfully to suggest that if the congestion complained of continues it may be unfortunately necessary to divert a considerable part of the shipping to ports in other countries, in which case it will be difficult for him to secure for your heroic and illustrious compatriots the full amount of food supplies to which they are so justly entitled."

Eggs for Locomotives

SO ELOQUENT was the delivery of the interpreter, so adorned with forcible and sweeping gestures—that Colonel Causey not unnaturally concluded that the translation was being made literally.

"That's the stuff!" he said, leaning over to whisper to the interpreter. "That's the stuff! Give it to him straight!"

At any rate a tentative agreement was finally reached. How well it was carried out will be presently illustrated.

With American food ships speeding oversea and permission secured to move freight cars when they could be loaded, Causey, Atwood, Goodyear, Gregory, Barber, Logan, Ryan, Grove, Haskell and the rest turned their immediate attention to arranging for the exchange of surplus commodities between the various governments. The atmosphere was not favorable for making trades. Each of them was suspicious of all the rest. Each had one or two special antipathies among the lot at the mere mention of whose names they foamed at the mouth. Yet it was often exactly these particular and hereditary enemies which possessed surplus food products or manufactured goods the exchange of which was mutually necessary if widespread suffering and even death were to be prevented. Hoover's tramp engineers and all their staffs started out to hunt for bargains on the old-fashioned barter basis. Each of them was given a special state or district in the interest of which he was to act.

The young officer who was sent up to Galicia reported that the war had not interfered with the hen industry in that section. The Galician peasants had millions of eggs stored away. He wired to ask what Vienna had to offer for eggs, not guaranteed strictly fresh. Now in Vienna there were a number of railroad engines rusting on the tracks for which Colonel Causey saw no immediate local need. He wired an answer asking how many eggs Galicia would give for one locomotive, not guaranteed in first-class condition; suggesting two million eggs as a worth-while offer.

Now it is noteworthy that when any one of Hoover's men was assigned to a given government he immediately became a partisan of that government, fighting its battles, making always the best deals possible for it, often acting so stubbornly in its behalf that Hoover himself had to be called in to arrange a fair compromise. So on this occasion the young officer in Galicia answered that though his government might be able to use a few locomotives the best they could offer in exchange was half a million reasonably fresh eggs. Causey grinned and dropped his demand to a million and a half. It took twenty-four hours—both governments being consulted—before the trade was settled, one locomotive against one million eggs—sight unseen.

Another officer, sent out by Colonel Atwood, found that the people to whom he was assigned were almost perishing for lack of salt. He found also that they had surplus prunes enough stored up to endow all the boarding houses in New York permanently. "How much salt is offered for a ton of prunes?" was the query he wired to headquarters. It developed that another embryo state not far away had mountains of salt, but looked forward to prunes for breakfast as an unimagined luxury. Unfortunately the prune government had not been speaking to the salt government, and if Hoover's young mandatories had not come along the opportunity for a mutually profitable trade might have never been discovered.

A Casey Jones in Khaki

AS TO the way in which Colonel Causey's agreement with the various governments to let trains run through their territories worked out, I have before me the report of Lieutenant Kreske, U. S. A., who took thirty-seven tank cars and three locomotives through from Vienna to Bukharest and back. When the Germans evacuated Rumania they stole practically all the railroad rolling stock, so the Bukharest government was delighted to trade fuel oil for a couple of Causey's extra locomotives.

Lieutenant Kreske was delayed on the way by Austrian, French, Jugo-Slav and Rumanian customs inspections. Once he had to run the engine himself to prevent the Serbians from stealing it. At almost every boundary—imaginary or otherwise—he was held up from a few hours to a week by the refusal of officials to give him a permit. Frequently he was refused coal, being several times compelled to stand with a revolver in one hand and a roll of bills in the other, and by mingled threats and bribes persuade the workmen to fill the tender of his engine. Every little while the native train crew struck for an immediate increase in wages payable in advance and on the spot. At the town of Karansebes, in what used to be Hungary, a Rumanian lieutenant attempted to take charge of the train himself, and aided by a file of soldiers arrested members of the train crew. Kreske had to make what he calls "a strong argument" to get the men released. A little later the Rumanians attempted to run off with the engine, but were stopped by Kreske, revolver in hand, who threatened to shoot the engineer if he left the train behind.

Possibly the trip might have been easier if Kreske had been willing to follow the generally accepted rule of bribing everybody in sight. When it became understood that this coarse and crude American was grossly and habitually violating the traditional and storied customs of Continental Europe other methods were adopted to teach him a lesson.

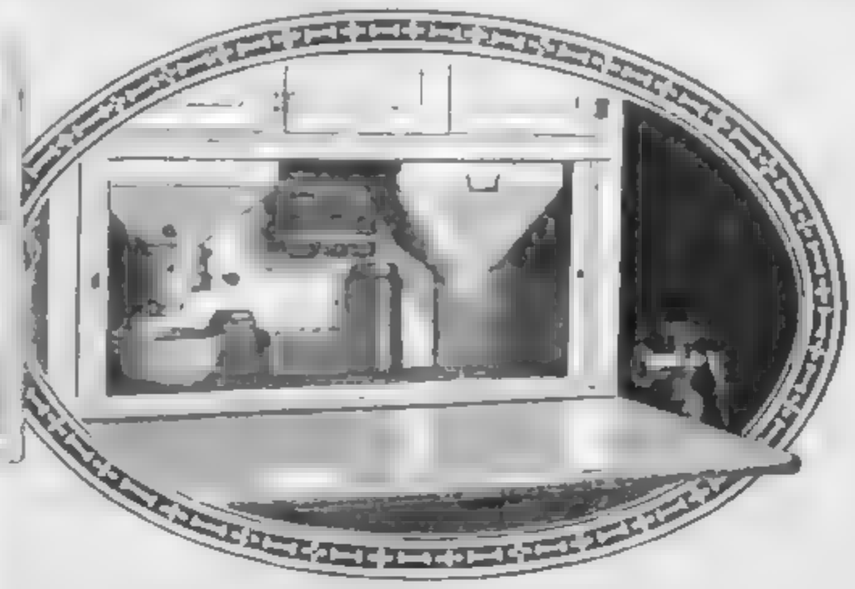
At Szegedin—also in Hungary—Kreske and his staff stopped at midnight to get lunch in the station restaurant. They took every precaution before leaving the car in which they

(Concluded on Page 57)

At Left—Lt. Col. W. B. Ryan. Center—Col. A. B. Barber. At Right—Lt. Col. W. B. Causey

HOOSIER

THE SILENT SERVANT WITH A HUNDRED HANDS



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Uncle Sam Gets Acquainted

By MILLER HAMILTON

MARY was in her kitchen, a nice new spick-and-span little kitchen quite in keeping with the rest of her nice new spick-and-span little home. John had just left for his daily toil, and Mary, as she made preparations to wash the breakfast dishes, hummed a little tune—as brides will do—while her thoughts strayed ahead to the evening hour when John would be returning.

But before Mary had made much progress with her morning's work this bright sunshiny morning in January the doorbell rang.

"Gracious," thought Mary as she rolled down her sleeves while starting to answer the ring, "I wonder who that can be at this time of the morning! I hope nothing has happened to John."

Giving a final tug to her freshly starched house dress and a pat at a stray lock of hair she excitedly approached the door and after a preliminary and somewhat cautious look through the curtains opened it, and was met with:

"Good-morning. — What-is-your-name? — Are-you-mar-ried? — If-so-what-is-your-husband's-name? — I'm-the-census-enumerator."

It all sounded just like that to Mary—jumbled. Brides are rather easily flustered anyway.

"Why — what — er — what did you say?" queried Mary.

"I'm the census enumerator and I've come to ask you about all the people that happen to live in this house," answered the man on the porch, his portfolio and his pencil ready. "What is your name, please?"

"Oh," said Mary with a semblance of returning poise: "Why, my name is Mary Jones—er—I mean Smith." And this break, this momentary forgetfulness of her married name, again flustered her.

An Embarrassed Bride

"ARE you married?" asked the census man, to whom the job of getting people to talk about themselves was old stuff by now and who didn't notice any of Mary's pretty embarrassment.

"Yes," answered Mary, "I've been married nearly two ——" Then she stopped, realizing that perhaps this stranger was not interested in the fact that she had left the protecting roof of her father's house only two months ago.

"What's your husband's name?" continued the man.

"John Smith."

"Anyone else live here? Any children, lodgers or servants?"

"No; just my husband and myself."

At this point Mary began to realize that the sharp January weather had begun to chill her, so she invited the census gatherer to step into the hall, her first feeling of excitement having worn off under the straightforward business-like manner of Uncle Sam's agent.

When the door was closed the census man resumed his questions.

"Where was your husband born?"

This was easy for Mary.

"In Indiana," she answered.

"His father? His mother?"

"They were born in Indiana too," Mary told him.

"And where were you born?"

"In Ohio."

"And your mother and father—where were they born?"

"In New Hampshire."

Hadn't Mary heard the story of the westward trek of her parents many, many times?

"And now can you tell me the age of your husband on his last birthday?" continued the man.

"Why, yes, John—I mean—Mr. Smith is twenty-eight. But really, is all this in the census?"

"Yes, ma'am; the age of everybody must be given. What's your age?"

Samuel L. Rogers, Director of the Census. Above—Checking Up the Returns Sent in by the Field Force of the Vital Statistics Division of the Census Bureau. These Girls are Busy Over Birth, Death and Marriage Records. More Than a Thousand Clerks Will be Needed to Handle the Filled-Out Questionnaires

The Automatic Sorting Machine Used by the Census Bureau. The Function of This Machine is the Sorting or Grouping of Cards With Respect to Sex, Color, Nativity, Age Periods, Etc., Preparatory to Tabulation. Sorting Into Any Number of Groups Up to Twelve is Done at One Operation. The Thirteenth Slot is for All Cards Which are Inconsistent or Erroneous and Which the Machine Will Automatically Reject

"Why, I'm twenty-four," answered Mary, without the trace of hesitation often present when the census man asks this question from more mature women—and men!

"Now I want to ask you about your house. Do you own it or rent it?"

"We own—that is, we are buying it from the builder on the partial-payment plan. John—I mean Mr. Smith—has paid more than half on it already."

"Then you are listed as an owner," replied the enumerator, "with the further notation that the house is mortgaged. But the amount of the encumbrance, if any, isn't asked about city or town property. It's only asked about farms."

Satisfactory Answers

MARY was by this time getting really interested. Answering the questions of Uncle Sam's census man wasn't so bad after all, she decided.

"Only one or two more questions, Mrs. Smith. Are you and your husband both able to read and write English?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Mary. And because she was interested she didn't smile at the questions. Nor did she feel offended because the census enumerator hadn't taken it for granted that she had received a rather superior education—which, in fact, she had—while John was the possessor of two college degrees.

"What is your husband's occupation?" continued the census man.

"He's a mining engineer."

"Does he work for himself or for a company?"

"Why, both. You see, he draws a salary from a mining company, but he does work for clients of his own too."

"Well, which pays him the more money—working for the company or his own clients? We can only list him for one occupation, and the one which pays him the more money is considered to be the more important one by the Census Bureau," explained the enumerator.

"Well, I think—yes, I'm sure the company pays him more than he earns from his clients. You see, he has really just started in trying to get clients of his own."

"Then I'll put him down as a salaried man and give his profession as that of a mining engineer. And I'm putting you down as a housewife. Is that right? Or have you a gainful occupation? I mean have you other work you do besides your housework?"

"No," answered Mary, "I just keep house."

"That's all, then. And I'm much obliged for the good spirit you've shown. I wish everybody was as quick and willing with answers as you've been. Good morning."

"Good morning." And as Mary closed the door and started back to her breakfast dishes she wondered if she had made any mistakes—especially in telling about John's occupation. "Well, I've got something to tell John this evening at any rate," thought she. "The census man said he wished everybody was as quick and willing as I—I'll tell John that too. I must have done all right."

And so you did, Mary, my dear. And so did the several million other housewives in the United States do all right when Uncle Sam's census enumerators called upon them during the present month, the time named by Congress for the taking of the Fourteenth Decennial Census. For the questions asked of you about yourself and your family were asked of all of Uncle Sam's nieces and nephews in his effort to learn the facts and figures about his family.

And no one, gentle reader, need have been alarmed any more than Mary was about the seemingly personal questions the census man must ask. For just as

(Continued on Page 49)

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Collegian

(Continued from Page 46)

soon as the enumerator sent in his day's work sheet to Washington you became a number, a punched card—just one card out of more than a hundred million. And besides, Uncle Sam is good at keeping secrets. He has been collecting these facts for one hundred and thirty years and no neighbor of yours has ever yet learned your true age from the census man—even though you really may have told him!

But after all, names, ages, conjugal statistics, home ownership, occupational data and the other information ascertained by the census relating to persons are in reality by-products. To determine the number of people living in the United States and thus apportion the number of representatives each state is entitled to in Congress is the original purpose for which the census of the nation is taken. The Constitution of the United States makes this provision, but like most other Constitutional provisions it is left to Congress to enact the necessary legislation to carry it out. And Congress in so doing has from decade to decade enlarged the scope of census inquiries to meet the demands of a progressive civilization. Congress believes in the doctrine "It is a wise father that knows his own child," and has acted accordingly.

Statistics about population other than the mere number, and about farms, manufactures and the natural resources of the country are necessary if a nation is going to progress. That, it could be said, is the view that Congress has taken about the census. How well this legislation of Congress is justified was shown by the world war. When the call to arms came Uncle Sam knew at once how many men of military age he could count on and where they lived, though, of course, information about individuals was lacking. He likewise knew what industries could be devoted to war work. He knew the amount of farm products raised every year and where this food supply was concentrated. He knew from what had gone on in past years what would likely continue to happen in the present and forthcoming years. "Know the facts," said a great philosopher. Well, Uncle Sam knew his facts and he proposes always to know them.

President Garfield on the Census

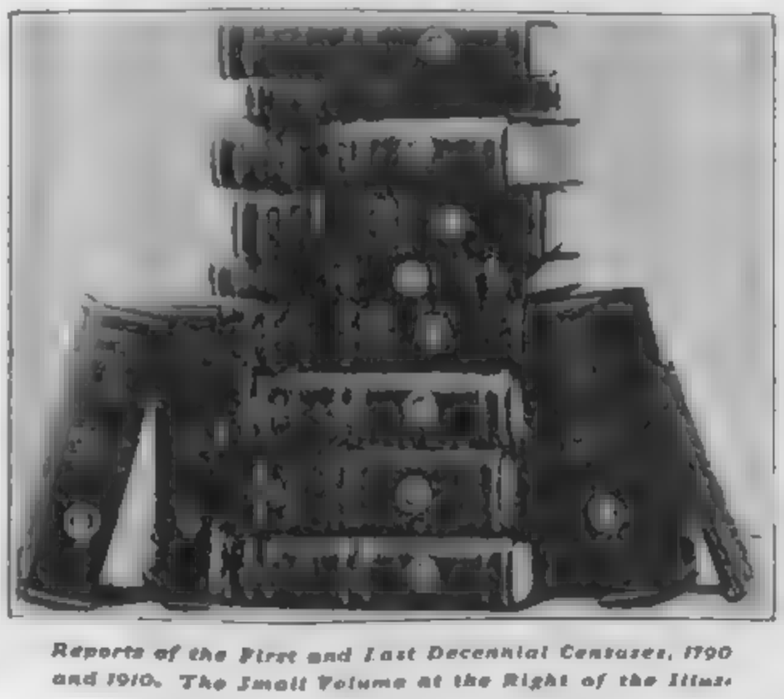
PERHAPS no more forceful or well-put statement concerning the relation of the decennial census to statistics and the vital need for such statistics can be found than the one made by James A. Garfield when he was President of the United States:

> The developments of statistics are causing history to be rewritten. Till recently the historian studied nations in the aggregate, and gave us only the story of princes, dynasties, sieges and battles. Of the people themselves—the great social body, with life, growth, forces, elements and laws of its own—he told us nothing. Now statistical inquiry leads him into hovels, homes, workshops, mines, fields, prisons, hospitals and all other places where human nature displays its weakness and its strength. In these explorations he discovers the seeds of national growth and decay, and thus becomes the prophet of his generation.
>
> The chief instrument of American statistics is the census, which should accomplish a twofold object: It should serve the country by making a full and accurate exhibit of the elements of national life and strength; and it should serve the science of statistics by so exhibiting general results that they may be compared with similar data obtained from other nations. The census is indispensable to modern statesmanship.

But getting the facts about you and your neighbor is not simply a matter of sending out a small army of men and women to call from house to house; in fact, that is the smallest part of the Census Bureau's job in point of time consumed. First the questions to be asked in accordance with the Act of Congress must be determined and these questions printed in the form of schedules. The country must be divided into census districts, the supervisors for these districts must be appointed, the enumerators selected, and the permanent force at Washington increased for the three-year decennial census period before any actual enumeration work can be begun.

In determining the questions for 1920 the bureau was very splendidly aided by an advisory committee composed of men who are at the top in economic and statistical circles in America. The chairman of this committee is W. S. Rossiter, president of the Rumford Press, Concord, New Hampshire. Besides Mr. Rossiter, the two other members of the committee representing the American Statistical Association are Edwin F. Gay, formerly dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration, Harvard University, and now manager of the New York Evening Post; and Carroll W. Doten, associate professor of mathematics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The three members representing the American Economic Association are Walter F. Willcox, professor of economics at Cornell University; E. R. A. Seligman, professor of economics at Columbia University; and Wesley C. Mitchell, professor of economics in the New School of Research, New York City. Most of the members of this committee have been connected with decennial censuses in the past, and because of this connection understand most thoroughly the problems of census taking.

Operating the Tabulating Machine. This Machine Tabulates at One "Run" of the Cards Any Number of Facts Up to Sixty. Its Capacity is Four Hundred Cards Per Minute. Above—A Corner of the Shipping Room of the Census Bureau



Reports of the First and Last Decennial Censuses, 1790 and 1910. The Small Volume at the Right of the Illustration is the Report of the First Census

The census has had a natural growth along with the country.

This is brought home strikingly by saying that in 1790, the year the first decennial census was taken, seventeen United States marshals and 650 assistants took the census, while in 1920, 130 years later, 90,000 people are now engaged in taking the census. It is also interesting to note that in 1790 it required eighteen months to make the enumeration, while another eighteen months elapsed before the population figures were ready to be announced.

Imagine a live-wire chamber of commerce waiting eighteen months for the Government to announce the population figures for its town! Why, already the Census Bureau is being asked to estimate the population for 1920 in some impatient cities and towns. But in such cases the Census Bureau refuses to estimate. It sticks to facts, and these impatient folks must wait until the actual count is completed. Starting the enumeration work on January second, the Census Bureau will have the entire country counted and the results relating to population ready for publication before April is many days old. That's what some of our younger generation would call jazzy work.

And sometimes, but not often, the Bureau of the Census is called upon by zealous citizen boosters to defend its figures. In 1910, the day following the announcement of the official population figures for a certain city in the Middle West—which conducts, as it were, a hectic rivalry with another city close by—the director of the census received telegrams from the mayor, the chamber of commerce and the congressman representing that district protesting with much vehemence against the "totally inaccurate population figures" of the census.

Inaccuracy Rarely Discovered

THE director wired back that two of the officials of the bureau would be sent immediately and would bring with them all the enumeration sheets and other data connected with the enumeration of that city. The director also requested that a committee be appointed by the mayor to work with the census officials in verifying the returns. He also authorized the census officials to make a recount in the districts of the city the returns for which the mayor's committee thought were most erroneous. The citizens' committee was also asked to delegate men to accompany the census enumerators when these recounts were made. Three weeks elapsed before the new returns were in and verified; and much to the bureau's credit, let it be said, it was found that the original returns were correct. Instances of this kind are not infrequent, but in only a few cases has a recount shown the Census Bureau to have been much out of the way when the original enumeration was made.

A look into the big building, covering a city block, in Washington, which during the war housed the aircraft section of the Army, but which is now devoted to the use of the Census Bureau, will disclose heaps of maps; hundreds of charts; many ingenious tabulating, sorting and counting machines; and a force of several thousand very busy people. Occupying one wing of the building is the division that gets the first whack at organizing the census work. It is called the Geographer's Division and its chief is Mr. C. S. Sloane. "Ask Sloane, he knows" might well be the slogan of the Census Bureau when it comes to a question of geography. For Mr. Sloane's division has every street, alley and court in every city, town and village in the United States platted on its maps. This work of making census maps has been going on for a hundred years. If one of the large counties of Texas, say, is divided into two counties, this division knows it. If a new township is organized in Maine, if a new street is opened in Kalamazoo or if an alley is ordered to be cut through in Tallahassee, this division knows it. And knowing of these changes the census maps are corrected accordingly.

To this division also is intrusted the task of dividing the country first into census districts and then into enumeration districts. And when the 87,000 enumerators started out in January the portfolio each one carried contained not only the printed schedules of questions he was to ask but a map of the district he was to cover as well. This map shows every street, alley and court he is to canvass. No chance to overlook a street under this system. Each portfolio tells its own story. This system of platting the entire country to the most minute detail is one of the factors that make for the reliability of the Government's count.

For the purposes of the 1920 enumeration, continental United States has been divided into 372 census districts. Guam and Alaska each constitute a district in addition. Each district has its supervisor, appointed by the director of the census and approved by the Secretary of Commerce, who is held responsible for the work in his domain. The supervisor has under his jurisdiction the enumerators assigned to his district. Necessarily in a large district—as for instance, in New York, Chicago, San Francisco or other large centers of population—the supervisor will have assistants to aid him.

A look at the picture of the single fifty-six-page report issued at the first decennial census placed alongside the ten volumes published in 1910, containing 40,000 pages, will reveal the tremendous growth of the census since George Washington's time. From a tabulation of "heads of families, together with the total number of persons in each family, classified as free or slave"—to use the language of 1790—to a census of population, agriculture, manufacture, mines and quarries, oil and gas wells and forestry and forest products is quite a step to say the least. And the work of the Census Bureau doesn't stop even at this. Wealth, debt and taxation; religious bodies; transportation by water; fisheries; dependent, defective and delinquent classes; electrical industries; vital statistics; financial and other statistics of cities; statistics and reports on cotton and tobacco; statistics on marriage and divorce; and the publication of the Official Register of the United States are subjects covered in the regular day-by-day work of the bureau. Seventeen distinct lines of inquiries are embraced in the field covered by the organization, made at decennial, quinquennial, biennial, annual, quarterly and monthly intervals.

The Detection of Fraud

The division of population is the largest of the divisions of the Census Bureau. Mr. William C. Hunt is the chief statistician of this division, and to him and his organization is intrusted the responsibility of maintaining contact with the census supervisors and through them with the 87,000 enumerators in the field. Two million copies of the population schedule, each one containing spaces for 100 names, have been distributed by this division, besides all the other supplies needed by the field force. But the time when the population division really buckles down to work is when the filled-out schedules begin to arrive at Washington. Every sheet must be examined for evidences of insufficiency as to the answers given, inconsistencies, plain errors and—let us say it softly—evidence of attempted fraud.

In the past there have been many instances of fraud—or, rather, attempted fraud—in connection with census taking. At the time these were very annoying but now officials of the Census Bureau can speak of them with a smile. Overzealous enumerators who were paid according to the number of names they secured and who were eager to make a good showing and at the same time pad their pay rolls have attempted to enumerate all the names to be found on the tombstones in convenient cemeteries. Other enumerators who were paid on a per diem basis have in the past been known to consider it a good idea—and one that would save their time as well as traveling expenses—to remain at home in an easy-chair in front of the fire and cover their districts by fanciful flights of imagination.

It is admitted that census returns can easily be falsified, but by the same token such fraud is most easily discovered; in fact the instances are very few and far between where officials of the Census Bureau have not been able to discover quickly any attempted fraud in census returns. Tradition round the Census Bureau has it that only one city of any consequence in the United States has ever successfully padded its population figures. This case happened in 1890 when this city, which was then one of the fast-growing cities of the great West, had not reached that fixed basis where it was a comparatively simple matter to estimate its normal gain in population from year to year. And so when the enumeration figures for this city showed a huge increase in population the Census Bureau, though quite suspicious, was unable to place its hand on any actual fraud or to establish definitely that the returns were erroneous. But ten years later the Census Bureau, keeping in mind the suspicious circumstances surrounding the last enumeration of this city, sent one of its own men from Washington to assist the census supervisor in that district, and it did not cause any surprise when the population figures of this city showed a loss of more than 200 in spite of the fact that it had had a steady and natural increase in population during the past decade.

Most cases of fraudulent population returns spring from a desire on the part of town boosters to show a greater growth than some rival city or when politicians in some particular locality are desirous of securing an additional member of the state legislature or Congress.

In order to put over fraudulent returns successfully or even to attempt to do so it is necessary that the census supervisor for the district and the enumerators be in collusion, and local sentiment must in a measure be behind the conspirators. It is safe to say that a certain city which need not be named here regrets very much its ineffectual attempt to increase its population fictitiously. Any mention of the subject to the citizens now usually brings a smile—albeit a sham-faced smile. The census supervisor, aided by local citizens in this community, conceived a very ingenious plan to pad the returns. The officials of the Census Bureau were convinced that something was wrong, but the customary clews present in most cases of frauds were lacking. There was no outstanding feature about the return that could be seized upon as evidence of fraud. However, the schedules from this city were laid aside for the time being until the figures for all other cities in the country had been verified and announced.

Then the officials of the Census Bureau went after the case in earnest and finally discovered the method used. The first step was the making of a recount in certain districts of the city in which the original enumeration was thought to be most erroneous. This recount was made without the knowledge of any of the conspirators. Some funny things came to light, among others the addition of one child to each family who had reported having children. This gave a direct clew and some fast and furious work was done following out this line of suspicion, and, lo and behold, it turned out that every family in this city who had any children at all was credited with one more than actually belonged to it. It was easy enough after this became definitely established to bring forth confessions from those who were in the plot, and afterward to correct the count.

The railroad stations have in the past furnished a fertile field for padding enumeration returns by the simple expedient of taking the names of travelers and making up the balance of the information from imagination. But this method is so easily discovered that no instances of it were reported during the last two censuses. Moreover, it is getting more difficult each time to fool the Census Bureau. Long experience and more and more scientific and accurate methods of tabulation as well as of estimation in advance of the normal growth of population have made it possible for the Census Bureau to spot errors and fraud to an almost uncanny degree.

As the census returns are only for general statistical purposes and no references can be made to individuals it is often wondered why names are listed at all. The only reason for so doing is because names furnish the only unfailing means of verification of census returns. After the data have been received at Washington and verified, names are lost sight of completely in the process of transposing the information contained on the enumeration sheets to punched cards. This system of transferring the information to the cards is done by means of a punching machine and brings into play the ingenious machinery produced by the Census Bureau in its own mechanical laboratory which counts, sorts and tabulates the data gathered by the enumerators.

The first step in this work is punching the cards according to a system of symbolic figures and numbers. There is a symbol representing the relationships of the persons in a family to the head of that family; symbols telling whether you are married, single, widowed or divorced; whether you are native born or foreign born; whether you can read or write; symbols representing your occupation; in fact symbols representing all the answers possible to the questions contained on the census schedule. Do you happen to be a lawyer? Then your number in the tabulating scheme is 764. Are you a brick mason? Then your number is 214. Are you in the Army or Navy? Then your number is 271. Are you a housekeeper? Then you become Number 833. There are more than 9000 designations, covering 428 occupational groups, included in the system of symbols used by the Census Bureau. It is rather unlikely that your occupation is of such a peculiar character that the census will be unable to classify you.

The sorting and tabulating machines now used by the bureau were first introduced in 1890. The results were astonishing. Work that had formerly taken months was done by these machines in as many days. Every visitor at the home offices of the Census Bureau is shown these machines, for they are interesting to the layman in mechanics as well as to the expert. To illustrate their operation let us say that the punched cards representing the more than a hundred million residents of the United States are to be sorted by sex, age, native born, foreign born, home owners, conjugal relation and occupation. Simply run the cards through the electrical sorting machine and they will automatically drop into the proper boxes or compartments. Then at the next stage of the proceedings the tabulating machine will count the totals of the various groups—and there you have it!

The introduction of these machines into census work has been of the most far-reaching consequence. Without them it would be well-nigh impossible to prepare the many statistical charts, graphs and tables of the nation's population and resources in as many years as it now takes months. The sorting machine with one operator can take care of 300 cards every sixty seconds. The tabulating machine has a capacity of 400 cards a minute. If this work had to be done by hand—well, figure out for yourself.

To take the census of the nation's agricultural industry calls for practically as large an organization as counting the people. The work is in charge of the Division of Agriculture, of which Mr. William L. Austin is chief statistician. Every farm—more than seven million—had to be visited and every farmer interviewed. The agriculture schedule contains questions that are designed to collect information concerning all the farmer's activities for the calendar year preceding the census. A great deal of care had to be exercised in collecting these data as the census is the only method the Government has of learning the facts about this basic and vast industry.

William M. Steuart, Assistant Director of the Census

Ordinarily it would seem that if there was any one word that did not need a definition that word would be "farm"; and yet the Census Bureau, in order to be accurate, has found it necessary to provide a very specific definition for the word so that enumerators will not go astray. For census purposes, therefore, a farm is "all the land which is directly operated or farmed by one person, either with his own labor alone or with the help of members of his family or hired employees." The farm operator may be the farm owner or he may be a tenant renting all the land which he farms or he may own a certain amount of land and rent additional land or he may operate the farm as a hired manager. In every case the land that is counted in his farm is the land that he actually operates. No tract of land, however, which contains less than three acres will be counted as a farm unless it produced during the past calendar year agricultural products worth at least $250 or unless it required for its agricultural operation the continuous services of at least one person. Most of the farms of less than three acres that will be counted by the census will be specialized industries, such as market gardens, nurseries, greenhouses, poultry farms or dairies located in or near a city or town.

The first count that Uncle Sam made of his farms was in 1840. In that year the inquiries were confined to the quantity or value of the principal products, the numbers of livestock on hand and the value of poultry. Quite different from the comprehensive inquiries that the Government now calls for! In 1920 every farmer was asked the precise number of acres composing his farm, how much of it was improved land and how much of it was not under cultivation. He was asked about his pasture-land and about drainage and about the tenure of his farm. Separate inquiries were also made to show the value of his farm, value of the buildings, and the value of the implements and machinery that belong to him. The inquiries concerning crops were very specific indeed. Hay and forage, grains and seeds, sirup and sugar crops, crops from the farm garden, vegetables of all kinds, poultry, bees, cattle and hogs all came in for specific questions. Even fruits and nuts are not overlooked by Uncle Sam. The same is true of milk, wool, mohair, honey and beeswax; in fact there is no possible farm activity that is not covered by the agricultural schedule. Even telephones and automobiles—all varieties!—have questions devoted to them.

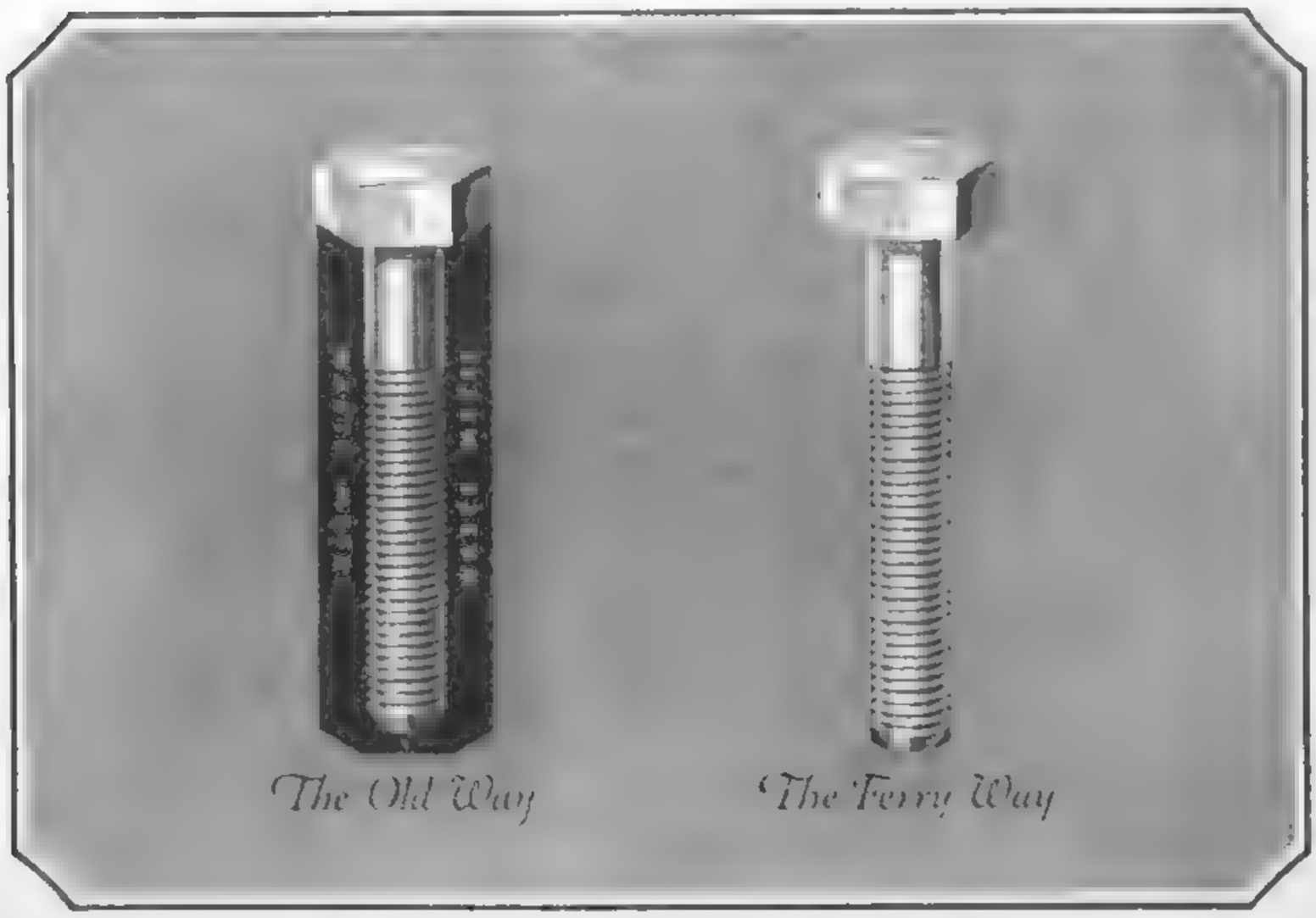
Industrial Groups

Like the information collected about population, the data on farming have their system of symbols and the information is transferred from the sheets to punched cards. This allows the comprehensive tabulation of the returns, from which are made up the hundreds of statistical charts and tables that will show from all possible viewpoints the vast ramifications of the nation's agricultural industry. Heretofore the census of agriculture has been taken only at decennial periods, but the last Congress provided that beginning with the year 1920 the farm enumeration shall be taken every five years. This was done in recognition of the importance to the nation of its farming operations.

The censuses of manufactures, mines and quarries and oil and gas wells are not taken through the medium of enumerators, as are the censuses of population and agriculture, but by special agents and by correspondence direct with the Census Bureau in Washington. In preparation for the approaching manufactures census the division of the Census Bureau having this work in charge has prepared a general schedule, which will be sent to all manufacturing establishments. In addition to this, supplemental schedules covering the sixty-eight groups of manufacturing industries, classified for this purpose by the bureau, will be used

There are other divisions of the Bureau of the Census, which do not come in for mention in this article inasmuch as they come into contact with the decennial census work only indirectly if at all. Their work continues from day to day and is no heavier by reason of the fact that Uncle Sam is getting acquainted with his family.

It is a gigantic task, this taking of a decennial census. It is perhaps the greatest peacetime activity in which the Government engages. It calls for willing coöperation on the part of everyone, a coöperation that always has been present in the past and for which the Census Bureau confidently looks in January, 1920. The spirit of the census—that spirit so well set forth by James A. Garfield—enters into every employee of the Census Bureau, from the director in Washington to the stout-hearted enumerator in ice-bound Alaska who covers his district on snowshoes and sled.



The Greatest Improvement in Screw Making Since 236 B. C.

When Thomas Ferry perfected his ingenious process he scrapped a theory that engineers have clung to for more than 2,000 years

THE first screw was probably invented by Archimedes, for use in launching a ship, 236 years before the birth of Christ. From that time until 1907, when Thomas Ferry came forth with a wholly new principle, there has been but one *basic* theory of forming screws.

The diagrams at the top tell the story. The old idea is illustrated at the left. If, for example, a screw with a one-inch hexagon head is to be made, a bar of steel of the same size and shape as the head is used. The round shank of the screw, in diameter much smaller than the head, is made by cutting down the bar.

As a result of this comparatively slow and tedious method, the steel that is milled away is practically a dead waste.

Thomas Ferry's process

Thomas Ferry's process — perfected out of a lifetime of screw-making experience — is illustrated at the right.

It is a complete reversal of the old method. Note that he uses a bar of steel — *its size not* that of the head, but *of the shank*.

There is little cutting down to do — the waste of raw material is inconsequential.

His principle is simple enough. His real problem rested in finding a way to form the head. As an experienced metallurgist he knew it would not do to batter a shapeless knob on the end of the shank, and then to cut this knob to the desired size and shape of the head. Steel will not stand such treatment.

The real achievement

For years Thomas Ferry labored with this problem. And out of his experiments, finally, came an ingenious matrix, or die, that gave perfect results.

The screw blanks are fed into this matrix, one by one — proper compression forms the heads — and the matrix confines the expansion of the metal to the exact shape and size desired.

Heat-treating adds to strength

After the screws are formed, they are then heat-treated to insure, in the steel itself, maximum tensile and ductile strength. The head of the screw is finely finished, the end pointed, and the shank threaded.

All of these steps are performed by high-speed automatic machines, with special tools and equipment, developed by Thomas Ferry and fully covered by patents.

Screws of micrometer accuracy

In developing this process, speed was not Thomas Ferry's only object. An ideal even more paramount in his mind was absolute precision accuracy.

Ordinary scale measurements were not close enough. The Ferry process recognizes only exact micrometer measurements. A product absolutely uniform to Pratt & Whitney gauges is insured at all times.

The result is a screw — the Ferry Process Screw — as perfect as modern science can make it —

Perfect from the standpoint of economical manufacture, of precision accuracy, of engineering design, of practical metallurgy.

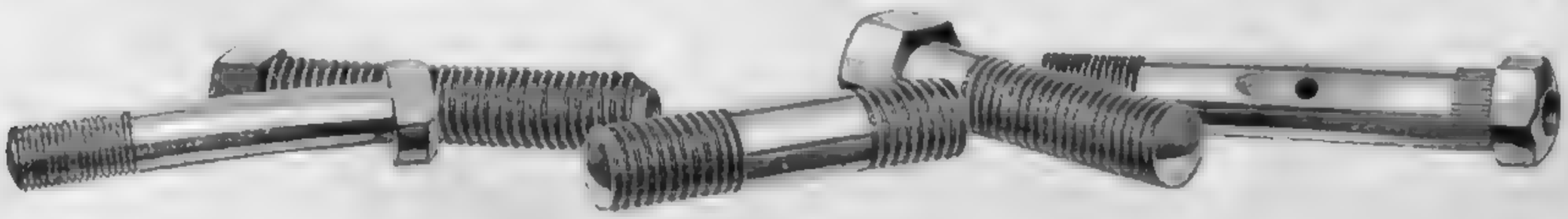
Ferry Process Screws are used in vast quantities and for varying purposes, by many of the largest manufacturers in American industry. In many cases, their use was specified only after the most thorough and exhaustive tests and comparisons. Among these important users may be listed the following well-known concerns

American Seeding Machine Co.
Buffalo Forge Company
Chain Belt Company
Chandler Motor Company
Dodge-Steel Pulley Corporation
Eberhard Mfg. Company
Federal Motor Truck Company
Gendron Wheel Company
B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.
Hinkley Motors Corporation
Holt Mfg. Company
A. Y. McDonald Mfg. Company
Maxwell Motors Company
Oakland Motor Car Company
Oliver Chilled Plow Works
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co.
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Studebaker Corporation
Timken-Detroit Axle Company
The White Company

Ferry Process Screws will meet your requirements just as they are meeting the requirements of these prominent manufacturing firms. Whatever your needs, standard or special — in cap screws, set screws, milled studs, connecting rod bolts, spring bolts, tie rod bolts and screw machine products — an opportunity to consider your specifications will be appreciated

THE FERRY CAP AND SET SCREW COMPANY, 2151 Scranton Road, Cleveland, Ohio

FERRY PROCESS SCREWS



OUT-OF-DOORS

Mammoth Cave Park

SOMEONE or other said a long time ago that the best natural habitat for the human species is some place where the trees grow large and where the wild fowl come. This bill of specifications, if accurate, rather limits the cream of this country to some parts of the Southern States. The Nordic race on this continent has reached as good development as it anywhere has found in certain portions of the South. To-day if you had to choose a place for an American mansion house where a fellow could spend his declining days in ease and dignity could you very much beat some of the ancient oak-covered hills of certain regions of the South? If you did not find wild fowl there perhaps you might find horses and hounds and foxes or something of the sort.

The old states of Virginia and Kentucky are about as close to the American heart after all as any others. We don't always agree with them, but we love them. There is a sort of half-humorous pride that we all entertain in Old Kentucky. The trees grow tall there, just as potatoes grow tall in Kansas. The entire state was laid out on a generous scale and has always been operated on such a scale. The land titles over some of the state are bad because of the ancient overlapping ideas of a lot of good judges of land who all wanted the same thing and each of whom carried a good tomahawk to blaze a tree. None the less Kentucky has got on. As to its horses, its liquor and its ladies the world knows Kentucky's fame. Though Congress has shorn Kentucky of one-third of its galaxy the other two constituents, let us hope, will remain for a long time unchanged.

Kentucky always has scorned little things. If it had to pull a cave it pulled a big one. In your father's time the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky was one of the wonders of the world. To see the Mammoth Cave was one of the absolutely correct things to do. It meant social distinction. In those times newspapers wrote up the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky about every so often. The magazines of that day printed small and smudgy woodcuts of it. But no modern magazine, so far as I know, ever has printed a good story about the Mammoth Cave. It has gone out of fashion. The great natural wonders of our western country have taken its place. We have had the scenery of our great system of national parks thrown at us in chunks, so that we have quite naturally forgotten Kentucky's natural wonder.

That was too bad, because at one time it was one of two or three institutions which would not be denied. There was Saratoga in New York and White Sulphur in Virginia and the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Acquaintance with these established a cosmopolitan knowledge of society. My own father and mother made their wedding journey to old White Sulphur and only the Civil War and certain other things prevented their completion of the old social program. My father always told me that it was one of the ambitions of his life to see the Mammoth Cave.

Those were times of infrequent travel. We had no motor cars, no cheap railway transportation, so we took it out in reading about the Mammoth Cave. Mothers told their awe-smitten children about this marvelous series of caverns underground, about fishes that had no eyes, about rivers that never saw the light, about great crystal rooms where the candlelights flashed as though on myriad jewels. Your father told you of the stalactites and stalagmites and you knew for a while—though you have forgotten now—which one ran up and which one ran down. Surely the thought of an underground world impressed your soul as it always does the human soul. Fairies live underground. Good and bad spirits live in the underground world. Even the Indians know that much. The subterranean world always has held fascination peculiar to itself.

We have a Wind Cave National Park, but can you right offhand tell where it is or what it is? There are caves in Oregon and California and Utah. None of them really approaches the subterranean realm of Old Kentucky, which was once held one of our American wonders. It is no astonishing thing that we should now erect the Mammoth Cave into a national park. The wonder is that we have not done it many years ago. But perhaps it may be news to many that House Bill Number 3110, introduced by Hon. R. Y. Thomas, Jr., of Kentucky, authorizes the appropriation of one million dollars for the purpose of acquiring all and sundry the national park rights to the Mammoth Cave and to thirty-two thousand acres of land lying above it and round it.

This is something which ought to have been done long ago. It will be rather a stately thing, rather an old-fashioned fine thing, rather a Virginia-and-Kentucky sort of thing, to carry through this enterprise. There are a great many people, some of them rather old people, who will sort of thrill at this thought. It will make them rub their eyes and remember a lot of things. Also it will make a lot of people of later birth rub their eyes and learn a lot of things.

Much may be said for Mammoth Cave Park which cannot be said for others of our national playgrounds. It will not cost much in upkeep. It will not need many roads. I hope it will not need many concessions where they sell Indian goods, and pictures of stalactites and stalagmites, whichever way they run. There is no water power which the water barons will wish to steal. There is no grazing privilege in Mammoth Cave which the cow barons and sheep barons will wish to steal—and I believe this is the only place in the world of which this can be said. The superintendency of such a park should be a pleasant sinecure—there will be so little to do.

As to the park itself, it cannot well be exploited, though it will mean a certain gain to Kentucky through publicity and the profit of passenger traffic. You cannot well improve a cavern unless you undertake to paint and upholster the walls. Probably the director of national parks will conclude that this is a pretty good park the way it is.

This park is close to the center of population of the United States. Advertised and made comfortably accessible it would without question develop a very great passenger traffic. There is something more that can be said about Mammoth Cave, which cannot be said for the greatest of our other parks. It has a certain intangible spiritual quality. It carries us back to that old America which we have been forgetting. History happened in this country. Daniel Boone lived not so far across the hills, and Simon Kenton—did you ever hear of Simon? Not so far away is Ashland, the old home of Henry Clay.

You are near the blue grass of Kentucky; and the blue-grass lands of Old Kentucky and Old Virginia came as near to producing an American aristocracy as we in all likelihood will ever get. When you go to that country to realize your father's thwarted ambition of seeing the Mammoth Cave you are going back to your father's times and your father's country.

The Mammoth Cave, as perhaps you do not know, is situated not far from the headwaters of the Green River, a stream on which the Government has expended considerable sums in the way of locks and dams. The hills round the cave are beautiful. The trees grow large. Wild fowl came not so far away at one time and the great game of our forefathers ranged here. If the park be not created the ever-waiting man with the ax soon will have all these hardwood trees and there will exist more of a desert over these hills than under them. The creation of this park will stop all that sort of thing. For your father's sake, why not vote for Mammoth Cave Park?

Side-tracked, almost forgotten, excellent but neglected, like so many things American, the old Mammoth Cave has just been waiting for you to discover it. It wears a bonnet flaring wide in front, with roses round the rim and a ribbon that ties under the chin. It wears a wide scarf of bellowered silk. It wears mitts, silk gloves with the fingers cut out. It has long curls hanging down beside its neck, falling in front over the shoulder. And its eyes—ah, what eyes your own mother used to have! What do you think should a fellow vote for this li'l ol' park?

All About the Old West

FOR traceable reasons there has come to hand a great deal of material about old times in the West—material rather hard to classify and sometimes rather difficult to use. Some of it is in book form—little volumes of limited circulation, recountals of personal experiences, easy to read and hard to dismiss, though few of them perhaps ever could hope to reach the best-selling class, even had their authors had such an end in view.

A little volume called The Prairie Schooner tells something of the life story of a man now seventy years of age, now living in an Eastern state, who once upon a time lived in the West, a bullwhacker in the old freighting days of the plains. Mr. William Francis Hooker in the old times could handle his seven yoke of oxen in the flour-and-bacon days of the West as well as the next man. Even the title of his book brings to mind the pictures of the long trains of white-topped wagons passing West soon after the Civil War. The real thing, this. For any man who really cares to know what the wild West really was volumes such as this are indispensable.

Another somewhat personal volume is the product of another man now living in New York who spent much of his early manhood on the frontier of Iowa and Nebraska. He calls his volume When the Wildwood was in Flower. The author, Mr. G. Smith Stanton, went West in the early 60's, freshly graduated from the law school of Columbia College. He undertook cattle raising in western Iowa and in Nebraska, and should you read his pages you will learn that even the farming regions of the West had their bold romance once upon a time. No fiction can give you the actual color of all the life of the Middle West as this book does. It enables you to see the West-bound advance, how it came halting, pushing ahead, holding its own and going forward. The author seems to have a personal grievance against the beef trust, which he thinks put him out of business, but in spite of the personal note his book is first-hand history of America.

Letters of an Argonaut

A KIND-HEARTED lady has been so good as to send me some letters which her grandfather wrote to her grandmother from the gold fields of California in 1849 and 1850. This was before the day of envelopes. What postage was paid I did not know, but frequent mention is made of the difficulty in getting a letter out from the mines. Curious letters, these, but strangely alive and vital. The writer addressing his wife back in Tennessee always begins "Dear Wife," and usually subscribes himself, "yours truly."

He writes in rather a stiff English, but uses very good language, though there are some strangely misspelled words, for people did not spell as well in those times as they do to-day.

He was a very practical sort of Argonaut, and yet in each one of his letters, telling for the most part of hard work and disappointment, there breathes a simple devotion and loyalty to his wife which leaves one almost ashamed to read his letters, even though regarding them as astonishing historical documents. I call to mind the time when I reveled in a bagful of letters I once found in the garret when I was a boy—which I got a proper hiding for opening. They were love letters from my own father to my mother, years old then. Some of them were done in poetry. I had some fun with the old man about that later on, but he had the most fun with me at that time.

The Sequel to Some History

I WONDER if Doctor West would like a word or so from what seems to be just now a sort of clearing house on early Western stuff? Let me say that when I was in New Mexico some years ago, twenty-three years after the time when I was lost in Fort Stanton cave and a few years before Pat Garrett was killed, I visited him and his family at his ranch near the Organ Mountains. One of the family was a half-wild slip of a chap whom I would have picked out as sure to grow up into a good cowpuncher. This week I got a letter from that boy—Pat Garrett, Jr.—and it comes from the embassy of the United States at Rome, Italy. It is the letter of a well educated young man and it made me rub my eyes a bit to think what changes a few years can make. I think I shall quote from that letter just for the sake of Doctor West out in Oklahoma, if for no one else.

"I am trying very hard to gather data on papa's life for my own information and would be very grateful if you would be so kind as to assist me in this connection. I was too young when he was alive to receive the information first-hand, but I know that you were one of his very few confidants. I had never heard before of the killing in self-defense in Texas, of which a certain article speaks, and consequently know nothing of its details.

"My people were all well the last I heard. Mamma, Pauline and my two younger brothers are still in Las Cruces. Poe is in El Paso and Lizzie is studying music in New York. She has written several songs which are quite encouraging, among which is our state song, Oh, Fair New Mexico. Annie is in Arizona, married, and now has two whopping boys and a girl. I am planning on returning to the States next year to finish up my law. The diplomatic service is very alluring, but my ambitions and hopes all center out in New Mexico. It must be the grasp which that country has on all who really get to know it."

Flotsam and Jetsam

A LADY in Montana is nice enough to write and say that her father and mother were both Montana pioneers, settling there in 1856—when Montana certainly must have been some wild. She thinks her father would enjoy any articles about the old West and any news from that old country, so she is nice enough to say she is glad to read anything about the wonderful history of that wonderful land.

A friend in Michigan writes to ask me to go deer hunting, there to meet an old-time sportsman of the Middle West whom I have not seen for very many years and regarding whom he writes:

"Mr. E. H. Gillman is now seventy-eight years old. He worked on the Mississippi River boats before the Civil War and during that time and ever since has been closely associated with the old-time sporting fraternities, especially such as existed thirty or forty years ago. He was well acquainted with such characters as W. F. Cody, Ira Paine and many others of the greatest shots who ever lived in this country. He himself was at one time champion live-pigeon shot of the United States. He has hunted all kinds of game in Michigan for sixty years, and I believe knows more of the passing of game than any other man in this part of the country."

Yes, I know something of Mr. Gillman and of the old-time trap-shooting societies which once flourished in the West. There were times when we shot wild live pigeons at the trap. Then came times when it was unlawful to shoot tame pigeons at the trap. Now there are no wild pigeons in the world. Yes, very much can be said about the passing of American game and about the passing of the American West, but perhaps too much has been said here already. In writing so much about the earlier days I want chiefly to remind the men of to-day that America was once a wonderful country for a man. It is to-day still a wonderful country for a man. We ought, as it seems to me, to keep some of the old American principles inviolate for the future.

Once we were a race of adventurers and sportsmen, with a wide world of adventurous and sporting opportunity before us. That world is much changed, but it is not destroyed. We ought to keep at least a part of it as nearly as possible as it once was, because there are plenty of Americans coming on in whose hearts there will smolder or will flame the old love for adventure and sport in the out-of-doors. Nearly all the old American families run to sport and adventure—it is in the blood.

My Wonderful Piano

Ethel Leginska

Records exclusively for the DUO-ART

The Duo-Art . . . presents with unique power to give a perfect echoes of the pianist's most inspired performance . . . my Duo-Art Record Rolls are veritably my musical "alter ego."

Ethel Leginska

MY PIANO stands in the corner of our living room. To appearance it is a beautiful little mahogany Weber Grand.

Pianists who occasionally come to our house and sit at it marvel at its tone. It seems incredible that such a dainty little instrument can hold so full and rich and deep a tone.

But the tone of my piano, glorious as it is, is but the smallest part of its wonder. It is really a *magic* instrument. To explain, let me tell you about last night.

After finishing my paper, I turned the lights low. It had been a hard day in town and I wanted music. Nothing else is so restful and so uplifting.

When ready I summoned the fairies who preside over the destinies of all magic things. "I want to hear the most beautiful music in the world," I said. "Not too heavy and classic, but fine music with a melody exquisitely played." And then the miracle. One by one there came into my room a troop of the spirits of the great pianists—the living masters of today.

First at the keyboard was Paderewski. Bravo! No one in the world can play his Minuet as he. Dainty, crisp, sparkling, the superb voice of my Weber sang a melody into the notes under those wonderful fingers that was balm to my music-hungry soul.

And then Josef Hofmann. Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso." No one who has ever heard Hofmann's playing can forget it or mistake it. No wonder the world pays such high tribute to its master artists. Pieces that you think you know take on such beauty and such new meaning under their hands.

One by one the other spirits played. Harold Bauer, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Rudolph Ganz, Percy Grainger, Guiomar Novaes, dainty little Winifred Byrd—each gave freely of his or her genius to make my enjoyment and happiness complete. And then as my mood changed, came others—masters of dance and popular music—and played as only these can play these light and rhythmic pieces.

* * *

This isn't the whole story of my wonderful piano, but only a very small part. Complete, it's the most wonderful musical story the world has ever heard. And the world is beginning to find it out.

You may have a piano like it—a Steinway, a Steck, a Stroud or a magnificent Weber, like mine. And you may have it either as a Grand or an Upright.

Moreover, when you wish, this wonderful instrument will make a pianist of *you*. You may listen to Paderewski play his Minuet and then *you can play it after him*. Because this piano is a *Pianola* as well as a reproducing piano. And the Pianola music-rolls make a wonderful artist of *you*.

* * *

Those who would like to know more about this new piano are invited to write for a catalog describing in detail the Duo-Art Pianola.

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One Council Meat will lead to another at your house—the taste convinces you. Ask your grocer to start a Council Meat Market on your pantry shelf.

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Lunch Tongues	Potted Meat-Products	Sausage Meat
Roast Beef	Ol' Mammy Hash	Ox Tongues
Genuine Potted Ham	Tripe	Genuine Deviled Tongue

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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Ignorance

HE WAS old and bent, and his hands were gnarled by six decades of labor with the soil from which he dug a living. He stood at my side as I fed sheets of paper into a printing press, and marveled that such wonders could have existed without his knowledge. As I finished the run and threw the belt on the idle pulley he touched my sleeve.

"I am an old man," said he, "and yet this is the first time I have seen a printing press. I am very ignorant."

As I looked at him it occurred to me that he had been plowing and harrowing and planting and reaping all these years in order that I might eat. From him and his like I had got my living, giving in return a few columns of reading matter to furnish them an hour's entertainment. He was a collaborator with Nature's God, and I a court fool.

"Father," I answered humbly, "printing is one of the newer arts, while plowing is as old as the race of man. There was no plowing worth the name before the nineteenth century, but man scratched the soil and planted seed before the dawn of history. You call yourself ignorant because you have not kept abreast of invention. It is I who am ignorant. I have a smattering of knowledge from books and a little skill in this most wonderful of arts, but I cannot plow. I have never turned a furrow or harvested a grain."

Proper education is preparation for usefulness, not the accumulation of miscellaneous knowledge. As there are diversity of gifts and diversity of tasks, so must there be diversity of training for service. The greater part of book learning in schools is but mental calisthenics, an exercise to develop the mind against the day when it may find employment in a useful task. The mongrel dog that can be trusted to bring the sheep home from pasture is educated. The stage dog that juggles balls to amuse an audience has no more education than is proved by a college diploma.

Our cultivated daughters who know how to pronounce Beethoven but do not know how to relieve an infant strangling with croup have missed the better part of education. The mission of woman is to rear children. She may hunger for a career, which is but another way of saying that she hungers for applause, and she may be endowed with unusual natural abilities, but the excuse for her existence is the task of rearing creditable offspring. If she is ignorant concerning this greatest of all duties and privileges, can knowledge concerning the folklore of Lapland and the culture of the Incas make her a better mother of men?

I wonder that it is not criminal to waste the energy of instructors in developing the minds of those whose highest ambition is to become cultured gentlemen and loaf as proof of their gentility.

In a world crying for service there is no neutrality. One must be useful or worthless. The worthless are an unjust burden on society, and though they speak a dozen tongues and astonish us with the extent of their knowledge concerning inconsequential matters they are but a travesty on education.

There is no ignorance except uselessness. No one mind can acquire or retain the sum of human knowledge. This man can operate a railroad, this one mine coal, this one build bridges, this one shoe a horse. If each performs his task as well as lies within the limit of human ability he is deserving of honor. Let him who can build a bridge envy him who can shoe a horse, and let neither confess shame that he lacks knowledge of Sanskrit.

To do one necessary thing well and lack knowledge of other matters is a higher form of education than the possession of much information without knowledge of a way to make it useful in the service of mankind.

Strikes

AMERICAN citizens may have the right to combine and tie up industry. The strike may be a legitimate weapon. It may be that freedom includes the right of one member of the family to use the weapon against another member of the family. But our foreign element isn't included in the family. Aliens are guests here on probation. Until they become citizens they have not the rights of citizens.

When aliens combine to strike against our institutions and our form of government they are an invading enemy. Essentially there is no difference between an organized body of aliens that uses stones and clubs to have its way with our industrial system and an organized army of aliens that comes marching in column of fours.

We are guilty of too much hospitality. Guests have liberties. We have granted them license. One may be a good host without granting guests the right to break up the furniture.

We are in need of a statute that will provide a means of deporting aliens who conspire against the existing order of things in America.

Titles

YESTERDAY an unusually pretty girl came to my shop to have her name printed on some bits of pasteboard. She asked for visiting cards. The business of selecting a style of type for the printing cost her little effort, but the problem of deciding between the printing of her name with and without a prefixed Miss left her helpless, and she appealed to me for expert advice. How a request for advice flatters us! With what gravity we clear our throats and endeavor to do the occasion justice!

I said to her: "My dear, titles are prized by those who feel the need of them. When men struck off the yoke of princes and declared their solemn faith in the absurdity that any one man is the equal of any other they were yet bound to precedent by the belief that a word confers dignity. They abolished the titles of king and prince and lord and count, but lest they deprive themselves of all semblance of respectability they adopted the title of mister for themselves, and declared a mister the equal of any king who sat on a throne. This was no empty boast, for they were ready to establish the fact by gunpowder.

"To call a man a lord or a duke is to compliment him by acknowledging his seeming superiority. There are few lords and dukes. To be either is to be distinguished. But the world is full of misters. He who cannot sign his name is nevertheless entitled to the dignifying mister in front of it.

"The value of a title, like the value of a medal or a diamond, lies in its rarity. The Iron Cross conferred distinction until factories put on night shifts to break established records in quantity production. When all the world is mister the title means no more than recognition of an established standard of courtesy.

"Call a tramp 'Mister' and he colors with shame or reviles you for making sport of him. But men who attain a conspicuous success outgrow the title as they climb above the level it dignifies.

"Great names cannot be glorified by a prefixed word. Pomp and power and achievement are pictured for us by the names of Julius Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Oliver Cromwell, Christopher Columbus. Can we add to their glory by calling them Mister Cæsar, Mister Bonaparte, Mister Cromwell, Mister Columbus?

"The great of our own day, by whatsoever means and in whatsoever particular they have attained distinction, are known to the public by a name unadorned and innocent of arbitrary honors.

"Young ladies who have demonstrated their exceptional worth in some profession or art consider the prefixed Miss a superfluity if not a positive detraction. A name that cannot confer honor on a title can get no honor from one."

When I had finished speaking the unusually pretty girl smiled an unusually charming smile and said that she had decided not to use the word Miss. Her father does draying for the community.

Whiskers

ALL men are endowed with certain inalienable whiskers. Among these are sideburns, goatees and all-overs. The common or Russian variety is the result of letting Nature take its course, and encourages the life, liberty and pursuit of cooties.

Whiskers may be trimmed to suit the taste of the grower, but there is a steady decrease in the number of people who like the taste of whiskers. Occasionally in rural districts one sees a mustache forming a barrage that is apparently impassable, but the greater number of men are now willing to take their victuals without winnowing.

Whiskers are cultivated by young professional men who feel the need of greater dignity and by bank cashiers who are leaving the community and feel the need of greater security. Until recently a form of mustache with a rising inflection was cultivated in Europe, but the crop wilted when struck by a draft from America.

When full grown or trimmed to match the landscape, whiskers are respectable. But when immature or running amuck, they are a synonym for villainy. Before the average police court a three days' growth is good for ten days on the rock pile. A man is not a failure while he has the ambition to shave every morning.

Whiskers are more prevalent among radicals than elsewhere, and one wonders whether these gentry wear whiskers because they are radicals or are radicals because they wear whiskers.

Preachers

THERE has been some talk to the effect that preachers may or should strike for higher pay. The preachers have done little of the talking. To the average lay mind a strike of preachers would seem as reasonable as a strike of actors or bricklayers.

There are preachers who are merely professional men. They are fashionable, cultured, suave. They talk well in and out of the pulpit and give a fashionable congregation the worth of its money. They earn as much as other professional men and have as additional reward an ex-officio dignity that other professions do not confer. Preachers of this type might feel free to strike in a pinch, but few of them have anything to strike for.

There are other preachers—many thousands of them—who shudder at the thought of a strike. They are old-fashioned. They have a conviction that God is their employer. Congregations are merely the raw material with which they labor. One does not strike against his raw material. He strikes, if at all, against his employer.

To these men hardship is not a new acquaintance. Poverty is the price they pay for the privilege of doing their work. They are not preaching in order to get a living. Their ambition is to do good. In a sense they are martyrs, and like other martyrs they welcome each fresh blow as a test of their steadfast zeal.

These men are simple and consecrated servants. To them turning the other cheek is not a pretty phrase to mouth at other people but a principle by which they live. The sophistry of statesmen and the expediency of an age that fits doctrines to its pleasures and ways of getting a profit cannot shake their faith in the ultimate triumph of gentleness, humility and love. They work for a Master, not for a salary, and the Master was despised by the prosperous, greedy and fashionable of his time. In their faith a servant is not greater than his Lord.

When I read some wise or witty comment concerning the probability of a strike by preachers I think of the godly paupers I have known, and smile. And I have a hunch that if I should ask a group of them concerning this matter they would reply in unison: "Judas struck."

Neighbors

YOUR neighbor is the man whose good opinion you crave. He may live across the street. He may live in another town. Your neighbor makes the high cost of living. Pleasing his standards, or what you imagine to be his standards, is the greater part of your financial burden. That is what puts a crimp in your bank balance.

If you had no neighbors you could be happy in a house one-half the size of the one you now occupy. A house one-half the size would afford you every needed comfort and furnish less surface for the collection of dust.

You have no particular objection to wearing shoes that have lost their original shape in an effort to conform to the shape of your feet. You have no inborn dislike of patches on pants. A car with four cylinders would serve you as well as one with six or eight.

You cannot economize in these particulars, for economy would lose you the respect of those you are eager to impress. Your neighbor has established a standard. For the sake of his approval you must live up to it. For the sake of your own you must try to excel it.

Neighbors are a costly institution.

The Mexican situation seems determined to develop into a job.

Some believe that incompetents should be slain in a merciful and scientific manner, and others believe they should be saved to serve on government commissions.

Now that there is no liquid ingredient for a high old time there is less appreciation of low-down company.

Better to be ruled by big business than by small dreamers.

In the radical's heaven excellence is measured by the degree of one's failure.

The only reason we are able to survive in spite of high prices is that we can no longer spend half our earnings for booze.

If officials in private business adopted the general policy of awaiting developments before deciding on a course of action most of them would end their days in the poorhouse.

The leader of men must tell his followers ten foolish things they wish to be told in order to gain their attention for one unpleasant thing they should be told.

When we say that people can't stand prosperity we mean that when they become as prosperous as we are they become fully as independent.

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J1A

HOOVER'S TRAMPS ABROAD

(Concluded from Page 44)

were living. It was parked on the second track directly in front of the station, where the light was brightest. Before leaving it they locked everything inside and out, and they noticed with relief that both Serbian and French soldiers in considerable numbers were on and about the platform. Half an hour later when they went into the car again they found it had been entered from the opposite side and considerable baggage stolen.

Kreske complained to the French officer in charge, but was offered no assistance. Meanwhile the train—at somebody's orders—had started off. Kreske stopped it with his drawn revolver, and found after a personal search what he thought was all of the stolen baggage. Next morning he discovered that eight thousand kronen and some toilet articles had remained in the hands of the thieves.

Kreske's whole report to Colonel Causey is a jewel. It is a simple formal recital of bare facts, with not a waste word in it. And it contains enough stories of wild and weird adventure to add half a dozen volumes to the saga of American railroading.

Other young Americans were ordered to get food through to the starving people of Armenia, who had set up their republic at the southeastern corner of the Black Sea. A United States destroyer took them scouting round the shores of that inland ocean, and at Odessa, as had been expected, they found plenty of wheat stored up and rotting. But it couldn't be bought for money.

The Russian owners were in dire need of clothing, agricultural machinery and all kinds of manufactured goods, but they had no use in the world for money. Up in Petrograd Brother Lenine had complete control of paper mills and engraving and printing plants, and was therefore able to duplicate exactly the bank notes and other paper money of any and every nation. One of his pet schemes for destroying capitalism—it seems to me rather Napoleonic—was to print Russian, German, French, English and American money in bales and carload lots and distribute it all over the world where it would do the most harm. Since he was able to make bogus money that no expert could tell from the original, the plan had possibilities. And it was easy to pay private soldiers in the red army one thousand rubles a day—or five thousand, for that matter. So money was plentiful all over Russia, and it was almost impossible to buy anything with it.

I am not a shark in financial matters, but any poor fish should be able to see that too much money is just as bad as none at all. If we all were paid two thousand dollars a day we would probably be worse off than if our per diem was one dollar and seventy-five cents. Not by constantly boosting wages are the inequalities of life to be fairly leveled up! It will be necessary to keep other machines than the printing press running twenty-four hours a day.

Back from Odessa to Paris went Hoover's tramp engineers, with a list of the stuff the Odessa merchants were especially anxious to get in trade for their wheat. A few hundred tons of army clothing, boots and shoes, and machinery of various kinds were secured and loaded into one of the United States Shipping Board steamers. I think the rate of exchange between this cargo and wheat was about one ton to ten. So the same steamer took on some eight thousand tons of wheat at Odessa and went plowing on across the Black Sea toward Armenia.

It happens that only one railroad runs into Armenia, and it goes first through the territory of the nice new little Republic of Georgia. Now the Georgians are a hardy and warlike race who seem to care less for the Armenians—if possible—than for any other of their neighbors. They expressed what may be charitably described as complete indifference whether the Armenians starved to death or otherwise. But it was necessary to land that wheat at the port of Batum and ship it over the one railroad which leads first up to Tiflis if it was to get into Armenia at all. Reluctantly the Georgians admitted that it might be possible to arrange, but they could not permit all this free food to go through their country without charging a modest toll of, say, two carloads of wheat out of every ten unloaded. Diplomacy, argument, humanitarian appeals, veiled threats—all were in vain. The tramp engineers met more than their match for once. The tribute had to be paid.

After distributing a cargo of American food in another little Balkan state, through the regular officials of its government, the officer in charge reported with affecting gratification that not much more than ten per cent of the total had stuck to the fingers of those who handled it. He was so amazingly pleased because previous experience had made him confident that at least a quarter of it would thus be absorbed.

I have what I consider the best authority in the world for saying that if the United States consents to take a mandate for Armenia as it stands to-day it will assume an endless burden of expense and trouble.

"The present Armenia," says my authority, "can never be made to pay its own way. Within its present borders it will be forever bankrupt. It cannot support its population, and no amount of development will make it self-supporting. If, after the prayerful consideration which the subject warrants, this country finally concludes to take a mandate at all, it should at least insist that enough territory be added to Armenia, under the same mandate, to make success remotely possible."

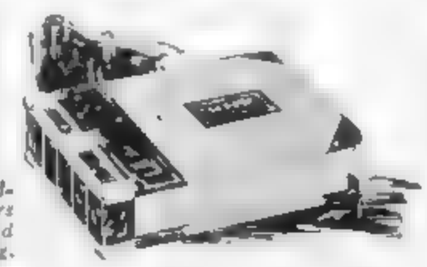
Bait for Every Fish

THE slender young minister, fresh from divinity school, had come to Cherry Corners with the consciousness of his high calling heavy upon him. Being a bachelor, he was enthusiastically and unanimously elected to teach the Berean Sunday-school class. In order to keep in touch, so to speak, with the charming coterie of young ladies who constituted his class he devised many innocent little outings for their diversion. On one occasion teacher and class journeyed down to the river for a picnic—an innocuous form of amusement—to say the least.

They met an old farmer in the woods. Desiring to show himself pleasant, the old fellow asked: "Goin' fishin', young folks?"

"No, my good man," answered the young divine with disconcerting dignity. "I am a fisher of men."

The farmer's eyes twinkled as he glanced from one girlish face to another and he responded: "Well, I ganny, son, you've got the right kind of bait!"



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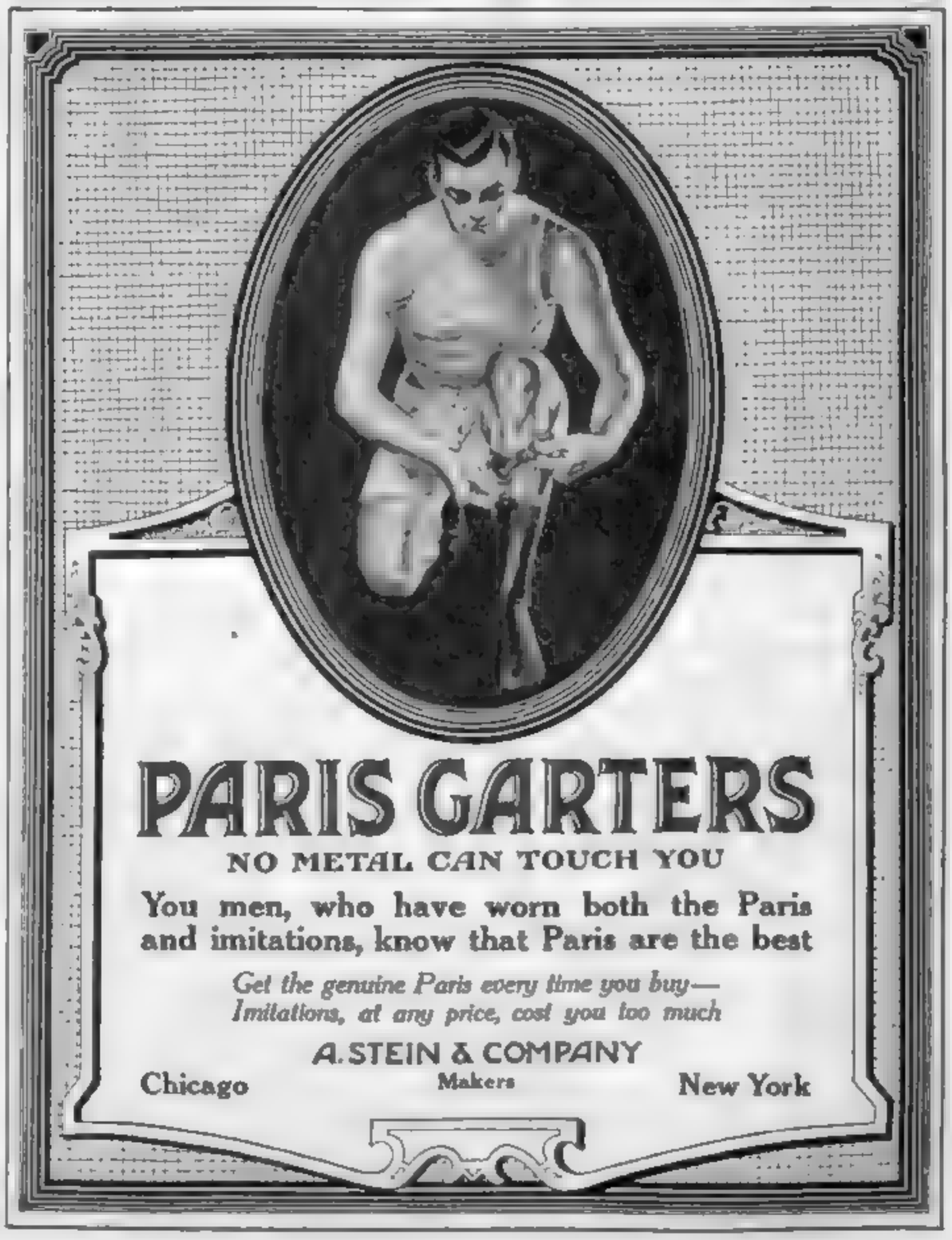

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Get the genuine Paris every time you buy—
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ALL IN ONE. Stimulates circulation. Cleanses the pores. Fortifies against colds, disease, contagion. Takes only 3 minutes and you'll feel like new.
Did you ever stop to think what a slow, unsanitary method is the old way of bathing? Think of the sediment left in tub when the water runs out! Think of taking a bath in dirty water! And yet—that's the way some folks still bathe.
BATHE THE MODERN WAY
Keep well by keeping clean. Make Knickerbocker your daily habit. It's the only sanitary way to bathe. Fresh, running water any temperature desired and medium or coarse through hundreds of hollow rubber teeth. It's quick, refreshing, tingling fun. Does not spatter.
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The flexible rubber "tubes" of Knickerbocker penetrate the heaviest hair and massage the scalp better than the human hand while clean running water carries away every particle of scum, dirt and dandruff. Promotes growth in a natural way.
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THE SPECIAL INTERESTS—NEW STYLE

(Continued from Page 5)

its own. It stands at Massachusetts Avenue and Ninth Street and houses not only the officers of the national labor body but of some dozen or more unions. The labor people have always believed in the direct method of approach with Congress. Representatives of organized labor are much about the Capitol, frequently in committee rooms and in the offices of senators and members of the House. They keep in close personal contact with members who are friendly to the labor interests. Their volume of written propaganda addressed to Congress is not great. The labor men seek to know by close personal contact and personal experience what is going on in Congress under the surface. They usually do know.

Some of the men who represent labor at Washington have as accurate a working knowledge of the processes and routine and temper of Congress as any veteran member of either branch. No bill or legislative proposal of any sort affecting directly or remotely the interests or the welfare of labor ever gets through Congress without a thorough discussion and the most attentive consideration of organized labor's viewpoint. This has come about through years of steady and intelligent effort.

Chamber of Commerce Activities

Mr. Gompers particularly has come to be more and more of a figure in Washington the longer he has resided here. In the past eight years it has been easier for him than it has been for some members of the cabinet to see President Wilson. There is no office of the Government, from the White House through the cabinet ministers downward, to which he does not have immediate and easy access. He has been more consulted by President Wilson than by President Taft or President Roosevelt, but he was by no means a negligible figure in Washington even in those earlier days.

Mr. Gompers and his associates virtually designated the members of the labor group in the President's industrial conference of last October.

Though not so old in years or experience as the labor group at Washington the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which represents capital and business, has come to have a steadily increasing influence upon Congress. This body was established here quite openly and avowedly to exercise a legitimate influence upon Congress on behalf of business interests throughout the United States and to take advantage of the unrivaled publicity facilities which Washington offers through the corps of Washington correspondents. In most newspaper offices a Washington date line is numbered among the sacred cows that every newspaper office cherishes. A place in the paper is found for dispatches and letters from Washington when columns of other matter are being crowded out for want of space. Washington news is supposed to be a little better and a little more important than the news from any of the other great news sources. It has a certain prestige. And it is of this prestige that the propaganda shops seek to take advantage by establishing themselves here.

The Chamber of Commerce does not seek to establish such close personal relationship with the members of Congress as do the labor people. As one of the officers of its organization put it to me: "I think more Congressmen come into the office here to see me than I go to the Capitol to see. They come to get information. We have tried to build up a reputation for having accurate information about business in the United States. We have never given Congress any false information, and now they are coming to trust in us and believe what we say." From time to time the chamber sends written propaganda to Congress, but it depends chiefly for its influence upon a series of referendums among its business membership on any topic in Congress in which business men are interested. It has conducted twenty-eight of these referendums among business men throughout the United States, on such various topics as a national budget; a permanent tariff commission, the Owen-Glass currency bill, which resulted in the Federal Reserve Act; the proposal to create an interstate trade commission; on trust legislation relative to proposals for legislation regulating business practices; the upbuilding of the merchant marine; economic results of the war on American business; the Seamen's Act; the national defense; Federal aid for vocational education; prevention of strikes and lockouts; control of prices during the war; on the proposal to discriminate against Germany in trade after the war if necessary for self-defense; water-power development; war finance; principles of industrial relations; remedial railroad legislation; and has now in progress a referendum on ocean transportation and government-owned merchant ships.

These referendums are managed in such a way as to establish confidence in the value of their findings. The questions to be voted upon are put clearly and accompanied by arguments for and against each proposal. The votes are taken by business organizations scattered throughout the country. It has been proved that they do fairly indicate what business men as a whole think should be done. The results of these referendums are sent to each member of Congress with a detailed analysis showing how and by whom every vote was cast. They have undeniably had an influence. At the same time the material is supplied to the newspapers, and it is generally printed. The Chamber of Commerce now has plans to erect a great modern temple of business across Lafayette Square from the White House on the site of one of the historic old residences of Washington.

The heads of the various farmers' organizations and unions, noting how articulate labor and capital had become at Washington, decided also to establish themselves at the national capital. The National Board of Farm Organizations bought and paid $60,000 for the spacious residence on I Street that had been occupied by Frelinghuysen, President Arthur's Secretary of State; John Wanamaker, Harrison's Postmaster-General, and William C. Whitney, Cleveland's Secretary of the Navy. Though this house has thirty rooms it is occupied only temporarily, until the farmers can find an adequate site on which to construct a modern temple of agriculture. They want something permanent and imposing, and on an equal status with capital and labor.

The member organizations of this national board are the Farmers' Educational and Coöperative Union of America; Farmers' National Congress; National Agricultural Organization Society; National Conference on Marketing and Farm Credits; National Dairy Union; Pennsylvania Rural Progress Association; National Milk Producers' Federation; Farmers' Society of Equity; Federation of Jewish Farmers of America; American Association for Agricultural Legislation; Intermountain Farmers' Association; Corn Belt Meat Producers' Association; Pennsylvania State Grange; Farmers' Equity Union.

The Plans of the Farmers

The organization claims to represent about two million of the approximately seven million farmers in the United States. It has a mailing list of about twelve hundred persons and newspapers and farm journals throughout the United States to which it sends a weekly publicity sheet. It also gives out from time to time to the Washington correspondents news stories relating to current legislative activities. The day I called, for example, an interview favoring the pending bill in Congress giving farmers the unequivocal right collectively to dispose of their products was being sent to the resident correspondents. "It will probably be printed in half a dozen newspapers," said the secretary; "maybe more."

The farmers propose to model themselves more or less on the lines of the Chamber of Commerce. They, too, expect to hold referendums and then tell Congress what the farmers think. One of their plans is to build up an organization of experts so that when a transportation problem comes up or one concerning food prices or one about the profits made by farmers they will be able to present data on the farmers' side of the case. They want to establish the fixed practice and custom of making every Secretary of Agriculture a practical farmer. The organized farmers will not only watch legislation but they are actively promoting and pushing bills in Congress that are to their interest and advantage. The bill fathered by Senator Capper to permit collective bargaining is a present case in point. The only large farmers' organization not a member of this comparatively new farmers' lobby is the National Grange, but it coöperates with the national board and will support the national board in its efforts to make the farmers' influence on Congress as direct and as strong as the influence of labor and of capital.

These are the big three—capital, labor and the farmers, owning their own homes, with nation-wide organizations, and conducted on a big scale. But Washington is also full of little propaganda shops trying to make decisions easy for Congress and to manufacture public opinion for the press. Nearly every office building houses half a score or more of these new special interests with propaganda to give away. They run in size from the small shop occupying one or two rooms manned by a stenographer and a publicity agent, right through to a floor or more in a big office building full of clerks and typewriters and mimeographing machines. They represent whisky and beer and prohibition and coal and timber and land development and militarism and anti-militarism and peace and war and suffrage and antisuffrage and oppressed nationalities—lots and lots of these—and free speech and conservation and military rank for army nurses and contractors and consumers and women workers and cotton manufacturers and the Plumb plan for taking over the railroads and cane growers and prisons and prison labor and aëroplanes and government clerks and the protection of American rights in Mexico and a big navy and every sort and manner of thing that you ever heard of. And a lot more that you haven't heard of, but would if the Washington correspondents printed one-half of the flood of free-publicity stuff that pours into their offices every day.

Press Agents' Paradise

Not only are there scores of organizations of one kind or another pouring forth propaganda but more and more the great industrial concerns of the country are establishing offices in Washington, not primarily to influence legislation but rather to keep in touch with all the activities of the Government, many of which concern them in a business way. The National Coal Association, composed of bituminous-coal operators, occupies one whole floor in the Commercial Bank Building, Fourteenth and G Streets. Its publicity, like that of the Railroad Administration, is conducted by a former reporter of the Associated Press. Many local boards of trade and chambers of commerce—as of Indianapolis; Seattle; Honolulu, and Portland, Oregon—maintain Washington offices with one man in charge, whose business it is to keep his employers informed of every governmental move that may promise contracts. Twenty years or more ago the American Federation of Labor led the procession in removing its headquarters to Washington, and its example has been followed by the Anti-Saloon League, the woman-suffrage associations, the American cane and beet sugar men, the whisky interests and the brewers, the real-estate boards of the country, the lumber, petroleum, iron and steel and other trades.

The National Canners' Association maintains a research laboratory here. Gifford Pinchot, father of the conservation movement, is still represented through his National Conservation Association in two offices in the Woodward Building.

The National Civil Service Reform League keeps a capable young woman looking after its interests in a room in the District National Bank Building. The Rivers and Harbors Congress, with its quarters in the Colorado Building, is relatively an ancient institution. Since the alcohol war began the brewing interests, already represented by an attorney, have snatched a senator's secretary away and made him their publicity agent. Dozens of former newspaper men, in fact, are drawing salaries as organization secretaries or publicity agents or both, greater than they ever received in their own profession.

The suffragists have maintained perhaps the most elaborate and aggressive propaganda shop in town. The regulars, as some call the National Woman Suffrage Association, several years ago leased a beautiful

(Concluded on Page 61)

James Watt Had the Right Idea

DISCOVERING the wonderful power of steam was only one of James Watt's contributions to science. His genius revolutionized engine building.

It was he who, in 1774, circled the engine piston with a flexible band of metal—to stop the leaking power. Pistons had always been "packed" with hemp—a flimsy makeshift.

In these early days, the metal rings were *hammered* by hand to get *permanent*, *equal pressure* against the cylinder walls.

American Hammered Piston Rings

are hammered by machinery to obtain absolute accuracy for modern motor construction.

But they retain the basic *hammering* principle—tried and proved in spite of fad or fancy.

They are fundamentally right.

Motor Engineers say— "One-Piece Piston Rings!"

Standard Equipment

BUICK
CHALMERS
COLE
DODGE
MAXWELL
MERCER
NASH
OAKLAND
PIERCE-ARROW
STUTZ
STUDEBAKER
WHITE
WINTON

ONE-PIECE rings are now chosen more than all others by motor car manufacturers for standard equipment.

American Hammered Piston Rings are one-piece. Their *simplicity* means added strength and wearing quality, with minimum breakage.

Under all conditions of speed, temperature and high pressure in the combustion chamber, American rings *retain* their tension, and are *leakless*.

In buying rings for replacement, insist on American Hammered Piston Rings. You can then be sure of the same high quality that has earned the preference of leading automobile engineers.

American Hammered Piston Ring Company
Baltimore, Maryland

"Look for the hammer trade mark"

Leakless - One Piece - Guaranteed

FAULTLESS

"Wearever"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RUBBER GOODS

PAT. MAR. 20, '06

PAT. JULY 13, '15

Warm Each Child's Bed on Cold Nights

Take one or more No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottles home tonight. Put one, good and hot, wrapped in a towel, into each child's bed. Use another to warm your own cold, tired, aching feet. There's a world of solid comfort for every member of your family in "No. 40." Your physician will tell you a hot water bottle helps to bring sound, refreshing sleep and to relieve the discomforts caused by little ailments, fatigue and exposure; while the same bottle, filled with cold water or chopped ice, allays inflammation and congestion and reduces fever.

Another home rubber necessity shown on this page is the No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringe, which promotes health through hygienic cleanliness. Both "No. 40" and "No 24" are *moulded-in-one-piece*. They have no seams to leak no bindings to come loose—no concealed weaknesses to cause trouble. They are made of "live" rubber—pliant, strong and velvety smooth. Patented Oval Neck Construction of "No. 40" makes filling easy and quick. Get the larger sizes of "No. 40" and "No. 24" because the greater volume of liquid they contain holds its temperature for a longer time.

Make Baby healthier, stronger and happier with the FAULTLESS NURSER, which mothers say is "Next Best to Mother's Breast." Because it gives a steady supply of food instead of air. Baby is much less apt to have wind colic. The Patented Valve and Re-inforcing Ribs prevent collapsing Made of tough long wearing yet velvety smooth rubber Can be turned INSIDE OUT for cleansing Sterilize six at a time and have one clean and sweet for each feeding.

Faultless "Wearever" Rubber Goods are sold by all representative druggists and merchants everywhere.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY

(Ashland Rubber Works)

Ashland, Ohio U. S. A.

INSIDE-OUT VIEW of Faultless Nurser Nipple, showing Patented Valve and Re-inforced Rib Construction.

Faultless Distributors to Retail Drug Trade

ATLANTA
Lamar & Rankin Drug Co.
BALTIMORE
Muth Brothers & Co.
BOSTON
Eastern Drug Company
CHICAGO
Western Bottle Mfg. Co
COLUMBUS, O.
Kaufman-Latzinger Co.
DALLAS
J. W. Crowdus Drug Co.
DENVER
Denver Brothers Drug Co.
DETROIT
Edward Williams & Clark
EVANSVILLE, IND.
Chas. Jewel & Co.
KANSAS CITY
McPike Drug Company
LINCOLN, NEB.
Lincoln Drug Co.
MACON
Lamar Taylor & Rives Drug Co.
MEMPHIS
Memphis Drug Company
NEW ORLEANS
Parker Blake Co., Ltd.
NEW YORK
Eldridge Weeks Harrow Co., Inc.
PHILADELPHIA
Valentine Rosenthal & Co., Inc.
PITTSBURGH
Shipley Manufacturing Co.
PROVIDENCE
Brandegee & Standing, Inc.
RICHMOND
Richard Gwathmey & Co., Inc.
ST. LOUIS
Chas. M. Monroe Stationery Co.
SAN FRANCISCO
Collin-Redington Co.
SEATTLE
Stewart & Holmes Drug Co.
TAMPA
Tampa Drug Company
TROY
[illegible]

IN CANADA

MONTREAL
Lymans, Limited
TORONTO
Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd.
VANCOUVER
J. A. Tepoorten, Ltd

Interesting Letter from the Far East

Tourane, Annam
French Indo-China
May 3, 1919

The Faultless Rubber Co.,
Ashland, Ohio

I wish to tell you how pleased I am with the "WEAREVER" Water Bottle that I brought with me from America nearly five years ago.

Down here in the tropics and the climate is such that rubber goods deteriorate very quickly, however this "WEAREVER" has been in constant use these five years and is still as good as new

Sincerely yours
Mrs. M. M. Irwin

(Concluded from Page 58)

residence at 1626 Rhode Island Avenue, N. W., which remained hospitably open until the last gun had been fired in the fight for the Anthony Amendment. The militants succeeded the Commercial Club in occupancy of the old Don Cameron mansion on Madison Place, where Mark Hanna died, and later ousted Secretary Lane's thriving Home Club from its immense house at 14 Jackson Place. From these two old mansions all the stunts intended to annoy the President of the United States into love for the suffrage cause were planned.

Of course all the aspiring peoples seeking freedom under the much-advertised principle of self-determination are on the ground by proxy. The Philippine Mission, whose mission it is to convert Congress to the cause of Philippine freedom, has a fine set of offices in the Munsey Building. The Lithuanian Government has a modest publicity room on Fifteenth Street over a drug store, whence issue almost daily cables telling of the abuse of Lithuanians at home by the Poles. Even the Egyptians are represented by Joseph W. Folk, former governor of Missouri, once chief counsel for the Interstate Commerce Commission. In one evening the writer listed from the telephone book some sixty publicity shops in Washington, and then threw up the job.

Many of these new propaganda shops to influence Congress undoubtedly can trace their origin and growth, indirectly at least, to our experiences during the war. It was during that period that the conduct of public affairs by propaganda got its sanction and start. The Germans started it, as everybody knows. They worked on the simple principle that if you say a thing three times it is so. It seemed to work. Then all the other warring nations took it up. Washington engaged in it heavily and spent millions of dollars through its Public Information Bureau on propaganda at home and abroad. The idea took hold, and many of these present propaganda shops to influence Congress and the newspapers are a natural evolution growing out of war days. Their methods of approach are direct and indirect. They all keep an eye on Congress. They all watch the processes of legislation. They all seek to learn what they can about the character and personnel and mode of thought of important members of the House and Senate. All the time they gush free propaganda about their enterprises, for the newspapers.

Some of them do not seek to approach Congressmen directly at all. They start a back fire in his district or home state, seeking so to fashion it that it will come to the Congressman as an unstudied and spontaneous expression of opinion from the dear ones at home. The Congressman is always listening for this voice. It is this voice that he heeds. The propagandists frequently try to simulate this voice. Sometimes they succeed, but it is becoming increasingly difficult, for the Congressman who stays here a long time and comes to a position of power also comes to be a wary bird and learns to distinguish the true and potent notes of the voice of the people from the clamor of simulated public opinion.

Biologists Take Pen in Hand

The propaganda to put over without amendment or reservation or modification the covenant of the League of Nations and the Versailles Treaty of Peace was, in the opinion of all the senators with whom I have talked, not only the most comprehensive but one of the most highly organized campaigns ever directed against Congress. Yet to this moment it has failed. The propagandists lavishly used newspapers, telegrams and the long-distance telephone. Thousands upon thousands of telegrams came to Washington while the League of Nations was under discussion in the Senate. The senators finally got interested in wondering what new form the effort to influence them would take.

"I got interested and discovered several of their methods of approach," one senator told me, "but I don't know that I found them all out. One morning I found letters in my mail from professors in the universities and colleges in my state. They came along day after day. I read them, of course. They were all in favor of the League and the treaty without reservations. Then I noticed that all of my correspondents were professors of biology. This continued for perhaps a week. Then I began to get letters from professors of mathematics, and then from professors of something else. Coming in layers this way, and classified by subjects taught, I saw that I had run into a new form of propaganda. I tried to trace it back to its source. I do not know whether I am right or not, but my suspicion and belief are that most of these letters started in the various faculties of one Eastern university, and that the faculties in other colleges and universities were asked to write to their senators. It is perfectly legitimate propaganda, but it ceased to have any effect on me when I found that it was propaganda.

"After a run of letters from the college faculties a new spigot would be turned and we would begin to get letters from the churches and from church organizations and from church associations and from preachers and from business men who were interested in church work. Some of the letters and some of the resolutions I got from the churches and the church people may have been genuine voluntary actions, but I got the very definite impression that a spring was touched, a button pushed somewhere that started them all going. Somehow I got the impression that some of these church organizations and associations were composed of almost identical groups of men, but associated under more than one name. If they had been business associations I should have said they had interlocking directorates. Their letters and resolutions taken on the surface seemed to indicate a widespread public opinion coming from widely scattered and separated groups, yet I am persuaded that not so many individuals were represented as seemed to be indicated, and that the common spring of motive which brought them into action and caused them to write letters and pass resolutions was confined to one small, highly organized, energetic group that furnished the stimulus for all."

Letters in Cycles

"These expressions of opinion came to us all in such sharply defined cycles and groups as to indicate inevitably a central organization somewhere. If in my morning's mail I found letters in favor of the League of Nations from professional men and workingmen and business men and persons of various types and classes and interests, I might hope that I was getting some indication of genuine public opinion and sentiment in my state, but when I get letters one week from professors of biology and the next week from professors of mathematics and the next week from professors of chemistry and the next week from preachers and the next week from church associations—then I begin to suspect that somewhere a headspring is being pushed, and know just how much weight to attach to my morning's mail."

Another senator who had listened to this recital spoke up and said: "Let me tell you of a specific case of another sort of propaganda that fooled me at first. One morning last November I found in my mail a letter from a good preacher in my state, an excellent man, very well known in the state, and for whose opinions and beliefs I have the highest respect. Here is the letter he wrote me. Read it:

"'*Dear Sir:* We have given consideration in our church to the pitiful condition of Armenia and hope that the Armenian people may be saved from the destruction that is now threatened by their surrounding enemies. We heartily indorse the resolution that has been introduced in the Senate for the maintenance of peace in Armenia. I am writing to you asking that you earnestly consider the sad conditions of the Armenian people at this time for the purpose of coöperating in the plan already under way to give them protection until a final settlement shall be made for them by the Allied Powers.

"'Trusting that you will take action in this matter, I am

"'Sincerely yours,

"'_____.'

"Well, naturally that is the sort of letter that a man pays attention to. It interested me. I knew of the pending resolution in the Senate, but I had not paid much heed to it because I had been busy with other matters. But I made a note to look up the whole subject. The next day I got two more letters of precisely the same tenor and almost identical in language. The next day there were two more and a set of resolutions from a church federation. Then more letters and more resolutions; always from preachers or church organizations. I wrote back to one of the ministers whom I knew well and told him I was interested in the subject and asked him how he got his information about Armenia and how he came to be interested. He replied at once that all his information regarding the Armenian situation came through an organization established in New York to promote freedom and autonomy for Armenia instead of putting that country under a mandate from the League of Nations."

Senators used to be able to gauge the effects of their speeches in the Senate on the country by the number and character of the letters they evoked; but that is no longer true. One of them told me:

"While the debate on the League of Nations was on I got up in the Senate one afternoon and made a few remarks about the Shan-tung provisions. I said that it was a shame that Japan should be given a slice of China; that Japan had designs on Chinese territory and wanted to be master of the Chinese. I illustrated my point with a brief story of the Japanese absorption of Korea and how she had deprived that country of its independence while proclaiming at the same time that she had no intention of annexing Korea. The very next day I began to get telegrams from Chinese and Koreans from every part of the United States, thanking me for my interest in their behalf. They came not only from individual Chinamen and Koreans but from Chinese and Korean associations; from San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Detroit; from every sort of place where you would not expect there was a Korean or even a Chinaman came these telegrams. Of course it stands to reason that the Chinamen and Koreans in this country do not sit up nights waiting for my speeches to appear. I do not know, as a matter of fact, whether that speech was printed in Salt Lake City or in San Francisco. It may have been, but I think the chances are that the organization the Koreans maintain here in Washington tipped their people throughout the country to send me telegrams, and that somebody here did the same thing for the Chinese."

The members of Congress never had any suspicion that there were so many oppressed nationalities in the world until the League-of-Nations debate came along. Now virtually all of the oppressed seeking self-determination maintain little propaganda shops here—the Poles, the Koreans, the Lithuanians, the Czechoslovaks, the Egyptians, the Ukrainians, and what not. They have local associations scattered throughout the country, which pass resolutions and send them to Congressmen. The Washington organizations watch proceedings of Congress and when they find a senator who appears to be friendly to the little peoples they go to see him and send him propaganda material, so that if a senator does not know who is who or what is what in the Ukraine or Lithuania it is his own fault.

No Thought for Uncle Sam

One curious omission has been noted by many senators that is common to virtually all of the written publicity and propaganda matter issued by these little foreign groups. None of them, directly or indirectly, appears to take into account the interests of the United States in their literature. They never argue that the course of action they desire will be good for this country. The whole point of all their pleas is that what they seek will be a good thing for the Poles or the Lithuanians or the Egyptians or what not. "What are you going to do for us?" is the burden of their inquiry.

A senator who was pointing this out to me cited one extreme case in a communication from thirty-two members of the faculty of the German-destroyed University of Louvain, Belgium. The communication of these Belgian professors was disseminated in this country with this disclaimer: "So far as we are aware, this was prepared and sent over without any suggestion or initiation of any nature from American sources, but is the spontaneous action of the body of distinguished scholars that constitute this faculty."

The Belgian professors addressed their communication to the American people and after urging the ratification of the treaty of peace go on to say that in their eyes "the failure of the United States to sign would inevitably mean the end of the friendship, sealed on the field of battle, between the great American nation and the democratic powers."

"A series of letters that came to me in August," said the senator who was showing the communication to me, "all began: 'I, the undersigned, an American citizen of Lithuanian descent, take the liberty of drawing your attention to the Lithuanian-Polish situation.' They then went on to recite in identic language the situation in Lithuania as they had been told to repeat it, and ended by requesting me to use my influence in Congress so the United States Government would extend to the Lithuanian Government formal recognition and compel Poland to withdraw her army from the Lithuanian territories and that all assistance be denied to Poland as long as she continues to occupy the invaded territories.

"Nobody feels more concerned and nobody has more sympathy for these small and oppressed nationalities than I have, but I do wish that Americans of whatever descent would not confine their pleas and their interests in the letters they write to me to their old home country, which they have left behind because they found this one a better one to live in, without at the same time paying more heed and giving some thought to the interests of the United States. If the Poles are oppressing the Lithuanians and if the Poles are occupying Lithuanian territory they should get out. But it is hardly our job to put them out."

Mainly Chaff

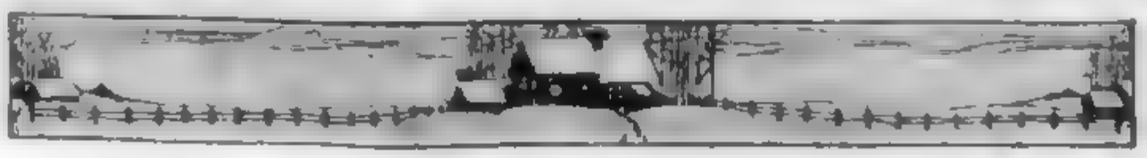
Our wards, the Filipinos, now maintain an active office in conjunction with a press bureau in Washington called the Philippine Commission of Independence. The members of the commission say of themselves in one of their press bulletins: "We are a powerful organization and we are well supplied with money, because we are here on the mandate of the Philippine people, 10,500,000 in number. The money with which we are armed comes from an appropriation of the Philippine legislature, which is composed of Filipinos elected by direct popular suffrage. It is the entire Philippine Archipelago and not a 'little bunch of Filipino politicians' that is behind us in this enterprise. There will be no slackening of pace until America learns the truth all the way through about the Filipinos."

This commission is avowedly and openly working for Philippine independence. These Filipinos answer one question which is a matter of surmise and speculation about some of the other propaganda shops. They tell where they get the money with which to conduct their activities. Who finances some of the others is among the mysteries of Washington. But they all must have sources of income to carry on their work and pay their press agents.

Now what is the effect of all this avalanche of publicity and propaganda matter on Congress and on the public mind? Some of it gets into the newspapers, but most of it does not. I find that some of the Congressmen throw it all into the wastebasket without reading it. Others file it and index it and attempt to analyze it, but more out of curiosity to discover the sources of the impetus that is behind a given movement than to attempt to inform their minds from reading it. Now that the majority of them have become expert in detecting propaganda and inspired resolutions and letters I think its value as an agency in influencing legislation is sharply on the wane. The pending railroad bills and the present discussion as to whether and on what terms the nation shall retain the carriers and run them or return them to their old owners has started a new stream of propaganda and letters. What effect they will have remains to be seen.

Meantime, the secretaries of members of Congress have their work cut out for them, separating the wheat from the chaff in the morning mail so that they will have to write replies only to real letters, leaving the propaganda to one side to be looked over at leisure or thrown away.

Almost everybody has a little propaganda shop except the great unorganized public.



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When you buy corduroy trousers (or suits) you want them made of good tough material to stand rough usage.

CROMPTON
"All-weather"
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is tough (but soft). It is strong (but not stiff). A light shower won't wet *you* or spoil your trousers, because the CROMPTON *"All-weather"* FINISH resists water.

And even if you should get your trousers rain-soaked they will dry out quickly and can be worn again next day.

CROMPTON *"All-weather"* CORDUROY is for the Miner, Railwayman, Farmer, Truckman, Machinist, Lumberman, Stevedore, Ranchman, Carpenter, Steel Worker, Hunter, Sportsman—or any other outdoor man.

CROMPTON All-Weather CORDUROY

Look for this trade-mark in the next corduroy trousers or suit you buy. It means that you are getting the genuine CROMPTON water-resistant corduroy.

CROMPTON *"All-weather"* CORDUROY will not stiffen, shrink, or lose its color.

FREE TEST

Send for our Free Test Sample of CROMPTON *"All-weather"* CORDUROY. Sprinkle it and watch the water roll off like quicksilver. You will certainly insist on getting CROMPTON *"All-weather"* CORDUROY when you buy your next pair of trousers. The best dealers sell them or will get them for you if you insist, and they are well worth insisting on.

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OLDEST MANUFACTURERS OF CORDUROYS IN THE U. S. A.

A wireless station in an hour

Wireless operating is no longer complicated or expensive. Your boy can have his own wireless station completely assembled and be receiving messages within an hour after he gets a Gilbert No. 4007 Receiving Set.

This outfit, designed and built by an expert, a Radio officer in the U. S. Army during the war, is a complete station of the latest and most approved type and will receive messages from stations 300 miles away. The Loose Coupler included is not the old, obsolete type that pulls out of the box, but a compact instrument of the new enclosed panel type, in a quartered oak cabinet.

The Book of Instructions included with the outfit contains full information about operating and tells the location of the Government and commercial wireless stations—when they send messages and how to receive them.

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LOMBROSINE

(Concluded from Page 32)

James helped her on with her coat without a word and led her away. They crossed the terrace to the lawn and approached the gate through the shrubbery.

"He has just come to the most important place," said Nelly in a mournful voice.

"Who has?"

"My husb —— Charles. He says it's to-night or never. He says he will never touch chemistry again if —— Oh, James, I am so sorry it should just happen to-night—the last night!"

"On the contrary, nothing could be better—mind the gate—he will make his discovery and be consoled for your departure."

This did not seem to comfort Nelly very greatly. She thought deeply for a moment.

"But I would have liked to be there to congratulate him. Poor Charles, how pleased he will be!"

"One would think you would rather stay ——"

"James, how can you say that—after all I have given up for you? After I have just said my last good-by to my husb —— to Charles?"

"Sorry, darling. Forgive me. But why are you stopping?"

"How dreadful! I must go back."

"Go back?"

"I haven't left the letter—here it is in my coat pocket. How awful! No, I simply must ——"

"But, Nelly, do be reasonable! We've barely ten minutes for the train. We can easily post the letter."

James faced her in desperation. Nelly retreated slowly before him. The moonlight showed an expression of much obstinacy on her small round face, an expression James had seen once or twice before.

"I must—I must go back! Think of what will happen when he finds me gone and doesn't know where I am. It would be too cruel. And Charles feels these things so much. He is so sensitive."

"But dash it, Nelly ——"

"No, please, James! Don't look like that. I can't bear it. I promise you I will be only a minute. And I should have it on my conscience all my life if I didn't go. It would spoil all our first days together."

James had a vague appreciation of this last argument. He had had difficulties before with Nelly's conscience and was pledged even then to go to church with her every Sunday for the rest of his life, and twice at Easter. He gave way reluctantly.

"Very well, dear. You know I can't refuse you. But please be quick, and for goodness' sake be careful."

Nelly rushed to him and gave him a kiss. Her heart was full of gratitude to the kind James as she hastened away in the shadow of the trees.

"I must be good to him," she reflected. "I must try and not be a nuisance." Nelly shook her head as she recollected how often she had been a nuisance. "Poor James!" she sighed; and then again after a few minutes: "Poor Charles!"

James followed Nelly at a distance. He still feared a disaster; and though there was not much chance of missing the train—for which he had allowed in the first place two hours, and still had forty minutes—he knew Nelly's extraordinary powers of delay.

After five minutes he began to grow anxious; in ten he was agitated; in twelve he was distraught. He prowled among the trees like a hyena. At last he could stand suspense no longer and plunged into the drawing-room at all costs to find his Nelly.

Nelly meanwhile having arrived in her room deposited the letter on Charles' pillow, and secured it with a large safety pin; said good-by to her wardrobe and lingered for a moment over her parting with the washstand; had spied on the mantelpiece a photograph of Charles. Many associations had gathered round that photograph. Nelly knew at once that she could not part with it. But the frame was too large to go into her pocket, and the photograph was firmly wedged into place. She pulled at it ineffectually with her fingers, levered it with a pair of curling tongs and finally cut it out with a pair of nail scissors. This took some time. But Nelly was used to indulgence of time. Moreover, the greater the occasion the greater the indulgence she expected—and Nelly had never forgotten that this was the most important evening of her life.

So it happened that she did not leave the house—and then with no disturbance of conscience, by the front door—until within half a minute of James' entry by the drawing-room.

James had told Nelly to look for him on the lawn, as he did not wish to be seen lingering in the road. Nelly thrusting the photograph, which was after all too big for her pocket, into the front of her dress turned the corner of the house, toward the laboratory, and gazed eagerly for her lover. Suddenly she received what seemed like a stunning blow on the head. Yet as she fell with a shriek and rolled over she saw the whole of Barnton in a fountain of flame—the walls flying out—the roof up—the stars obscured by an enormous mushroom of smoke. At the same moment a large heavy body whizzed past her face and landed with a crash among a clump of laurels.

Nelly was more frightened than hurt by the explosion. But she lay very still, in case, as she feared, her back was broken. She knew that in that case to lie quite still was her only chance.

"Nelly!" cried a wavering voice.

Nelly's sympathies could seldom resist the sound of her own name. It was only by strong self-control that she did not get up at once.

"Nelly!" cried the voice again.

Nelly scrambled to her feet, approached the bushes with great interest, and was horrified to see her husband, ghastly pale in the moonlight, kicking feebly among the crushed twigs.

"Oh, Charles! Are you hurt? My poor boy!"

"I can't find my spectacles," replied Charles in patient bewilderment.

Nelly groped for his hands.

"It's very annoying, as I can't see what's happened. What was that loud noise, Nelly dear?"

"The house is blown up," replied Nelly. "Now when I pull, you must see if you can stand."

Charles stood very well. Moreover, his spectacles were found at once, *in statu quo ante* and upon his nose. As soon as this was ascertained he used his eyes and looked at the smoldering ruins before him with some perplexity.

"I'm afraid all your work is spoilt," said Nelly sadly.

"Yes," Charles sighed; "and it was going very well. I thought of a name for it only to-night. It was to have been called Lombrosine."

"Such a pretty name too. It's from Tennyson, isn't it?"

"No; after the great criminal expert. Yes, it's a pity." Charles sighed again and scratched his chin. "It was a great ideal—to abolish wickedness."

"But, Charles, perhaps it was only some little thing which went wrong."

"I'm afraid not." Charles shook his head with resignation. "There must have been some radical defect in the formula. I don't know, Nelly, if I wouldn't be wiser to take up gardening again. You remember my roses —— But my dear, I hope you are not cold. It is fortunate you have your coat."

Charles took the lapels of the coat and crossed them over Nelly's bosom. Their faces were close together, and with sympathy they kissed.

"Come," said Charles, taking Nelly's arm, "we'll go next door and telephone for the fire brigade. Though I hope everything will be burnt. It's all insured, and some of the furniture was really rather shabby."

No fragment of James was ever brought to light, with the exception possibly of a tooth which was found embedded in a brick and was doubtfully identified by a Harley Street dentist as a portion of a set recently provided for that unfortunate young man.

It is a frequent cause of remark in Tottenham Green that Nelly saved her husband's photograph. Constancy is not an uncommon virtue in that part, but few wives are known habitually to carry their husbands' pictures, cabinet size, in their bosoms. Charles was much affected by the circumstance. But he gently admonished his wife against sentimental excess, a possibility of which Nelly admitted the danger, as she admits most of the contentions of Charles, and indeed of anybody else.

She gave up the practice from that very evening of the explosion, and the photograph is now an honored relic in the drawing-room of New Barnton.

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THE ANNOYANCE OF BEING RICH TO-DAY

(Continued from Page 19)

"Sure thing!" I said, plagiarizing from the guilty waiter. "Hold on! Let me talk! Your greater wealth does not *per se* confer upon you greater oratorical privileges. The waiter said, 'Sure thing!' didn't he?"

"Yes."

"If he used that particular phrase he probably said it pleasantly."

"He said it!" My friend's voice implied that the crime had been committed and admitted.

"Ah, yes; pleasantly. Good-natured chap. Willing to do you a service for which he expected you to pay him. He merely assured you of his willingness. I gather therefore that the crime consisted of speech. Well, that, after all, is the criminal part of most revolutions. A speechless revolution ——"

"A waiter should not——" interrupted my friend impressively.

"A male waiter?" I interrupted in turn.

"Yes."

"Well, then, that means your waiter was a fellow countryman if he said, 'Sure thing!' Leaving aside all questions of a waiter's particular duties in the matter of speech I gather that what you really missed was the usual silence. Is that right?"

"An efficient waiter would not have said anything."

"Did he get you the bread?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Quickly?"

"Yes."

"Did he spill any soup on you?"

"No."

"Was he awkward? Did he bump against you or reach across you?"

"No."

"Well, it was good service then?"

"I don't call it so. He said ——"

"I know what he said. But what I now say is that you merely missed the old silence that went with the smirks and the servile bowing and foot scraping, the unspoken adulation, the soundless degradation of a human being into a mendicant. The waiter was a workingman working for pay, but prevented from making the transaction a business transaction because you expected him to ask you for crumbs without using words. The silence that he broke, the silence that you were accustomed to, that you call good service, was the old admission of an eternal and merited inferiority on his part. That tacit admission is gone."

Whose Fault is It?

"Bosh! The waiters always seemed glad to see me. They knew who I was."

"I know all that. Nevertheless what you miss is that which made you enjoy being rich.

"Let me ask you something: What is there about a bundle of Federal Reserve Bank notes to make a free man beg for permission to breathe?"

"Oh, you talk like ——"

I interrupted him again in order to avoid hearing what they all say.

"Never mind that. It is what men do not say that the rich cannot hear. Hitherto the class to which this waiter belongs used to kowtow before you; and even if you didn't swell up it gave you that kindly feeling of being his superior. The old-time menial used to say: 'You have money and I haven't any. Please, sir!' and hold out one hand, palm up. But to-day the man before you says to you: 'You have money, but I have my hands. See!' And he shows you. It is your business to act so that when he raises his two hands to show them to you he doesn't raise them clenched. Therefore it seems to me that you don't hear and you don't see, and for that reason while you are still rich you are beginning not to like to be rich. You have so much more left still to lose!" I spoke somewhat enthusiastically.

"But you are not a workingman yourself," he said, dragging me down to his level with a self-defensive frown.

"No; but I can get along very well with a waiter who says, 'Sure thing!' with a smile, provided he gives me quick action with the bread I asked him to get."

My friend lost his head entirely.

"It is you writers," he said, "who have brought about this attitude."

"And it is you blindfolded men who are shrieking that it is black night."

"My eyes see clearly what is here and what is coming. That waiter's remark is merely symptomatic."

I could see my friend liked the last word, but I persisted: "It isn't loquacious waiters or independent menials who make it so annoying to be rich nowadays, but you rich. I would swear you fellows had begun to prepare for the day when to be rich will not mean to be better, if I were certain the rich had brains; but of course that is an untenable hypothesis. If you were intelligent you would either not be rich or not have the annoyances of which all you rich complain."

He left me in a huff, unconvinced and unimpressed, headed for the Union Club, doubtless determined to talk and to listen to echoes.

I walked down the avenue toward Forty-second Street. Before I came to it I met the president of one of the largest financial institutions in the United States. He was smiling. He nodded with great amiability.

"What's the matter?" I asked him disagreeably, on principle. "Did you get a new depositor to-day?"

"I'll tell you," he answered. "But you must not use any names. We have got a customer—if you promise not to use it I will tell you his name. I think you know him."

He gave me the man's name, which is known all over the land as that of a manufacturer of a household article found in the homes of the rich and the poor alike, provided they believe in cleanliness. I knew the name and the man, though I never saved the coupons.

The Indignant Depositor

"Well, where is the big laugh?" I asked the president.

"Now you must promise not to use his name. You know, the war took away a lot of our men. Many of them did not come back. Those that did got their old jobs——"

"I can't give you any free reading notices. Never mind your philanthropy. Come back to the other joke, about the man whose name I must not use four times."

He took it good-naturedly and went on: "Well, we had to engage anybody that we could get to take the places of the absent clerks. You know, I've always preached to our employees that politeness and courtesy are just as much a part of the banking business as ——"

"I know; the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments in everyday business, and so on," I interrupted. It was rude, but what every bank president who talks for publication invariably insists upon using is that same argument. It embittered my life as a financial reporter years ago, and I now seize every opportunity to avenge my former defenselessness. However, what I say doesn't hurt them enough.

"Go on with the story," I told him.

"Well, Old Blankton came in and went to the window of the ledger clerk who had charge of A–B.

"'Let me have my balance,' he said. He had not been in the bank for months, and the clerk was one of the new men and did not know him. So he answered pleasantly: 'You will have to tell me your name first if you want me to tell you what your balance is.'

"'Blankton.'

"'No initials?'

"'G. W.'

"The clerk turned to the ledger, figured a little and wrote some figures on the usual little slip; then he looked up and told Blankton cordially: 'You have $34,893.65. Pretty smooth, I call it. Pretty smooth, my boy!'

"Old Blankton was furious, but the clerk merely stared in amazement and shook his head at the lunatic. So Blankton found one of our vice presidents and insisted on our discharging that roughneck clerk on the spot. I happened to be passing by, and Blankton stopped me to tell me the entire story. I listened sympathetically."

The president stopped for breath. I said: "Some of you fellows earn your salaries after all. What did you do?"

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"I laughed in Blankton's face," the president answered proudly.

"It must have soothed the old fellow," I ventured.

"Yes; he was mad as three and a half million hornets in a state of acute irritation, and he almost shrieked: 'I will take my account to some place where there is less humor and more courtesy!'"

Again the president stopped; and I said, "And ——"

"You know, I make courtesy and politeness to clients one of the cardinal ——"

"I know—Golden Rule; basis of sound business and sound morals, and so on. All bank presidents. They think it both original and convincing."

"Well," he said coldly, "it happens that our deposits aggregate ——"

"I know; Bank of England skinned to death. Come back to Blankton."

"It made me angry to hear the old codger talk that way, but I thought I'd be very nice and do Blankton a favor. So I said to him: 'Mr. Blankton, you are the principal owner of an industrial concern that employs thousands of men and women. You can do anything you please about your personal account or about your company's; but I want you to do yourself the favor to think about this point: The labor situation is such that we shall not discharge any clerk at your behest.'

"'Do you mean to say ——' began old Blankton. But I cut him short and said, 'More; I tell you that this is no offense to justify you in asking us to discharge the clerk.' He got madder than ever and said, 'I shall certainly take my account elsewhere.'"

The president paused, basely rhetorical.

"How did you induce him not to withdraw his deposit?" I asked him.

The President's Gumption

He looked crestfallen, as though he had meant to have the pleasure of revenging himself for my rudeness by telling me he had not lost any deposits. Then he explained: "I told him that I was going to my club that night and that I would take particular pains to tell everybody about his experience with my big-hearted Western clerk."

"And so Blankton apologized?" I finished for him.

"Well, he walked away, peeved; but I'm sure he won't take away his account."

"He is very rich," I said. "How could you expect him to see it?"

"Well, I see it! I don't want to brag, but as far as riches go, he isn't so far ahead of me. In my case it was my business training."

"Nonsense!" I contradicted pleasantly. "Old Blankton has a good business head and plenty of training. The trouble with him is that he is a second-generation rich. You may be quite as rich as he, but you had the gumption to begin your career by being poor. You do not wish to be poor again; so you use your head where he cannot, because never having been poor he doesn't know what that means. If you had begun by being a bank president's son instead of a bank clerk you would have fired your hireling."

"I don't think so," he assured me.

"You can't think so," I corrected.

"Why can't I?"

"You were not always rich. You probably pressed your own trousers until you were nearly thirty, and even to this day you don't take breakfast in bed."

"Oh, I don't know about that," he said controversially. He held up a forefinger.

It looked like a speech to me, so I said to him with an air of finality: "Why, man alive, your deposits prove it—that is, the increase since you became president. That stupendous success is due to nothing else."

"You may be right," he smiled.

I went to Newport to visit a friend. I had known him many years, and his wife long enough so that she did not feel any compunctions. She did not instantly burst into speech when her husband took me to her; she merely looked on the point of bursting. No explosion came.

I stood the suspense as long as I could; then I said: "The world has gone mad. I don't think it is only Germans that need killing. Now who are your present candidates for the Celestial Choir?"

"Oh, it's too annoying for anything! As if one didn't have enough!" She looked at me absently, her mind being on her grievances rather than on her speech.

"Has the butler left?" I inquired solicitously.

"Oh, no," she said impatiently. "It's Antoinette."

Her husband looked shocked. He is a very nice fellow notwithstanding everything.

She went on bitterly: "If I hadn't gone to Roslyn last week it never would have happened. I went to the Jim Robinsons for the wedding—she is my cousin, you know, and I couldn't get out of it. I was obliged to stop overnight; so, of course, I had to take Antoinette with me. The first thing she told me when we got back to Newport was that she had to have fifteen dollars a month more. I reminded her that she was getting exactly twice as much as she got when she first came to me and that she didn't dress my hair any more—none of them do, you know; you have to get a hairdresser from the outside. And as for a needle and thread, you might as well expect her to pick up a hand grenade nowadays. They have to have ——"

"And what did Antoinette say to that, my dear?" meekly inquired the husband.

I cast a look of admiration at him.

"Oh, she just shrugged her shoulders and said she was desolated, but she must get it. And to think that I have had that girl four years and three months and taught her everything she knows! Why, when she came to me she couldn't ——"

"Four years and three months?" I asked, genuinely surprised.

"Four years and three months," she repeated; "and just because my cousin's maid gets more I have to pay Antoinette what she asks."

"You don't have to," I suggested.

"I do. You don't know her!"

"That French thing," I said with conviction, "is a viper!"

"Isn't she? But I don't blame her so much as I do the Robinsons. They had no business to raise their own help just because they decided to stay at Roslyn in Jim's mother's cottage to save money."

"It wasn't to save money," her husband interjected.

I looked at him inquiringly. If it wasn't to save money why should people increase wages?

"Oil!" he explained. "Jim's done very well this summer."

"That makes it all the worse," said madam.

On the next day my friend told me: "You heard only the first chapter yesterday. Antoinette not only struck for more money but she told all the other servants what Jim Robinson paid his people. The result is they have all struck for more money."

"I gather that they not only asked for the raise but got it."

"Yes; but that doesn't mean you are a Sherlock Holmes."

The High Cost of Vanity

"Merely to gratify a highly intelligent curiosity, would you mind telling me what your servants get?"

"I rather expected that," he said with a stock broker's smile of self-approbation, "and I jotted down the new wages and a few details about the culinary arrangements for the help. I have it all here."

He took a paper from his pocket and read to me: "A chef, $125; second cook, $70; two kitchenmaids, $50 each; butler, $125, two footmen, $75 each; useful man, $60; parlormaid, $50; three housemaids, $50 each; a laundress at $55 and another at $60; and a French maid at $55; and a valet at $80; and two chauffeurs, one at $125 and the other at $130; the gardener gets $100 and his cottage, and his helper $80, without board. That means eighteen hands in the house who are fed not as they would feed themselves but as they make us feed them. I pay out in wages $1515 a month.

"I asked my wife's secretary to figure what their food cost. She said it cost me about two dollars a day each, or thirty-six dollars a day. This means $1080 a month, or over $2600 a month as an aggregate. That is exclusive of the wardrobe of the chauffeurs, footmen, parlormaids, housemaids and French maid."

He looked at me as if he needed sympathy.

"Well, of course, at all times and in all countries the rich have found that the greatest use of riches is to gratify vanity."

"What vanity?" he asked, puzzled.

(Continued on Page 69)

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LAFAYETTE

(Continued from Page 66

"The vanity of being rich, of course. At all events," I added consolingly, "you have the servants. As a business proposition, if you pay enough for what you want you get it."

"The hell you do!" he contradicted.

"You've got 'em, haven't you?"

"Let me ask you," he said, ignoring my own question. "Of all those servants I have mentioned which would you say is the most difficult to get?"

"A good butler," I answered promptly.

"No, sir," he said. "It is a difficult thing to get a good butler for reasons I will tell you later. But the hardest one to get is a good kitchenmaid; or so my wife's secretary tells me. That is to say, the lowest form of domestic servant—a woman who doesn't even have to speak English. All she does is to peel the vegetables and wash dishes and the like."

"How do you account for that?"

"They have gone into other occupations—conductorettes, ticket chopperettes, elevatorettes, and the likes of that. What we are going to do for the lower grade of servants if this proposed immigration act takes effect I don't know. You might, with difficulty, eventually train American-born girls to become housemaids in nice homes, after wages in industrial plants and business concerns come down. But what we shall do for the lower grade of servants is beyond me."

"You said something about butlers."

"Oh, yes. We make the mistake of leaving all household arrangements to our wives. The butler is in a class by himself. Butlers are neither born nor made; they are imported, finished. There are a fixed number of butlers and there are always a few more places than butlers. The result is that nearly always somebody or other is shy a butler. Our old butler left to become a partner in an automobile agency. Between what he had saved from his wages and what stock-market tips he overheard at the table and other ways of money-making of which I knew nothing, he got quite a little together. He put $24,000 into the business and he is doing very well. I understand he was taken in because of his invaluable knowledge of the four hundred—that is, of the biggest boobs in the United States. Oh, yes, you see one of the front rank in front of you."

"I certainly do," I agreed.

"Well, when he left I suggested that we make the first footman, who seemed to be a clever chap, butler. But he had never been a butler in any house we knew, and therefore my wife wouldn't hear of it. I then discovered that to be a butler, a man must have been a butler."

"No promotion, eh?"

"No."

"Bad business!" I told him.

"Incurable," he said sadly.

"Why?"

"Convention. The rules of the Medes and the Persians were of India rubber beside the law of usage in this highly artificial society of ours."

A Business Proposition

"If you yourself realize your own helplessness you ought to be able to do something to help yourself."

"You know you can't lick Jack Dempsey, but you don't feel you are a contemptible weakling for not challenging him, do you?"

"The analogy isn't there. It is a fool thing to be a slave to your dollars ——"

"To our wives," he corrected.

"Your old way of living cannot persist. Nature provides a remedy against a superfluity of the unfit. Society must rid itself of asses ——"

"That is to say, of society," interrupted my friend. "It can't be done. The servant problem so far as the rich are concerned is one that has developed since the war. All I had planned for myself for my old age, for my continued comfort is knocked into a cocked hat, not by anarchists but by profiteers in my own household. Everything I am accustomed to, everything that I have found necessary to my comfort I must continue to have, for I cannot change my habits or my likes. In the old days it was merely a matter of money to live comfortably."

"I think you are about to begin to talk like an intelligent man," I assured him amicably.

He took no notice of my remark, but went on earnestly:

"The high cost of living is nothing. Meat at ten cents a pound or at ten dollars is of less consequence than the serving of that meat at your dinner table, for it is very easy to make you lose your temper by bad service; and if you lose your temper you lose your digestion."

"That's too bad," I said. "If you led a more natural life you might not have shattered nerves, which are responsible for the loss of temper, which is responsible for most internal dissensions."

"I express myself badly," he said in a patient tone of voice. "But are you aware that the keeping up of my town house as well as of this place has become problematical? I enjoy this house. Every article in it we bought ourselves. We enjoyed finding them and buying them and having them. Do you think I am going to enjoy seeing my own pictures or my own tapestries if I have to give them to the Metropolitan Museum because I cannot keep them at home because I cannot get help. I do not give a hang whether my servants are Bolsheviki or Methodist; but they must be trained servants."

"Why don't you train them, then?" I interrupted.

"Train them?" He looked surprised; then alarmed.

"Certainly. It's a business proposition; a matter of wages and hours; the same as in any business."

The Price of Smooth Living

"You don't know anything about it. Domestic servants are not industrial workers. They are domestic servants."

"They are a part of your family."

"N-no!"

"That," I said, "is probably at the bottom of it all. You grumble about disloyalty in the matter of personal service, and in the same breath you grumble about their independence and their demands for higher wages, perfectly reasonable desires on their part. You expect them to earn their wages, but you do not think you have to earn their loyalty. You expect them to give you more than you pay for. You insist on regarding them as annoying pieces of household furniture that must, however, have an unlimited capacity for personal devotion. You can get work done for money, but the question of service is a matter of both wages and personal treatment. There must be several reasons why your problem is a problem at all."

"You cannot always reduce a problem to a few simple rules when you deal with more than one human animal," observed my friend; and we declared a truce. That is, we ceased to talk.

Trying to get at the bottom of the trouble I appointed myself an investigating committee of one. I asked many questions from many people. What follows is not a coherent narrative or a résumé of my conclusions, but rather a transcript from my notes.

The servants of the rich—of the rich that richer rich envy—the rich who are really the least intelligent of all the rich—have to serve people whose one aim in life is not to be annoyed. Nobody expects wealth to purchase freedom from sorrow or from disease. But most people persist in thinking that wealth should purchase freedom from annoyances—that is, that the everyday troubles of life are of a kind that can be cured by money.

The rich do not intelligently reduce the number of the things that have the power to annoy them. They therefore are helpless to help themselves to be as independent as their help.

In the houses of what the servants themselves call the middle class it is a fact that the help is far more appreciative of little kindnesses than in Newport. Also their employers' property is respected. The breakage and losses are very great in the homes of the wealthy through the indifference or carelessness of servants who know their masters are rich. This has always been true, but to-day the Newporter has to ignore the appalling destruction or lose the servant. The master is rich; he can afford it. To whine is bad form. It is the crime of tight-waddishness, which no domestic servant can forgive.

Beginning at the top of the hierarchy nearly all the butlers are English. They speak the language and have the training. Their greatest recommendation, however, is that they know their place. Now in England, or at least the England of before the war, a servant was a servant. If he lived in a reputable refined household with well-defined duties and congenial fellow servants he was contented and was a loyal member of the household.

In this country the butler serves for money, and he therefore thinks of himself first of all. For some reason or other there are not enough butlers to go round. A competent butler is a foretaste of that heaven to which the poor aspire! The only butler worth talking about is one who really is a butler; he must have butled in some good place. If Mrs. Vandergold is minus a butler and an applicant should come to her who is thoroughly competent to butle in Windsor Castle, she will not employ him if by some mischance he has butled for some unspeakable millionaire on Riverside Drive or some plebeian automobile king of the Middle West.

Of course the butler has a profound respect for his own social status. One who has honored the nobility in England or the real Fifth Avenue in New York will not feel contented in a rich nobody's house. The butlers themselves in some mysterious way are veritable card-index cabinets on legs and can tell you everything about the intimate life of every gilded household in Newport and of the better class of places on Long Island. How they acquire the infinitude of veracious details and bits of intimate family history or personal failings is something that nobody knows. Of course there is the freemasonry of the profession and apparently something like the farm wireless that Kipling tells about. The employment agencies may have something to do with it. Perhaps also one butler passes the dope to another. Before a house is left butlerless the would-be successor of the departing one is admitted by the latter at the front door. The applicant is always too swell to ring the bell at the tradesmen's entrance. The old butler tells the new what there is to tell. At all events there are certainly blacklisted houses in Newport and Fifth Avenue, particularly for butlers and chefs. Some world-famous are in disfavor—for good reasons. All in all, there are always homes that mourn the butler who is not. And somehow or other there is never the butler's contentment with his portion in America that there is in his native England.

Perhaps this happens because there is no American servant class. The imported servants, however, are apt to become Americanized, which obviously spoils them as servants. It is a deplorable fact that in this country servants wish to be better than servants. This is not a sign of brains on the part of the employers to whom good servants are essential for happiness.

Kindness and Slackness

There is a family who felt that the English system was the best. The lady of the house—it is really a beautiful mansion—tells her help that she considers them a part of the family. In England they are not told this; it goes without saying. This New York mistress calls her own doctor when any of her servants are ill; she sends them to church in her automobile and is in every respect most kindly and considerate. What is the result of all this on Fifth Avenue, New York? Her best friend told me it was the most slovenly house, inside, on that famous thoroughfare. Personally, however, knowing the mistress of the house, I am inclined to think it is mismanagement.

It never has been an easy task to get good servants in this country. It is unnecessary to say that to-day the problem is more than serious. It is appalling; and the outlook is gloomy. The independence of maids, their demands in the matter of wages, duties and recreation are no worse than the same demands from organized labor. In the case of the house servants there has been no need to be organized because the inexorable laws of demand and supply can do more for them than Mr. Gompers or the heads of the railway brotherhoods. The employment agencies now charge six dollars for a servant who gets under fifty dollars a month and ten per cent for all over fifty dollars. My friend paid twelve dollars and fifty cents for his butler. Should the butler last only a week, will the employment agency get another within the agreed time of one month? Oh, no. A new butler may be found, but only after the month is up, so that a new fee can be charged.

Servants are so scarce that employers pay what is asked.

But it is not alone mounting wages; it is the spirit shown that makes the rich so bitter to-day and so apprehensive of the future.

Kitchenmaids—the lowest rank in the scale of domestic service—are particularly hard to get. A friend told me she needed one and sent her secretary to the employment agency. The secretary reported: "I went to the agency and I saw one, but before I could say a word she asked where the house was. I told her Newport. Then she asked me: 'Well, how far is the house from the bathing beach?'" The secretary looked indignant, but my friend asked: "Well, well, did you get her?"

Another girl did not wish to work two weeks in New York before leaving for Newport because it was so hot. A third one had some other reason. A fourth objected to the nationality and religion of her associates-to-be.

The importance of this cog in the domestic machine consists in this: No kitchenmaid, no cook! No cook in a big house will put up with one single day without one or two kitchenmaids, and it follows that if you cannot keep a cook you cannot keep house. To-day no kitchenmaid—whose duty it is to pare vegetables, wash dishes and help to cook the servants' food—will make her own bed. There are now servants for servants, upstairs as well as downstairs. Expressing it politely, the under-lady dog's day is here. The kitchenmaid's wages equal or exceed those of a first-class chambermaid and even those of a trained French maid. What are the feelings of the parlormaid and the lady's maid and the chambermaid when in comes the dishwasher, now and forever after their equal in earning capacity, without the necessity of any special training? She is a key industry. Some of the upper servants may have been in the house for years when the new queen walks in. Imagine their feelings!

What have their feelings to do with the comforts of the employer?

Ask the employer!

I asked a very intelligent woman who knows her Newport very well indeed to express an opinion. She did.

Legacies to Servants

"It will be a case of the survival of the fittest. To-day it is truly an exasperating thing to be rich and to live in Newport. It is perfectly plain that there must be a change in our attitude toward our servants. Heretofore money has bought comforts. Henceforth it will require both tact and money merely to stave off discomforts; and by discomforts I mean a disorganized household. Personally I am inclined to believe it is the thoughtless rich rather than the idle rich who are suffering the most.

"Now let me think of what my friends have done for their servants. Careless kindness is not kindness, because it results in nothing. Good wages to-day are nothing to be grateful for because they can be had anywhere from anybody. I recall a very generous man, extremely rich, who was known as a good thing literally to thousands of men and women. He had been most successful in finance and the stock market. When he died his butler had been in his employ about six years. He was a first-rate devoted servant. There was a chambermaid who had been in the house more than twenty years. The will was read. There was no legacy for any servant. The eldest son came into the house and thought he did well enough by the help when he gave to each of them two months' pay and notice.

"Over twenty years in a very rich man's employ at the market wages—nothing but notice to go elsewhere.

"A friend of mine died the other day. Not a penny for the maid who for years we all envied her for having. Eight and a half years in that house! Two chambermaids, sisters, eleven years; nothing!

"Of course, some do remember their servants in their will. Mrs. Gillespie, who was Miss Stokes, left her head laundress five thousand dollars, and the second laundress three thousand dollars, among others. Mrs. Juilliard left ten thousand dollars to her cook, which was at the rate of one thousand dollars for every year of the ten that the cook had been with her. Mrs. Juilliard had a widespread reputation for goodness and kindliness and I never heard that she had any trouble with her help. The late George Haven left five thousand dollars to every servant who had been in his employ twenty years. There was one who had been

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CARAMELLOW

Creamy caramel and marshmallow in layers

HONEY ALMOND NOUGATINE

Chopped almonds in a nougat of honey and cream

MARSHMALLOW-BUTTER SCOTCH

Layers of both in heavy chocolate

WALNUT CARAMEL

Caramel filled with chopped Mayette walnuts

BURNT ALMOND CREAMS

Roasted Alicante almonds crushed in a rich cream

JACK STRAWS

A crisp molasses honeycomb chocolate covered

TETE-A-TETE

Chopped walnuts in "buttery" butterscotch

Liggett's

"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

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WESTCOTT has more good *value* hidden away out of sight than any inspection or trial ride can possibly reveal. Certain buyers, trained by past ownership of many cars, are able the first time they drive a Westcott to sense this superb quality running throughout the car. But even *they* are likely to make *new discoveries daily* of qualities, some of which they had ceased to expect in a motor car. As one common fault after another fails to appear, as month follows month of easy, trouble-free running, Westcott owners come to feel that the description "the car with a longer life" is a mild one indeed. And it makes no difference which he drives, the "Larger Six" or the "Lighter Six"—the two are alike in *everything but size!*

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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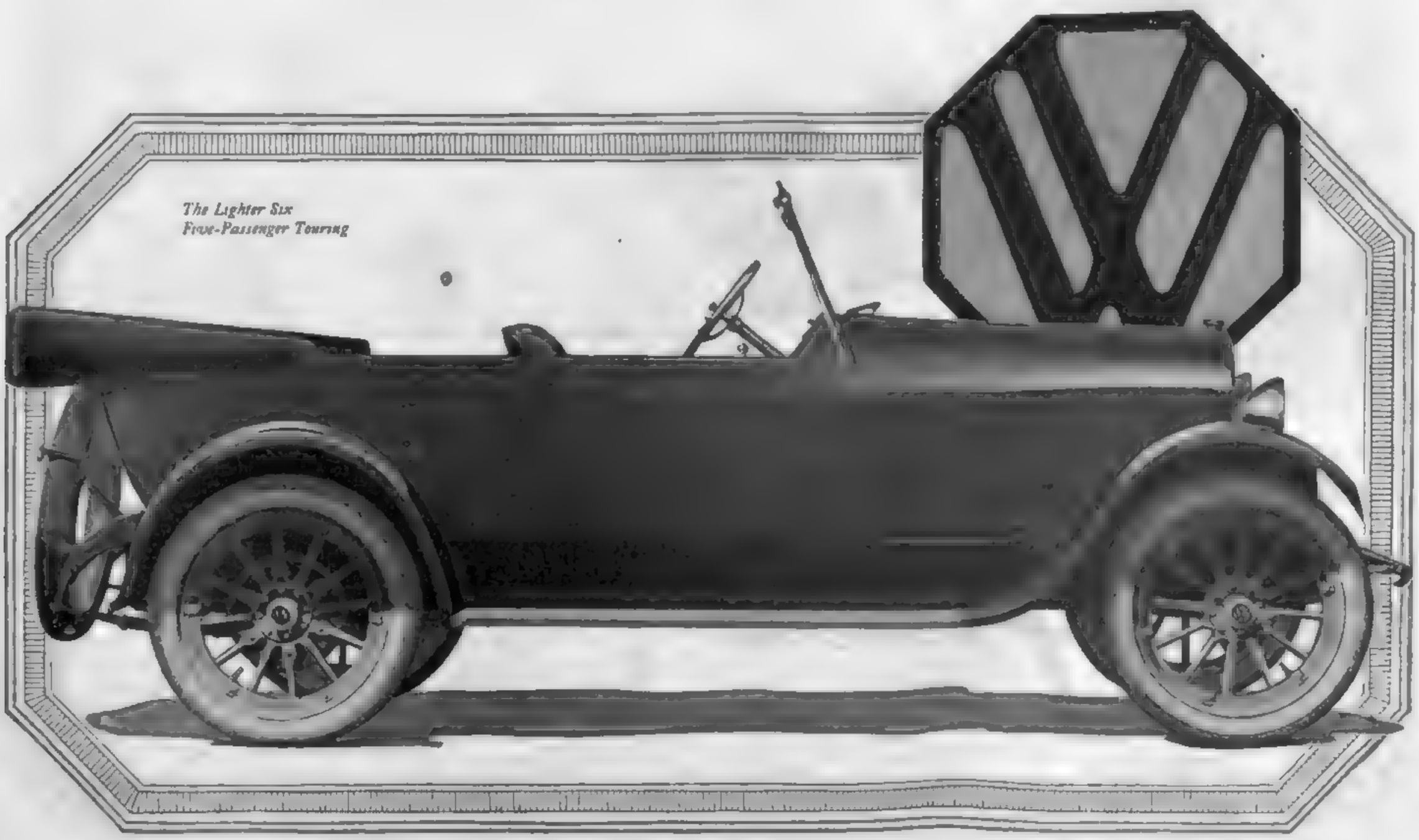

The Lighter Six
Five-Passenger Touring

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with him eighteen years. What did Mr. Haven's heirs do? Why, they decided that inasmuch as that servant would have stayed on he was entitled to the five thousand dollars.

"The best employer in New York—that is, the most intelligent—is one whose name if mentioned in any high-class employment agency in New York would cause a stampede in the direction of his house. He pays his servants more dollars than others are in the habit of paying; but he does more than this: He takes the kind of interest in them that an intelligent employer should take in his employees. Each and every servant gets one month's vacation every year with wages as usual plus an allowance for expenses. His gifts at Christmas are liberal and in cash. Possibly he thinks of this as being in the nature of a bonus. He is a strong believer in seeing his help through sickness. Once when his cook suffered from rheumatism, instead of allowing her to quit as she proposed to do he coaxed her to go faithfully through a course of treatment for her ailment, at his expense. Incidentally he pays the rent of his cook's apartment because she had her own belongings there and she did not wish to give them up. He has pensioned some of his servants and not long ago he paid all the funeral expenses of a kitchenmaid who had been in his employ a very short time. I am afraid that servants have souls, like people."

The attitude of servants toward their employers reflects many things, chiefly, of course, the effect of the demand on the supply.

The attitude of independence, of which so many unintelligent employers illogically complain, is due to the feeling of economic independence which comes from the knowledge that any houseworker in the United States to-day can walk out of one job into another just as good or better.

The supply of servants was greatly reduced by more lucrative employment in other than domestic service during the war. The munition factories killed many a chambermaid and waitress. Marriage also claimed its victims. The cessation of immigration compels the rich to take whomever they can get. They cannot afford to be particular to-day when the first necessity of life becomes to get anyone at all. So many servants without references worked in Newport last summer that the reported increase in inside thefts was easily explained. Some of the employers realize the necessity in a change in the personal relations of mistress and servant, but it must be admitted that the majority profoundly observe: "Oh, well, the world is certainly upside down!" and let it go at that. The deterioration in quality that is discernible in domestic service is caused by whatever it is that causes the same deterioration in everything produced by human labor the world over.

The Entertaining Kitchen Maid

The wife of a banker who is as well known in Newport as he is in Wall Street told me that after several days of waiting last spring an agency telephoned to her: "Come right round, as we have a kitchenmaid at last!"

The lady lost no time, but got into a taxi and drove to the agency. When she arrived there she was ushered into the reception room. She sat down and waited.

No maid appeared.

It was the first time that the lady had ever had to wait for anybody anywhere. She assured me that she waited nearly twenty minutes. She then beckoned to a clerk. The clerk, not being a domestic servant out of employment, obeyed at once.

"Why was I sent for in such mad haste?" inquired the bankeress.

"Oh, Mrs. C——, we have the girl here. But that gentleman over there is interviewing her now and you will have to wait. This is the first one we have had in here in eleven days."

The lady, who was like Louis XIV in not being accustomed to waiting, nevertheless continued to wait. Then she waited some more. When nearly one hour had elapsed since her arrival she sought the clerk and said to her: "I have been here nearly two hours and a taxi is waiting downstairs. From the length of the conversation it seems to me that that gentleman will take the girl. What there is in the life of either of them that the other doesn't now know is utterly beyond my mental grasp."

That is the way my banking friend's wife talks; she cannot help it.

The clerk, impressed by the oration, decided to break into the interview. She approached the couple in the corner, politely said, "Excuse me!" to the gentleman and courteously remarked to the girl: "Well, Mary, are you going to take this position?"

The gentleman smiled and began to nod ingratiatingly. Suddenly his head was halted midway in one of his nods by the girl's reply, calmly delivered: "No, I don't want it."

"Why didn't you tell me so?" asked the near-employer, not quite so politely.

"I thought you liked to talk, and I didn't have anything to do."

"Well, Mary," said the agency woman, turning her back on the gentleman, "I have someone else waiting to interview you."

Mary kindly allowed herself to be escorted to where the waiting bankeress was still waiting. The interview with my friend's wife was short. The waiting had been too much. The banker's wife was not quite so respectful as a kitchenmaid has a right to expect from her employer. How the lady eventually secured a kitchenmaid is another story. I cannot tell it. Nobody would believe it. I didn't, for weeks.

The same banker's wife, I mean the same wife of the same banker, later on lost her butler. She could not get another. It became necessary to have a waitress during the deplorable interregnum. She interviewed a waitress.

The Legend on the Sink

When she asked for references the waitress, who was Irish, shook her head and promptly answered: "Faith, an' I can speak better for meself than anyone else can."

Not long ago a society woman who is classed among the quiet and conservative broke all social conventions, an acquaintance tells me, by speaking at a formal dinner about her experiences with domestic help. She told about one maid who asked the breakfast hour. When told eight o'clock the maid said: "Very well, mum, but if I shouldn't be down to wait on ye on the minnit, ye won't mind waitin' on yerself will ye?" Another objected to being called by her first name and insisted upon being called by her last name, prefixed by "Miss." The lady said that she assured the maid she was willing to call her "Countess."

Efficiency seems to have been impaired all round. In addition to this, there is greater wastefulness than ever. The living conditions of domestic servants in wealthy households are often infinitely better than those of the family in the homes of the majority of the professional men of the United States. They breakfast at eight, and often have a snack of something before their dinner, which is at noon. At four o'clock they have tea; at six, supper; and often something else before bedtime. And you ought to see the servants who sit down at the homes of the rich to eat of what only such can buy.

A friend assures me that when she asked the cook for a list of necessaries—they were going to Newport for the season—the cook cheerfully gave her the list. She wanted seven egg beaters at one time, twelve mixing bowls, six ice-water pitchers for the help, and other things in proportion. The lady modified the list. On her way upstairs she happened to hear the butler ordering by telephone six quarts of ammonia and all kinds of soaps by the dozen. This encourages grafting practices as well as wastefulness.

Something has been said about blacklisted employers. There are households in Newport as elsewhere that deserve what they get; or rather what they don't get in the way of cooks, butlers and maids. Years ago in San Francisco I knew a family that had a most mysterious experience with Chinese cooks. My friends would get one who was highly recommended. He seemed to be entirely pleased with the prospects of working in that house. His first meal was a great success. Then suddenly, without any warning, the Chink cook would go to the mistress of the house and say: "Me go!" and nothing could induce him to stay. The next cook would behave very much in the same way. This lasted until about twenty cooks had been hired within a week. Not one of them lasted over the first meal. It seemed as though the ghost of Confucius was in the kitchen and exhorted them to leave while the leaving was good.

The mistress of the house could get no explanation from any of them. Finally she thought of an old servant who had been started in business for himself on a vegetable farm by her husband. He was very grateful to them. She sent for the almond-eyed lettuce king, told him of the mysterious behavior of the cooks, assured him that there wasn't anything wrong with the wages or the conditions of the service and asked him to solve the mystery. The Mongolian Sherlock Holmes listened as all stage Chinamen do.

At the end of her speech he remarked: "Me savvy!"

He turned on his heel, went into the kitchen and walked straight to the sink.

"Look-shee!" he said, and pointed.

There, by the faucet, the lady beheld some Chinese ideograms.

"Him read! Him go!" he told her. He meant that when they saw the writing they beat it.

"What do you mean, John?" she asked.

"Him say you welly bad. Him say you—no can say English."

He took a dishcloth and soap and wiped out the jinx. The next cook she hired stayed several years. It seems that they had had a cook who was not very competent and moreover was an inveterate cigarette smoker. He had a habit of leaving his butts or snipes all over. The family stood it until the master found the remains of a cigarette in the pudding. They promptly and properly fired the cook and he wrote his characterization of the lady and her ancestors in a place where it would be impossible for his successor not to see it when he came to wash the dishes. That was why the cooks always lasted one meal. The cigarettes evidently made him a great writer, for he seemed to have condensed much in those cockroach-track letters.

The system in Newport is different. The black list is not in writing but oral. So widely disseminated is the information of the undesirability of a place that the best employment agencies all know it, and some of them save the blacklisted family trouble by telling them point-blank that they haven't any servants. A friend of mine learned of this black list by going to an agency herself to look for a cook.

On giving her name to the agent the latter asked: "Which Mrs. Z—— are you?"

My friend said that the agent was looking at her in the most insulting manner, so she asked frigidly: "Why do you ask me this?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I asked you because if you are Mrs. X. Y. Z —— we don't care to supply you. If you are Mrs. W. Y. Z. I've got a cook here who used to work for the Montmorency De Bunks ——"

Alcoholic Employers

My friend, the nice Mrs. Z——, told me that she told a friend of hers about it, and the friend asked her cook, who calmly replied: "Certainly. No good cook would work there."

I asked Mrs. W. Y. Z—— whether she was a normal woman. She confessed that she was. I thereupon implored her to tell me what she had learned about the real reason for the undesirability of the X. Y. Z—— kitchen. She must know, since no normal person of her sex would rest until she had solved the mystery by ascertaining what went in X. Y.'s house. The families are not related, by the way.

Mrs. Z—— admitted that she had investigated. She admitted it in a disappointed voice. There was, alas, no scandal. The blacklisted lady was a lady, and the husband was a gentleman, and they were kindly and generous to their help, but the lady was accustomed to highly flavored dishes and the husband desired nothing but the plainest food, so the husband would go to the kitchen every morning before leaving the house and tell the cook what he wanted for dinner. But often the wife would follow him and order something else. The couple would then quarrel—coldly, politely, without vulgarity. The result was that the cook's nerves usually gave way.

I didn't try to find out how many blacklisted households there were in Newport, but the private secretary of a prominent woman told me that she knew there were more than a dozen on the books of the agencies. She added that she asked some of the agents for the reasons—she really meant, the stories—and was told that in one case the lady of the house was given to the—er—use of stimulants. This lady, even after the first of July, had a habit of engaging her help at the agency while in a pitiful state of sobriety. When the servants later on reported for duty at the house they found her in a delightful condition. It enabled her to declare with much positiveness that she had never laid eyes on the maids, who mistakingly imagined they had been engaged a few hours before.

Four households, three of which are of notoriously wealthy people, are on the black list because they are such slow pay. Others entertain so extensively that the servants are kept up very late, night after night. The butler of one of them told the social secretary: "You lose all respect for people who show you no consideration." Of course when servants meet anywhere they talk about their employers. The personal idiosyncrasies and private skeletons of every Newport household are discussed in the waiting rooms of what are called "the swell employment agencies" with a freedom that would make a novelist turn green—if novelists were admitted to the meeting.

Everything, the rich agree, has changed for the worse, including the employment agencies that make a specialty of supplying the highest grade of servants. Before the door of one of the best of the agencies you now find the placard: "Office Hours, 10 to 4."

These bankers' hours are, according to the agent, due to the fact that the jobless servant does not dream of coming down before ten or after four. The New York agencies charge the employer a fee of six dollars for a servant when the wages are sixty dollars a month or less, and ten per cent for those who are paid more than sixty dollars. According to scores of employers some agencies stand in with the servants and tip off the latter as to quitting a place for a better one. This means three fees for the agency in a short time instead of only one.

As to Scrubwomen

On the other hand the agencies complain that their clerks are apt to make friends with the servants and will inform the latter as to which are the most desirable of the servant seekers who are waiting upstairs to interview the servants. That is the reason why many of the agencies do not permit employers to speak to a particular clerk by telephone. If you ask for one the telephone girl tells you to leave your message as the clerks are not allowed to receive communications from clients over the wire. The clerks get a small fee from servants and perhaps a remembrance from the employer. It is perfectly natural for the agency lady to insist upon getting all there is in the business and to begrudge pickings to the underpaid clerks.

I am assured that some of these agents have a disgusting habit of having servants in their own homes. They now come down to their offices a little before ten in their own limousines. Also they do not, as formerly, have their offices on Sixth Avenue, where they used to get a dollar per servant.

The day worker's wages have naturally risen much more than those of house workers. For supplying a scrubwoman the agency charges one dollar to the employer and a small fee to the cleaner. No day worker dreams of going out for less than $3.10 a day, and their hours are from nine to five. Luncheon is always included.

A friend of mine told me that last fall on her return from Newport she called on two agencies for two cleaners. The first agency sent two Swedes, both of them capable women and willing. They asked $3.60 a day and lunch. The second agency sent two Irish girls, and, as it turned out, not at all competent. They asked $4.10 and lunch. The four scrubwomen were hired. There was work for several days, but on the very next day the Swedes walked out. They gave as their reason the fact that the Irish ladies had told them that they would not work at $3.60 a day for anybody.

One of the cleverest men I know does business in Wall Street and has accumulated several millions. It isn't for that, however, that I consider him so clever. For about thirty years, or since he left college, he has been the most accomplished and successful passer of the buck in this country. Congress, Administration officials, even chiefs of bureaus in the War Department, are mere clumsy amateurs beside this man, who has mastered as no one else the art of making other people

(Concluded on Page 73)

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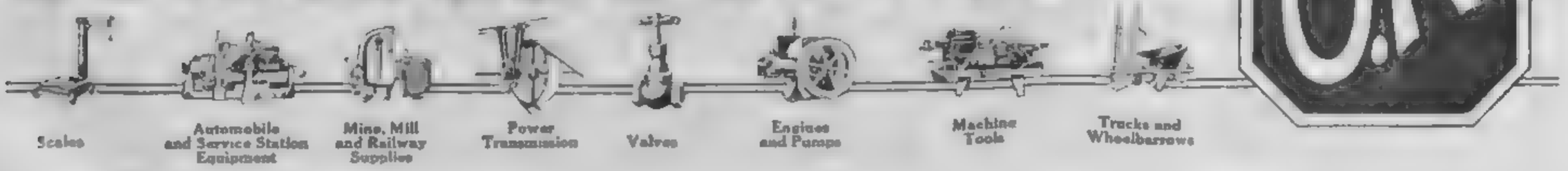

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work for his comforts and even for his luxuries. He maintained this record unbroken by marrying one of the most charming women in the world; a true aristocrat—that is, a superior being, competent, able, independent, cultivated, accustomed from birth to being rich, to being superior and to thinking as a rich and superior person should think. To me she is the strongest evidence of my friend's cleverness.

I asked her about this day and the evil thereof. She answered tranquilly: "Of course it will pass."

"With whose death? I mean, which class will be wiped off first in order to permit the passage?"

"There will be no passing of classes, since Nature does not give equal capacities to all men. It is all a matter of the reward. What does it mean to have riches?"

"I prefer to let you answer that," I answered diplomatically.

"To have riches means to have not alone comforts but something far better; that is to say, the power to enjoy living. I do not mean life; I mean living. Dinners and dances; but also paintings and beautiful surroundings, not for the vanity of possession but for the gratification of esthetic impulses. The more ways you have of living—that is, of enjoying yourself—the nearer you get to contentment. There will always be the delusion that riches can buy contentment. Of course that is what riches ought to mean. Men therefore will continue to fight to become rich. But in the future they will also be compelled to fight in order to stay rich. This necessity will make a new and far stronger class of rich. And that, of course, will mean servants."

"It will take some time," I ventured.

"Yes, it will," she admitted. "The time was coming, only the Great War shoved the day forward by twenty years."

"From your observations among your friends do you think that the rich have begun to train for their struggle ahead?"

"The rich cannot begin. They are not the coming rich."

"The poor, then?"

"The only poor in this country are the poor rich. I hear a lot about the troubles the rich are having in the matter of material comforts, but my own troubles are merely the reflexes of my state of mind."

"The servant problem?" I ventured humbly.

More Pay for Less Work

"I have no trouble whatever in getting servants, but I have every trouble in getting people to work for me. I cannot exchange my dollars for labor units in my own house. That is the common complaint all over the United States, if all classes of employers are correctly quoted by newspapers. It seems to me a peculiar thing that, with the dollar shrinking daily, the very class to whom it should bring comfort to have the dollar mean more is precisely the class whose exertions are concentrated on making the dollar worth less and less."

"Would you mind illustrating?" I asked meekly.

"The demand for more wages for less work. Why save dwindling dollars? Two months ago I sent an application for a useful man to my favorite agency. On the following day the butler came to tell me that the agency had sent two men. I told him to bring them in. The butler then asked me which I wished to interview first. Whereupon one of the men spoke up, saying he was only there to interpret for his brother, who did not speak English. He himself had a very good position as useful man elsewhere. I engaged the nonspeaking brother at fifty-five dollars and his keep, plus uniform. Two or three days later the man I had engaged asked me if he might have one night a week off, as he wished to go to the Y. M. C. A. to learn English. He took eight lessons in eight weeks. I do not know how much English he acquired during those eight lessons, but I know that when he was paid at the end of the second month in this house he said, 'Ten dollars more.' He pointed to his shoes and his collar, and went through the motion of putting on his gloves, all in order to express the high cost of living in excellent pantomime. But he knew how to say, 'Ten dollars more.' The final gesture was a regretful but resolute ultimatum that if he did not get the increase in wages he would leave."

"And you paid it," I asserted.

"Yes; but that is not the trouble. What I object to is that he worked very well at first and that after he had been in the house about a fortnight he began to slow up. He saw how the other servants worked—or, rather, how they did not work—and he moderated his pace to match theirs. For what does that man work if he does not think of advancement?"

"And is it not possible for you to speed up the domestic machine?"

"No. You see, the more you pay people the less they want to do. This is always true where achievement cannot be translated into a means for gratifying personal vanity."

Prohibition Complications

"How many servants have you?" I asked.

"Oh, ours is a small place. We keep only twelve servants. We do not suffer from the troubles of the large households, where they have a watchman. Nowadays the servants all insist on having latchkeys. You keep a hotel for them. They ask for more privileges than members of the family. The other day I needed another chambermaid and the agency sent me one who assured me that she was very anxious to work in a small home. She had been employed for several months at a big house on Long Island, where there is even an elevator for the domestics. I engaged her. After lunch I sent my chauffeur to a crowded East Side tenement where the girl lived. She motored up to our place up the river. She arrived at a little after three. At six o'clock she gave notice. Later I learned that she had said in the servants' hall that she simply could not exist in such a small house."

"Anyhow they are honest," I said.

"Honesty is relative. The majority of servants may be honest in the matter of stealing money, but they are not honest in the matter of work and carefulness, which are implied obligations when they accept the position at their own figures. And there is the cook's and the butler's graft. Commission, they call it. However, I am willing to admit that we have no right to complain of what we make possible by our habits. A new problem has been added to our troubles since July—prohibition!"

"But you stocked up," I observed.

But she went on: "You know, John has always prided himself on his wonderful cellar. He is the kind you find among a few old-fashioned families. He enjoys telling you how he got the Judge Hilton Johannisberger or the Johnston Madeira. The other day the cook wanted some rum for a sauce for dessert. Failing that, she would take sherry. There I was ——"

She looked so tragical that I was moved to ask her: "Where were you?"

"In my house. We lost our old butler last year, and with wines and spirits meaning what they do since the law went into effect John doesn't trust anybody in that cellar. I had to go myself. He has a card index, you know, showing how many bottles he has and where the different wines are. Well, I couldn't find either rum or sherry on the card index. I thought I'd look in the cellar myself, and I had to go down myself, all alone; and they are beastly twisting steps, and I nearly fell down twice; and moreover, when I looked I couldn't find any rum or sherry. So I came back and I telephoned to John, and told him to bring home some rum and order some sherry. He said it was impossible; that he could not get any. Now see what these idiots have done! You cannot buy wine to use in your sauces, and you cannot trust your butler with the keys of the cellar, for it isn't a matter of being honest but of being an angel. So I ask you: What is the use of being rich? What I should like to do is to go to sleep and not wake up until all these things are settled. Then a human being might find some pleasure in living."

"Perhaps on the other side of Jordan ——" I began.

"Oh," she interrupted, "you are a Zionist. So am I!"

And it seems to me that the only way to keep riches from being an annoyance to one these days is to give away all one's money or else to stop thinking that everything in the world can be paid for with dollars. It may not be necessary to earn your living if you use care in the selection of your progenitors, but you may be certain that hereafter everybody will have to earn his comforts. It is not going to be a pleasure to be rich.

FREE—A Six-Dish Package of

Two-Minute Oat Food

Already 3-Hour Cooked

Simply Stir It in Boiling Water

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In Two Minutes

With Hot, Flavory Oats, Super-Cooked

Now grocers have what millions of mothers have wanted. It is Two-Minute Oat Food, ready-cooked and super-cooked—a hot, flavory oat dish to serve in a trice.

We cook it three hours by live steam under pressure at higher than boiling heat. Every granule is thus fitted to digest.

Then we evaporate the oats. In this dry, condensed form we preserve the flavor and the freshness.

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Stir one-half cup in two cups boiling water. Within two minutes the oats absorb the water. Then you have five big dishes, hot and delicious, and as fresh as it left our cookers.

The form and flavor are entirely new. The product and the process are patented. So this new-type oat dish is exclusive to The Quaker Oats Company.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 40)

The prices of shoes therefore, like the prices of many other things, have risen to unusual heights chiefly because of the scarcity and abnormal costs of raw materials throughout the world. It is to the credit of American manufacturers that these advances in prices have been earnestly contested, as is indicated by the records of recent months. It is a further fact that natural conditions in most countries with regard to the supplies and marketing of animals for several years have been operating to increase the initial cost of the basic raw materials that enter into the manufacture of leather goods.

The situation can be partially relieved through the use of substitute materials; by exercising greater care in the preservation of the footwear we already have; by eliminating the item of style to a large extent in the manufacture and sale of shoes; by adopting more advanced methods in manufacture to offset increased operating costs; and last, and most important, by employing every legitimate means to increase the annual output of leather.

Household Economies

IF EXTRAVAGANCE were a pain just now there would be groaning in most of our homes. Mention living costs to a friend and his face will look like a benediction. The chief sport of the moment is providing another new solution for the economic problems of the day, but for some reason or other we appear to have overlooked the truth that ten facts are better than a trainload of arguments.

At the close of the war we were first in the boat and had the choice of oars, but we decided to wait and see where the other fellows wanted to sit. Like the fly that lighted in the saucer of honey we said "Isn't this good?" and now that we have sipped our fill of sweet stuff we find our feet are tangled and we can't walk out. We seem to have just learned that handcuffs made of gold are heavier than those of steel; that a small fire that warms us is better than a large one that burns us; that it is easier to create intelligence than to revive it after an administration of sleeping gas.

If there's one kind of a hen we want to kill and eat for dinner it's the bird that's always cackling and never lays an egg. Nations frequently exhibit a poverty of mind that resembles the silly vanity of the pretentious hen. Bluff and bluster in our business life are about as effective as it would be to bolt a door with a boiled carrot. Patriotism is as necessary in peace as in war. Ten thousand of our boys lie in Flanders graves, and millions of Americans have forgotten for what they died.

We haven't paid for the victory we won, and we can't settle the debt unless we work and save as never before. Economy will furnish us a greater revenue than taxes. There are only two ways we can save ourselves: The first is greatly to increase production, and the other is to decrease consumption. Both methods will reduce living costs. Labor difficulties present an ominous prospect so far as any hope for an enlarged industrial output is concerned, so the remedy of last resort appears to be personal economy.

When one citizen wastes the whole nation loses. The proper way to commence the practice of economy is first to make a careful study of what you and your family have heretofore been spending; the second step is to analyze your needs; and the third move is to prepare a plan or budget of expenditures, covering at least a month, and preferably a year. Real thrift is practically impossible unless the individual or family keeps accounts.

The food we buy should please our purse as well as our palate. Furthermore, the diet should be balanced, and this can be done by dividing all food into five groups and then seeing that you get each day some food from each group. The five classifications are: Fruits and vegetables; milk, cheese, eggs, fish, meat, beans, peas and peanuts; cereals, rice and bread; sugar, sirups and candies; fats, chiefly butter and olive oil.

Vegetables and fruits prevent constipation and eliminate headaches. Milk, meat, and the like, build up the growing body and renew used-up parts. Save on meat if you must, but do not skimp on milk, especially in the case of children. Bread and breakfast foods are the fuel for the body and give us the power to work just as gasoline furnishes the automobile with power to move. Sugar is also a fuel, but the average person eats more than he needs. Fats are needed by hard-working people. Don't let the butcher keep the trimmings from your meat; they belong to you.

In buying things to eat the purchaser should divide the food dollar into fifths. Twenty cents should be used to buy articles in each of the five groups. Large economies will result from buying the less expensive foods in each group, with only enough of the costly articles to give flavor and texture. One food may be exchanged for another in the same group. For instance, if fruit is too costly vegetables may be used instead. If meat is too expensive beans may be substituted for it. Milk, however, should remain in the diet. Cottage cheese made from skim milk is perhaps the most inexpensive substitute for meat. Cereals are the cheapest fuel.

Government investigators have prepared a list showing the supply of food needed per week by an average person doing moderately hard physical work. The proposed diet with quantities required is as follows: Four apples, 2 bananas, 2 oranges or 8 peaches; ½ pint of strawberries, ½ pound of rhubarb, ⅓ pound of dried fruit; 3½ pounds of string beans, cabbage, greens, lettuce, onions, squash, tomatoes; 5 pounds of potatoes or sweet potatoes; 2½ quarts of milk, ¼ pound of cheese; 3½ pounds of eggs, fish, meat and legumes; 3½ pounds of bread, 1 pound of flour; 3¾ pounds of rice, macaroni, corn meal, and so on; 1½ pounds of sugar and sirup; 1¼ pounds of butter, bacon, chocolate and other fat; ½ to ¾ pound of coffee, tea, flavorings, and so on.

Great benefit will result from checking up on the food consumed by each person per week. In comparing the amounts used with those required make allowance for the water that is present, remembering that one pound of dried fruits and vegetables is equivalent to six pounds of the same goods fresh. Milk, cream and ice cream count as one-quarter their weight, or one-half pound to the quart. One-half pound of jelly or jam counts as one-half pound of sugar. One pound of bread counts as three-quarters of a pound of uncooked cereal.

Maximum economy does not rest solely in the careful buying of food; equal attention should be given to the proper care of our edibles. Decay in foods is due to the growth of microörganisms, which grow best at a temperature above 50 degrees. These microörganisms get into the food from unwashed hands, flies, vermin, household pets and dirty dishes—that is, dishes washed in contaminated water. Microörganisms are most likely to do harm if the food is kept in a place that is warm and damp. Many kinds grow best in the dark. Safety lies in keeping the food cool and by keeping moisture away from dry food. Cooking is often effective, for great heat destroys many dangerous organisms.

Milk and cream are among the most perishable foods and should be kept only in receptacles that are scalded daily. These articles should be stored in the lowest compartment of the refrigerator, for the bottom of a refrigerator is always the coolest. Do not keep milk and cream near highly flavored food—they will absorb the flavor. Fish is one food that is very likely to flavor other foods stored near it. If you keep fish in an ice box be sure it is stored in a tightly covered dish. Remove the wrapping paper from meat; cut off tainted parts; place on a clean dish, and wipe with a clean moist cloth just before cooking. Insist on getting clean eggs; dirty ones spoil quickly. Do not wash an egg until just before using; the water removes a coating on the shell which hinders microörganisms from getting into the contents. Remember that the flavor of tea, coffee and spices is injured by air and moisture; therefore store them in air-tight containers. Roasted coffee, especially, loses flavor rapidly, so do not lay in a large stock of coffee unless you can roast and grind it at home. The fat in chocolate may turn rancid, so keep it cool and dark. Keep bread and cake in a covered box. Cool bread in an open place when it comes from the oven; wrapping hot bread in a cloth tends to injure the flavor. Fresh bread is so moist that it makes a good growing place for mold. Therefore, scald the bread box at least once a week and do not shut it up air-tight when it is filled with fresh bread.

Proper care in the matter of the household lighting problem also offers an opportunity for worth-while economies. If we let the light come from above and over our left shoulder we avoid shadows on the paper when we are writing, unless of course the person is left-handed. We should not get too far from the light when working. Twice as far from the lamp means a quarter as much light, and three times as far means but a ninth of the light. Light colors in walls, ceilings and furnishings save light by reflecting it back into the room instead of absorbing it. Part of the additional cost of electric lighting is offset by the less frequent need for cleaning and redecorating a house. Dirty bulbs use the same power and of course give less light than clean ones.

In the matter of kerosene lamps it is a good plan to clean the burners occasionally by boiling with washing soda. This increases the flame and reduces smell. A chimney should fit loosely enough so that it will have room to expand when heated. It will last longer if when new it is put into cold water, slowly heated, boiled for a few minutes, slowly cooled and thoroughly dried. In extinguishing the lamp never blow down the chimney—the flame may be driven into the tank. A metal lamp is safer than a glass one.

The open-flame gas burner carries three to seven cubic feet of gas per hour, according to the tip. If only a small amount of light is wanted a very small tip should be used. Dirty or broken tips give reduced light. The incandescent gas mantle uses only one-third as much gas as the open flame and gives more light and less heat. The efficiency of a mantle depends on the proper air and gas supply; these may need adjustment each time the gas is turned on. Escaping gas is not only dangerous to health but injures the house furnishings. Stop a gas leak temporarily with soap, adhesive plaster or tire tape. Do not use a cock that turns all the way round. It is always advisable to know where the gas enters the house and how to shut it off immediately in case of an emergency.

The way to save money in lighting is to form the turn-out habit. Tungsten lamps and gas mantles are most efficient. The householder should learn to read the meters, so that he can check the bills. It is always best to take advantage of discounts that are allowed for prompt payment.

Coal can be saved during the winter months by having several thermometers placed at convenient points so that the house can be kept at a temperature of not more than 68 degrees. Humidity is extremely important in house heating, and those who want to experience the maximum of comfort with a minimum use of fuel will do well to secure some form of hygrometer with which to make moisture readings. Tons of coal can be saved by the use of weather strips, storm windows, storm doors and even drawn shades.

Unused rooms should not be heated, but in this case if a hot-water system is employed the unheated radiators should be covered with heavy slip covers or newspapers to prevent freezing.

All heaters and heat-carrying pipes should be protected with a covering of asbestos or asbestos cement to prevent the heat escaping where it is not needed. Fill all cracks in the heater with cement. Learn to control the fire with the dampers so that you will not have to open the coaling door except to coal the furnace. Regulate the air supply by the damper, and not by opening the ash-pit door. In using newspapers to build a fire twist several of them into the form of a rope; they won't burn up so rapidly. Radiators finished with either ordinary or enameled paint give off more heat than those finished with aluminum or copper bronze.

In many homes fuel may be saved by having small oil, gas or electric stoves to use when only a little heat is needed to take the chill off a room.

Never mix two liquid fuels and never use gasoline in an oil stove, for each requires a special burner. In case of a fire where cooking is done with a stove using liquid fuel smother the flame with such things as sand, flour or a blanket. Do not use water; burning oil floats on water. When you keep a slow coal fire all day to heat the kitchen do not forget that slow-cooking foods, such as beans, peas, roasts and puddings, can be baked in the oven at the same time that the kitchen is being heated. If the hot-water boiler is covered with a jacket of asbestos or some similar material considerable heat will be saved. The housewife may effect real economies by doing a little planning. If she is making quick breads she can bake fruit or a dessert at the same time. Coal is saved by baking as much as possible at one time.

These are only a few suggestions from the multitude that can be enlisted to defeat the high cost of living.

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There is but *one* tread *guaranteed* nonskid on wet, slippery pavements—the *Vacuum Cup tread*.

Whatever the speed, the Vacuum Cup tread grips the surface, each cup being sealed firmly against the pavement by the car's weight.

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THE YOUNG IMMIGRUNTS

(Concluded from Page 13

you could stick it in a day message and send it for 30 cents.

CHAPTER 6

Syracuse to Hudson 183.2

SOON we was on Genesee st in Syracuse but soon turned off a blk or 2 and puled up in front of a hotel that I cant ether spell or pronounce besides witch they must of been a convention of cheese sculpters or something stoping there and any way it took the old man a hour to weedle a parler bed room and bath out of the clerk and put up a cot for me.

Wilst we was enjoying a late and futile supper in the hotel dinning room a man named Duffy reckonized my father and came to our table and arsked him to go to some boxing matchs in Syracuse that night.

Thanks very much said my father with a slite sneeze but you see what I have got on my hands besides witch I have been driveing all day and half to start out again erly in the morning so I guess not.

Between you and I dear reader my old man has been oposed to pugilisms since the 4 of July holycost.

Who is that man arsked my mother when that man had gone away.

Mr. Duffy replid my father shove the ketchup over this way.

Yes I know he is Mr. Duffy but where did you meet him insisted my mother quaintly.

In Boston my father replid where would a person meet a man named Duffy.

When we got up the next morning it was 6 oclock and purring rain but we eat a costly brekfus and my father said we would save time if we would all walk down to the garage where he had horded the car witch he stated was only 2 short blks away from the hotel. Well if it was only 2 short blks why peaple that lives next door to each other in Syracuse are by no means neighbors and when we got there the entire party was soping wet and rarther rabid.

We will all catch our death of cold chuckled my mother.

What of it explained my old man with a dirty look at the sky.

Maybe we would better put up the curtains sugested my mother smirking.

Maybe we wouldnt too said my father cordialy.

Well maybe it will clear up said my mother convulsively.

Maybe it wont too replid my father as he capered into the drivers seat.

My father is charming company wilst driveing on strange roads through a purring rain and even when we past through Oneida and he pronounced it like it was a biscuit neither myself or my mother ventured to correct him but finley we reached Utica when we got to witch we puled up along side the kerb and got out and rang ourselfs out to a small extent when suddenly a closed car sored past us on the left.

Why that was Mrs. Heywood in that car explained my mother with a fierce jesture. By this time it was not raining and we got back into the car and presently over took the closed car witch stoped when they reckonized us.

And witch boy is this quired Mrs. Heywood when the usual compliments had been changed.

This is the third he is named for his father replid my mother forceing a smile.

He has his eyes was the comment.

Bill dont you remember Mrs. Heywood said my mother turning on me she use to live in Riverside and Dr. Heywood tended to you that time you had that slite atack of obesity.

Well yes I replid with a slite accent but did not add how rotten the medicine tasted that time and soon we was on Genesee st on our way out of Utica.

I wander why they dont name some of their sts Genesee in these eastren towns said my father for the sun was now shinning but no sooner had we reached Herkimer when the clouds bersed with renude vigger and I think my old man was about to say we will stop here and have lunch when my mother sugested it herself.

No replied my father with a corse jesture we will go on to Little Falls.

It was raining cats and dogs when we arived at Little Falls and my father droped a quaint remark.

If Falls is a verb he said the man that baptized this town was a practicle joker.

We will half to change our close replid my mother steping into a mud peddle in front of the hotel with a informal look.

When we had done so we partook of a meger lunch and as it was now only drooling resumed our jurney.

They soked me 5 for that room said my father but what is a extra sokeing or 2 on a day like this.

I didnt mean for you to get a room said my mother violently.

Where did you want us to change our close on the register said my old man turning pail.

Wasnt it funny that we should happen to see Mrs. Heywood in Utica said my mother at lenth.

They live there dont they my father replid. Why yes my mother replid.

Well then my father replid the real joke would of been if we had of happened to see her in Auburn.

A little wile latter we past a grate many signs reading dine at the Big Nose Mountain Inn.

Rollie Zeider never told me they had named a mountain after him crid my father and soon we past through Fonda.

Soon we past through Amsterdam and I guess I must of dosed off at lease I cant remember anything between there and Schenectady and I must apologize to my readers for my laps as I am unable to ether describe the scenery or report anything that may of been said between these 2 points but I recall that as we entered Albany a remark was adrest to me for the first time since lunch.

Bill said my mother with a ½ smirk this is Albany the capital of New York state.

So this is Albany I thorght to myself.

Who is governer of New York now arsked my mother to my father.

Smith replid my father who seams to know everything.

Queer name said my mother sulkily.

Soon we puled up along side a policeman who my father arsked how do we get acrost the river to the New York road and if Albany pays their policemans by the word Ill say we were in the presents of a rich man and by the time he got through it was dark and still drooling and my old man didnt know the road and under those conditions I will not repete the conversation that transpired between Albany and Hudson but will end my chapter at the city limits of the last named settlemunt.

CHAPTER 7

Hudson

WE WERE turing gaily down the main st of Hudson when a man of 12 years capered out from the side walk and hoped on the runing board.

Do you want a good garage he arsked with a dirty look.

Why yes my good man replid my father tenderly but first where is the best hotel.

I will take you there said the man.

I must be a grate favorite in Hudson my father wispered at my mother.

Soon folling the mans directions we puled up in front of a hotel but when my father went at the register the clerk said I am full tonight.

Where do you get it around here arsked my father tenderly.

We have no rooms replid the senile clerk paying no tension to my old mans remark but there is a woman acrost the st that takes loggers.

Not to excess I hope replid my father but soon we went acrost the st and the woman agrede to hord us for the night so myself and mother went to our apartmunts wilst my father and the 12 year old besought the garage. When we finley got reunited and went back to the hotel for supper it was past 8 oclock as a person could of told from the viands. Latter in front of our loggings we again met the young man who had welcomed us to Hudson and called my father to 1 side.

There is a sailer going to spend the night here he said in a horse wisper witch has walked all the way from his home Schenectady and he has got to report on his ship in New York tomorrow afternoon and has got no money so if he dont get a free ride he will be up vs it.

He can ride with us replid my father with a hiccup if tomorrow is anything like today a sailer will not feel out of place in my costly moter.

I will tell him replid the man with a corse jesture.

Will you call us at ½ past 5 my mother reqested to our lanlady as we entered our Hudson barracks.

I will if I am awake she replid useing her handkerchief to some extent.

Latter we wandered how anybody could help from being awake in that hot bed of mones and grones and cat calls and caterwauls and gulish screaks of all kinds and tho we had rose erly at Syracuse and had a day of retchedness we was all more than ready to get up when she wraped on our door long ere day brake.

Where is that sailer that stoped here last night quired my father as we was about to make a lordly outburst.

He wouldnt pay his bill and razed hell so I kicked him out replid the lanlady in her bear feet.

Without farther adieu my father payed his bill and we walked into the dismul st so I will end this chapter by leaveing the fare lanlady flaping in the door way in her sredded night gown.

CHAPTER 8

Hudson to Yonkers 106.5

IT WAS raining a little so my father bad my mother and I stand in the st wilst he went to the garage and retained the costly moter. He returned ½ a hour latter with the story that the garage had been locked and he had to go to the props house and roust him out.

How did you know where he lived quired my mother barshfully.

I used the brains god gave me was my fathers posthumous reply.

Soon we rumpled into Rhinebeck and as it was now day light and the rain had siezed we puled up in front of the Beekman arms for brekfus.

It says this is the oldest hotel in America said my mother reading the programme.

The eggs tastes all right replid my father with a corse jesture.

What is the next town quired my mother when we again set sale.

Pokippsie was my fathers reply.

Thats where Vassar is said my mother as my old man stiffled a yawn I wonder if there is a store there that would have a koop for David.

I doubt it they ever heard of him said my father dryly how much do they cost.

Well I dont know.

We entered Pokippsie at lenth and turned to the left up the main st and puled up in front of a big store where myself and mother went in and purchased a koop for my little brother and a kap for me witch only took a ½ hour dureing witch my father lost his temper and when we finley immerged he was barking like a dog and giveing the Vassar yell. 2 men come out of the store with us and tost the koop with the rest of the junk in the back seat and away we went.

Doesnt this look cute on him said my mother in regards to my new kap.

What of it replid my father with a grimace and with that we puled into Garrison.

Isnt this right acrost the river from West Point said my mother with a gastly look.

What of it replid my father tenderly and soon we found ourselfs in Peekskill.

This is where that young girl cousin of mine goes to school said my father from Philadelphia.

What of it said my mother with a loud cough and presently we stoped and bought 15 gals of gas.

I have got a fund of usefull information about every town we come to said my father admireingly for instants this is Harmon where they take off the steem engines and put on the electric bullgines.

My mother looked at him with ill consealed admiration.

And what do you know about this town she arsked as we frisked into Ossining.

Why this is Ossining where they take off the hair and put on the stripes replid my father qick as a flarsh and the next place is Tarrytown where John D. Rockefeller has a estate.

What is the name of the estate quired my mother breathlessly.

Socony I supose was the sires reply.

With that we honked into Yonkers and up the funny looking main st.

What a funny looking st said my mother and I always thorght it was the home of well to do peaple.

Well yes replid my father it is the home of the ruling class at lease Bill Klem the umpire and Bill Langford the referee lives here.

I will end my chapter on that one.

CHAPTER 9

The Bureau of Manhattan

ISN'T it about time said my mother as we past Spuyten Duyvil and entered the Bureau of Manhattan that we made our plans.

What plans said my father all my plans is all ready made.

Well then you might make me your confident sugested my mother with a quaint smirk.

Well then heres the dope uttered my father in a vage tone I am going to drop you at the 125 st station where you will only half to wait 2 hours and a ½ for the rest of the famly as the train from the west is do at 350 at 125 st in the meen wile I will drive out to Grenitch with Bill and see if the house is ready and etc and if the other peaples train is on time you can catch the 4 4 and I an Bill will meet you at the Grenitch station.

If you have time get a qt of milk for David said my mother with a pail look.

What kind of milk arsked my dad.

Oh sour milk my mother screened.

As she was now in a pretty bad temper we will leave her to cool off for 2 hours and a ½ in the 125 st station and end this chapter.

CHAPTER 10

N. Y. to Grenitch 500.0

THE lease said about my and my fathers trip from the Bureau of Manhattan to our new home the soonest mended. In some way ether I or he got balled up on the grand concorpse and next thing you know we was thretning to swoop down on Pittsfield.

Are you lost daddy I arsked tenderly.

Shut up he explained.

At length we doubled on our tracks and done much better as we finley hit New Rochelle and puled up along side a policeman with falling archs.

What road do I take for Grenitch Conn quired my father with poping eyes.

Take the Boston post replid the policeman.

I have all ready subscribed to one out of town paper said my father and steped on the gas so we will leave the flat foot gaping after us like a prune fed calf and end this chapter.

CHAPTER 11

How it Ended

TRUE to our promise we were at the station in Grenitch when the costly train puled in from 125 st. Myself and father hoped out of the lordly moter and helped the bulk of the famly off of the train and I aloud our nurse and my 8 brothers to kiss me tho Davids left me rarther moist.

Did you have a hard trip my father arsked to our nurse shyly.

Why no she replid with a slite stager.

She did too said my mother they all acted like little devils.

Did you get Davids milk she said turning on my father.

Why no does he like milk my father replid with a gastly smirk.

We got lost mudder I said brokenly.

We did not screened my father and accidently cracked me in the shins with a stray foot.

To change the subjeck I turned my tensions on my brother Jimmie who is nerest my age.

Ive seen our house Jimmie I said brokenly I got here first

Yes but I slept all night on a train and you didnt replid Jimmie with a dirty look.

Nether did you said my brother John to Jimmie you was awake all night.

Were awake said my mother

Me and David was awake all night and crid said my brother John.

But I only cried once the whole time said my brother Jimmie.

But I didnt cry at all did I I arsked to my mother.

So she replid with a loud cough Bill was a very very good boy.

So now we will say fare well to the characters in this book.

THE END

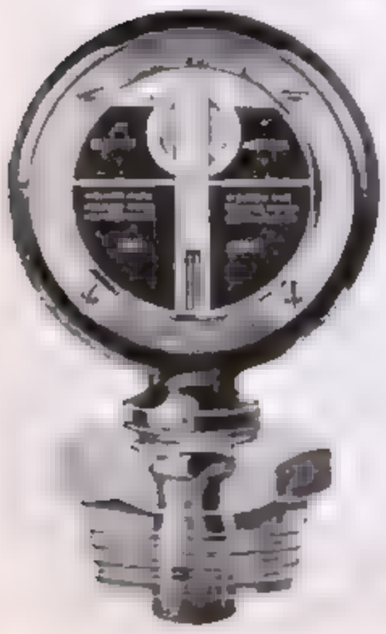
Too Late!

His radiator leaked. He didn't know. So he kept on driving. Soon his engine was a raging furnace. Then he *saw* steam. Now his motor's seriously damaged, destructive friction has shortened its life, it's headed for the scrap heap.

The most experienced driver can't tell *when* his engine is over heating—not even De Palma or Oldfield. But anybody can tell *afterward.* Then it's often too late.

BOYCE MOTOMETER

keeps you constantly posted as to the thermal condition of your motor. Its ever-visible red ribbon of fluid indicates plainly whether your car is running too cool, too hot, or at its normal temperature. Unfailingly indicates motor trouble 15 to 20 minutes before *you* can detect it. Helps eliminate premature wear, burned bearings, scored cylinders, and other motor ills and expenses. Over two million in use.



Your garage or dealer carries BOYCE MOTO-METER or can get one for you. Installed in 10 minutes. Choice of six models for your car's radiator cap—$2.50 to $15 (in Canada $3.50 to $20). Dashboard type—$18 to $50 (in Canada $24.50 to $67.50).

Special booklets on BOYCE MOTO-METER for pleasure cars, trucks, stationary engines, tractors or motor boats are yours for the asking.

THE MOTO-METER CO., Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY . NEW YORK

MISS CASEY OF THE FILES

(Continued from Page 23)

saying to Mrs. Gillespie, who admired him intensely, "but it doesn't belong in business. Mr. Day is an admirable business man, but he allows a horde of old pensioners to cling to him just because of sentimental reasons. He not only permits them to cling, he encourages them. When the opportunity presents itself I shall clear out all this deadwood."

According to Mr. Gillespie's way of thinking, a piece of this deadwood presented herself at his desk and started to say, "Mr. Gillespie, I have the offer of a much better position ——"

Mr. Gillespie smiled alertly. It was his theory that the best way to meet an employee's demand was to attack if possible before you were attacked.

"I am glad to hear that, Miss Casey," he said abruptly. "We are always glad to hear that one of our employees can improve his—or her—position. When do you leave?"

Miss Casey flushed. Indignation raged within her. So this was the way the Day Agency allowed one of its oldest employees to be treated!

"I'll speak to Mr. Day about it," she said.

Mr. Gillespie continued to smile most brightly.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Day has gone away for a week's trip," he said. "You'll have to discuss the matter with me, Miss Casey—with me and no other."

Miss Casey turned away. There was the salty smart of tears in her eyes and not for the world would she have this young upstart suspect those tears. But quickly she swung back. "I leave here on Saturday," she said.

Mr. Gillespie bowed his sleek, pomaded head.

"That's rather short notice, but just as you please, Miss Casey. I shall make arrangements."

Somehow Miss Casey managed to get back to her desk. Sitting there she felt as if the world quite suddenly and unpleasantly had come to an end.

In the immaculate office of the Penn Engineering Company Miss Casey sat at a polished mahogany desk. Her automatic telephone buzzed.

"Send me the last letter from the Wendell Construction Company—the one about the drydock at Galveston," came Mr. Penn's crisp voice.

"Yes, sir!"

Miss Casey went to the metal filing cases—so different from the creaking old oak cases of the Day Advertising Agency—and put her hand instantly on the required letter. She gave it to a messenger and resumed her seat, slumping in her chair a little before that splendid new desk of hers.

Miss Casey had fully met the requirements of the Penn Engineering Company. Her memory had adjusted itself quickly to the demands of the new business, but Miss Casey herself had changed. Or perhaps it was that she hadn't changed. It may have simply been that the glistening new environment emphasized certain qualities of Miss Casey's which in the Day Agency's offices had blended into the background. In this very modern office Miss Casey constantly felt slightly old-fashioned, slightly shabby. She couldn't get accustomed to it.

When she went out to lunch she made a wide detour to avoid the building which housed the Day Agency. She didn't want to meet anyone from the Day Agency. She had a particular horror, a foreboding that some day she might come face to face with Hiram Day himself, and if that ever happened she couldn't for the life of her imagine how she would act. If he spoke gently to her, if he said in his pleasant, rumbling voice, "What nice weather we're having," she was afraid that she might break down right there in broad daylight in the open street and cry.

In the boarding house in Lafayette Avenue Miss Casey had become an enigma. The other guests—respectable, a little faded, closely wrapped in their gentility had conceded in the past among themselves that Miss Casey was apt to be just a bit tiresome; she rambled on so about the affairs of her employers. Why Mr. Day couldn't buy a new hat but that they were informed of it; the Day Agency couldn't employ a new typist but that they must be told exactly what she looked like and precisely what she wore. This, however, was no longer true. Miss Casey kept herself to herself. When Mrs. Faraday asked her to make a fourth at euchre she refused; when Mr. Lord, the dean of the boarders, asked her to the movies, she declined. After dinner Miss Casey stayed in her room. The boarders passing through the hall saw Miss Casey through the half-opened door sitting idle beneath the flickering gas jet.

"I wonder if there's been a death in the family," remarked Mrs. Faraday. "If so I haven't heard tell of it."

Mrs. Faraday was the type of elderly woman that feels herself cheated if any detail of a death or illness is kept from her.

Into the office of the Penn Engineering Company one morning burst Mrs. Bill Lent, who had been Miss Angie Carr. Angie as a young bride was resplendent. She was radiant in a new suit, a new blue-velvet hat, new furs of luxurious thickness and rich color. She flew from office to office and from desk to desk greeting each friend in a high voice and with a slightly hysterical laugh. Presently she settled down in a chair beside Miss Casey's desk.

"How's everything going, Miss Casey?" she asked.

"All right, Angie."

Miss Casey's tone was colorless.

"You're handling the job all right. I just spoke to Mr. Penn about you and he said you were doing fine."

"I'm glad to hear that, Angie."

But still Miss Casey's tone showed no enthusiasm. Angie's shrewd eyes scrutinized her.

"You're not sorry you took the job, are you?" she asked. "Don't tell me that, Miss Casey."

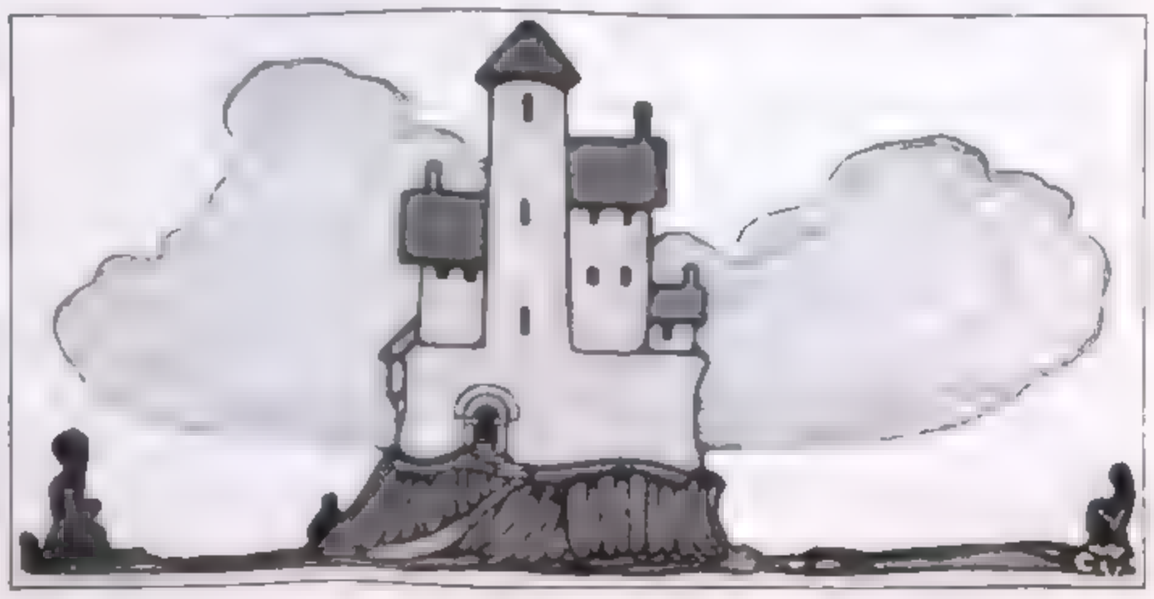
Miss Casey's lower lip trembled.

"I—I don't know as I should ever have left Mr. Day's employ, Angie, but there's no use talking about that now. Tell me about yourself. Are you happy?"

"Yes, I'm happy—happy as can be—but you're not going to get me off the subject of this job of yours. I just blew in to show folks my new clothes, but more especially to see how you were getting on." Angie consulted a suspiciously new gold wrist watch. "Come on out to lunch with me and we'll have a nice long talk. Get your things on right away. It's five minutes to twelve."

In the tea room in Thirty-second Street Angie and Miss Casey sat at the same table where they had sat and talked three months before.

Concluded on Page 81



First night at the Automobile Show. Thousands of people pay admission to see new models of the year. A man can go all through the Show—see the new color schemes, ingenious novelties in trimming and design. What has he really learned?

What can a Man really Learn at the Show

THERE are a lot of things a man buys that he intends to discard after a season or so. He expects the style to change year by year. This is as it should be.

But no matter how much money a man has, when he makes a purchase involving perhaps $3000 and up, he expects to get a *reasonably permanent value.*

He usually gets it in everything but his motor car, where the habit of *style change* year after year may wipe out 27 per cent. of its value over night.

IF a car is expected to last only a year or two, there is no reason why its style should not change every season.

But the Packard Company believes that *stabilized style* is just as much a part of basic *transportation principles* as Packard mechanical features and performance.

The Packard car is built to deliver service over a *term of years.* Its style is no more subject to passing moods than its engineering design.

WHEREVER you go, you hear people say they see "so many Packards" on the street.

That is because the Packard keeps on running and is always a "new model."

The public opinion about the Packard car is perhaps the most valuable automobile goodwill in the world.

"Ask the Man *Who Owns One"*

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*

The Car Builder's Choice

Car makers are not fooled by appearance, "feel," or deceptive weight. They care only how a fan belt *acts* under actual service conditions.

Standard Equipment on 8 Out of Every 10 Cars Built

The makers' selection is based on the results of searching tests—and it is significant that 80% of the cars manufactured in America today are *standard-equipped* with Gilmer Fan Belts.

Facts About Fan Belts Every Car Owner Should Know

If your fan were to stop functioning, no amount of water in the radiator would prevent the motor from overheating. An overheated engine often results in scored cylinders, burned-out bearings—a train of mischief that leads to costly repairs and annoying delays on the road.

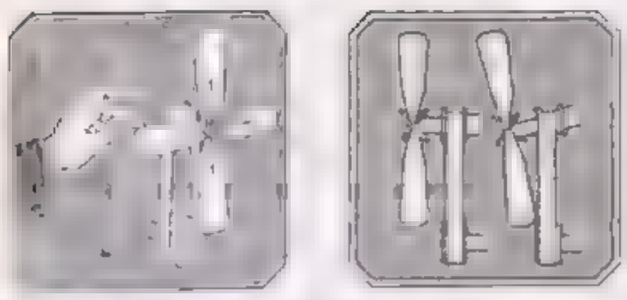
Down under the hood, in a broiling, water-soaked, oil-drenched atmosphere, the fan belt performs an office vital to the efficiency and life of the motor. Every fan belt works under a fearful handicap.

That scorching heat, that oil-and-moisture-laden atmosphere, are terribly destructive to any vulcanized compound—and imagine an ordinary fabric belt contending against the combined assaults of its three most insidious foes—with never a rest while the car is in use. Is it strange that most belts give out after a month or two of service?

Gilmer Fan Belts are treated with a chemical compound (impregnated into the fabric by a special process) that enables them to resist the disintegrating action of heat, oil and moisture. The accidents that happen to the average belt—sudden breakage, or stretching, or shrinking, or slipping—are unknown to the Gilmer.

A Gilmer Fan Belt gives the utmost in securing against unexpected trouble. Its long life and absolute efficiency make it not only the safest but by far the most economical belt to use.

All sizes—for all cars using flat type belts. Every belt is plainly marked with the name "Gilmer" and marked for the car it fits.



The Care of the Fan Belt Is Important!

Put the proper tension on the fan belt and double the life of the pulley bearing as well as double the life of the belt.

Proper tension is the point where the fan can be turned easily, but will not spin freely

Too great a tension automatically pulls one or both fan belt pulleys out of line, causing the belt to ride unevenly and "cut." A "cut" edge means a pulley is out [illegible]

If you have had fan belt trouble, don't install a new belt until the repairman has checked the pulleys for alignment. Then install the belt with proper tension

L. H. GILMER COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Factories: Philadelphia, Pa. North Wales, Pa. Millen, Ga.

Branch Offices: Chicago, Ill. Detroit, Mich. Milwaukee, Wis.

Gilmer WOVEN ENDLESS FAN BELTS

(Concluded from Page 78)

"Now tell me just what the trouble is, Miss Casey," said Angie after the lunch was ordered.

"Isn't the Penn Engineering Company nice enough for you? Don't you think Mr. Penn is a good boss?"

But when it came right down to the point of answering Miss Casey was inarticulate.

Yes, the Penn Engineering Company was nice and Mr. Penn was the best of bosses, but ——

In the midst of her stammering explanations Angie rose and put her arm round Miss Casey's shoulders.

"I've been a fool," she said contritely. "I—I thought you were like me, Miss Casey. I thought money meant more than anything else, but now since I've been married to Bill I know it doesn't. Why, I wouldn't take all the money in the world for Bill's little finger, and I guess you had something of that feeling for your job with the Day Advertising Agency. Don't you worry, Miss Casey. I'll—I'll fix it for you."

"It's too late to fix it now, Angie."

"It's never too late, Miss Casey—don't you forget that. You leave it to me, and see what will happen."

"What are you going to do?"

"Never you mind. I was blind, but I can see now. You just leave it to me and don't worry."

It was two days later that Miss Casey upon arriving home at her boarding house found a letter waiting her. She felt her pulses leap, she felt her heart stand still as her gaze leaped to the corner of the envelope, for there in the upper left-hand corner was the name of the H. W. Day Advertising Agency.

Miss Casey with the flying feet of a young girl raced up the stairs to her room, shut the door and read:

"*Dear Miss Casey:* Your friend, Angie Carr—I forget her married name—was in to see me to-day. It's all been a mistake. I thought it strange of you to leave me so suddenly without a word. You know I don't want to let my old friends and employees go like that.

"It was the fault, as I understand it now, of that officious young man, Mr. Gillespie. We of the older generation have got to hang together to resist these modern and efficient young people, don't we?

"Your old position is here any time you want to take it at the salary your new employers are giving you. I hope you'll be able to fix it up with them so you can come soon. Yours truly, HIRAM W. DAY."

Once a day through the rear windows of the Day Agency the sunlight manages to insinuate itself despite the narrow air shaft that separates those windows from the adjacent skyscraper. And with this brief visit of sunlight the typists look up from their machines and smile; the little girls break into subdued chatter, and Miss Casey of the files glances up from her letters and frowns reprovingly while all the time her heart is with their youth and frivolity.

But this is not the moment of the day for which Miss Casey lives. That comes when old Hiram emerges from his private office, saunters down the main aisle and stops at Miss Casey's desk to say: "Nice weather we're having, isn't it, Miss Casey?" And Miss Casey nods, looks into his eyes, and he passes on.

The happiness of that one moment spreads itself like a veneer of the purest gold leaf over Miss Casey's entire day.

The Poets' Corner

The Lost Leader—Modern Version

(Apologies to the Shade of R. B.)

JUST for four bits and no more has she left us—
Just for a paltry half dollar a week—
Packed up and gone and of peace quite bereft us,
Now must we forth and another maid seek.
Curs-ed be they who have lured her away from us!
Curs-ed be they though they dwell the next door!
Long had she worked for us, long drew her pay from us,
Now will she never draw pay from us more.
We took her on when, a dunce, she first landed here;
Taught her to talk, walk, cook, scour and clean;
Taught her to bank all the cash that we handed her,
Taught her to dance—she was only nineteen.
Furnished two rooms for her—oh, they were beautiful!
Gave her permission to entertain beaus;
Made one request of her—that she be dutiful;
Said not a word when she turned up her nose.
She became boss of the place and we heeded her;
We were afraid of her—scared lest she leave.
Boosting her wages convinced her we needed her—
Showed her that she held an ace up her sleeve.
How many times has she come to us, simpering,
Saying, "Ay bane to go get me new yob!"
How many times have we gone to her, whimpering,
"Hilma! Dear Hilma!" with voices a-sob!
Now she has gone from us, left us, deserted us!
Curs-ed be they who have lured her away!
Oh, how her going's upset us, inverted us!
Curs-ed be they who could offer more pay!
Ask us not why we allowed her to fly from us;
Ask us not where were our brains and our wits,
Else you will force this embarrassed reply from us—
"We couldn't pony that extra four bits!"

—*Herschel S. Hall.*

Water Warriors

SOMEPLACE where we took the ferry
Under scowling Palisades,
City vassals homed—and very
Worn they were with coins and trades.

Ah, but we knew that in the night
Where river ghosties stalk
And scan their plan by candlelight
Of mortals' terraced walk,
Adventure may be in the mold
For such as dare to pry
The mistful plans of naiads bold—
Why shouldn't you and I?

For oh, to be a-prow of things!
Romance swims out ahead,
And coded wave a message brings
With slap—slap-slap—when read:
"Watch out to-night for fearsome fight
When pier sprites charge the foe!
They're forming now! And mounted light
On northing wind they go
To rout th' invading upland elves
Intrenched in wooded piles—
And of humans 'tis alone yourselves
Who'll see the wraithy files!"

Of humans 'tis ourselves alone
Whose eyes are for that clash,
Whose ears attune to kelpies' moan
As water legions dash
In white-lipped marge of countercharge
Illumined by our lank.
Look there! An ambush—round that barge!
The elves have swirled their flank!
And now the spindrift cannoneer
With beaded shrapnelette ——

That jolt? . . . We've reached the slip,
I fear—
Step high—the planking's wet!

—*Arthur McKeogh.*

Restful Sleep Essential

Insufficient sleep caused by an impaired digestion sooner or later produces a state of irritability that will handicap the most efficient and capable men and women and decrease the efficiency of those about them.

Mild forms of indigestion are often corrected by the adoption of a rational diet, care in mastication, and the routine use of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal and just before retiring.

American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester

THE POSSIBILIST

Continued from Page 7

The gunman now took at once the command of the situation, as a matter of course. Someone had found and turned on again the pocket searchlight of the last man to die, which fortunately remained unbroken. He took it, turned it on one after the other of the thin unshaven faces of the stiffs, looking for other possible enemies; and then, satisfied apparently, turned the faint light upon the nearest dead man.

The car was now full of the profane ejaculations and congratulations of the working stiffs—the reaction expressing itself in whistles, catcalls and blasphemous howls of relief and pleasure. Only Spinner—besides the gunman—retained his poise. The latter now prodded the first of the dead men with his foot—turned him over. The bundle stiffs crowded over him, curious—their faint bulky shadows on the ceiling of the car.

"That was a near one!" exclaimed one voice.

"You'd think so," said the gunman laconically—and looked down into the face of the dead man with his light.

There was a curious expression of pleasure and satisfaction on his face as he did this—the expression of the perfectly natural and healthy satisfaction of a hunting animal which has accomplished a successful killing.

"I knew you!" he said. And he cursed with the utter unrestraint of violence of the male underworld the dead man underneath him—addressing him with a personal intimacy of insult, as if he still lived. And yet as he did so his face shone with an obvious happiness—the happiness of a perfectly healthy animal in good humor with itself—his face as round and wide as a male cat's.

"What was it?" asked a more venturesome bundle stiff from behind.

"We were looking for each other—this bird and me—for some time, that's all," replied the bump-off man briefly.

His broad face, ruddy even in that dim light, looked down, now definitely opening into a smile of well-being and ferocious humor, unveiling his strong yellow teeth.

"What for?" asked Spinner at his elbow.

"He got my side partner, that's all," he said shortly, and ceased smiling, his wide lips tightening.

"Now then," he said, as if repentant of the confidences he had been making, "out they go—on the rails."

The bundle stiffs under his direction dragged first one and then the other warm body to the door.

"Ease them off," he instructed, "close in, where the wheels will get them."

They dropped them across the threshold of the half-open door.

"Now," said the bump-off man in a sharp voice, promptly dismissing the atrocious act, "what about the rest of you?"

The stiffs stopped cursing, waiting for his next move; the white-faced ones, who had just seen an adventure of this kind for the first time perhaps, turned whiter. There was no occasion, however, for their alarm.

"How many of you are wobblies?" he asked them. "Up with your fists!"

Nine or ten of the fourteen or fifteen men shot hands into the air.

"Stand over there—you," said their questioner.

"Now then, what about you?" he inquired, roughly cursing at the others. "What kind of a bunch are you anyhow?" he inquired. "We wobblies are giving you protection, ain't we? What the hell kind of birds are you? Why haven't you come through and lined up with us long ago?"

A mumble of excuses came out of the half dozen.

"We'll join!" announced a voice.

"Sure we will!" the others followed.

"You'd better," returned the gunman with more and rawer insults. "And right now! Is there a job delegate here?" he asked of the other group. "Have you got books and stamps enough?" he inquired when one appeared.

"I guess so," the fellow answered.

They lined them up—in other words made them members of the I. W. W.—then and there. Each man received his membership card, or rather book—his small red book with the globe and his number, well toward the half million, on the cover; and the preamble of defiance to the world of capitalism at its opening. Each paid his two-dollar initiation fee and bought his stamps—at fifty cents a month—taking by request enough to last him six months into the future for good measure.

It was a curious thing, it might seem, to go through all this then—in that freight car in the middle of the night; but it was evidently not bad psychology—as indeed few of the actions of the I. W. W. are. All were willing, more than willing to join now; and the older members to bring their books up to date and beyond by purchase of the needed monthly due stamps. And at the end—in addition to all this—one after another had slipped from his dingy roll drawn from somewhere underneath his clothing a bill to the bump-off man in personal gratitude for his protection—a thank offering well earned and most willingly paid.

The delegate, working at his stamps and his books and his personal accounting sheets against the car side, was done at last; the men were released to lie down again, having cleaned off roughly the traces of the killing from the car floor. Spinner, whose card had been early shown—one of the few to pass muster as being paid exactly up to date—had been standing watching, back at the end of the car where he had first been sleeping—his thin impassive face in the shadow from the slender source of light; alone, not taking any part in the activities. But now the gunman made his way toward him.

"You had your nerve with you," he said in the rigidly and conscientiously undemonstrative manner of a boy acknowledging a deep debt of gratitude. "I want to hand it to you!"

Spinner smiled slightly.

"He might have croaked you for less."

"He might," said Spinner reflectively.

"You turned the trick for me anyhow," said the gunman. "I want to pass you that. One look underneath my bonnet—just one—and the lights would have been snapped out for me! We two have been looking for one another for a year—and more. Ever since he put away Slant, my partner—Slant Moran. You may have heard about it."

"Yes," said the lean gaunt Spinner, looking down on him. "I knew about him. And about you, I guess, too," he added. "You're Strangler Hecker."

The other man acknowledged his identity with a nod.

"I don't know you," he said. "But whoever you are, you are some artist, I'll say that. You're some intellectual gymnast to keep him on the string—and know just how far you could carry him along by mouth play, without getting your fool head blown off."

Spinner smiled again. "That's my line, I guess."

"Soap-boxing, huh?" said the gunman. "What are you—out of headquarters?"

"Not exactly—not now."

"Listen," said the gunman finally, "who are you anyhow? What's your name?"

"Spinner," he answered. "John Spinner."

"Are you Spinner?" said the gunman, stepping back, with the oddly eloquent Western emphasis of recognition and surprise on the first syllable of the last name. "Poison Spinner?"

"Yes."

"Well, anyhow," said Hecker after a moment's hesitation, "that don't change the fact that I owe you my life—right now. Come on," he said. "Let's hit the hay."

They lay down again.

"Shut your yap, you stiffs!" called the bump-off man to the owners of the one or two voices still audible. "Who the hell could sleep with that cackle going on?"

The black interior of the car was again silent. The monotonous wheels went pounding on uninterrupted across the empty prairie.

III

THERE was a region—a mysterious blank in the continental maps of the old-time geographies marked "The Great American Desert"—representing a country which is in much of its area very different now from then. But out of this for forty years at least has come continuously a never-allayed spirit of unrest. It seems always rising there and moving outward—an angry spirit born on barren soil, like the ghouls and afreets that danced in the deserts of the old Arabs.

Out of this bitter land have risen and moved eastward across this country within the memory of a good share of us the free-silver agitation, populism, and now in these more recent years the I. W. W.—dedicated by the choice of its own name to the ambitious task of consolidating and projecting against existing society all the physical workers of the world—bound together by one common hate. It has its own institutions—this last movement—its own program; its many agencies, all of which have developed logically out of its economic and social environment; and its one main underlying tenet—a declared and implacable hate for everything that now is.

Two of its agents rested side by side on the filthy floor of the freight car going east across the plains of Nebraska. They slept lightly. The sharp danger and the sharper horror which had ended it—together with the great physical discomfort of their beds—had been too much even for the nerves of these men—even for the schooled bravado of the bump-off man.

Gray lights showed through the cracks of the car—the dawn of a lead-colored November day across the endless stubbly fields. Both men lay half propped up, back to the side of the car. Each soon saw that the man beside him was awake; and soon, as always when two wobblies of their type are met together, they were taking up the greatest common denominator of the conversation of their kind—commoner than talk of drink or food or danger or even sex—the talk of the coming industrial revolution.

"So then," said the bump-off man, starting it with a return to their last previous words, "you're the bird that's out to quit us, huh?"

He turned toward Spinner, his round face shining even in that pale light with ruddy health; a face with the placid comfortable animal humor of a possible German-peasant origin, thought Spinner, watching him—but for the wide thin-lipped scornful mouth which belied this.

"You're getting out," he asked, "from the wobblies?"

"No," said Spinner simply.

"What do you call it? Ain't you out boosting the wrong game, leaving the wobblies for the Federation of Labor?" the bump-off man persisted.

"Yes," said Spinner. "So are you boosting it. So is everybody," he added—"if they only knew it."

"I'm a wobbly," said Hecker.

"So am I," returned Spinner. "You saw my card. And I will be until somebody comes along and puts me out. Which hasn't happened yet," he added coldly.

"You're lucky somebody don't cut your lungs out," vouchsafed the gunman with a grimace of his wide mouth intended as an ironic smile. "If you've done what I heard you have."

"Why don't they start it?"

This was no new talk to Spinner. The average wobbly argument—on revolution or simple economics—might sound often to a new listener like a preamble to violent murder, but not so to a veteran—to an old soap-boxer who had lived for several years on public argument.

He sat impassive, staring ahead—a curious contrast to the ruddy animal beside him—lean, cadaverous, with shallow pale-blue eyes looking indifferently ahead out of a long white face. He was born in an American textile-factory town, of English parents who were in turn from the textile-manufacturing districts of England—a hard wiry strain, underpaid, badly housed, badly fed, eternally resentful. The hate which had begun in them came down to him by both physical and mental inheritance.

Later, when he was a young man, he had drifted south and west, and had worked for a number of years as a coal miner, in the bituminous coal field; and the miner's life,

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The Laborers Rose as Slowly and Heavily as Cattle in Their Stalls, Their Thick-Fingered Hands Held Awkwardly Above Their Heads

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alone in the dark, had not tended to improve the moody bitterness of his temperament. He was to a high degree that unfortunate product of modern economic society—the chronic enemy of everything that is. He hated it not with any violence of hatred, but with a hate that worked in him always with the insatiable deadly persistency of a pernicious anæmia, a hate neither hurried nor unbalanced nor afraid of anything that lived. There are not so many thousands of these men on the underside of labor in the United States to-day—but there are more than there safely should be, for these men are immensely dangerous. When hate becomes a driving personal enthusiasm it is, like its opposite emotion, both insatiable and incorruptible. It holds its own rewards and justifications for life and living within itself.

"If they want to get rid of me—if they want to get me," he went on again, "all right. Why don't they start it? I'll tell you why," he said when the other watched him with a steady animal curiosity instead of speaking. "Because they don't dare to. Because we've got something bigger and more dangerous to capitalism than they ever had—and they know it! What is the I. W. W. anyway?" he inquired in the same inflexible tone of bitterness. "What's its underlying principle?"

A lump raised its head from its fellow lumps upon the floor.

"Aw, can the cuspidor philosophy!" cried a hoarse voice of protest. "What the hell?"

"Is that so?" returned the gunman with quick and deadly amiability. "Who says so?"

"You might lay off that—till daylight anyhow," replied the voice, its truculence transformed quickly into a plaintive note of apprehension by its owner's recognition of his own unfortunate indiscretion.

"Daylight be damned," stated the bump-off man. "You'll get some of it through you in about two seconds if we hear that song again from you."

The lump lay still again among its fellows—all now apparently asleep. The two more wakeful minds in the box car went on with their cuspidor philosophy, the never-ending debate on the expected economic revolution, as it is named in the sordid argot of the wobblies—that language of a cynical and mocking humor which jeers always, even at itself. They kept along upon that interminable discussion; that universal whisper in the strange dark corners which is now passing on across the earth, unheard by so many of us; that curious babel of argument, spoken by rough voices in uncouth tongues, yet with a knowledge of abstract economic terms which might puzzle and surprise many of us of the more fortunate and fuller faced.

"What is it?" asked the other, taking up Spinner's question again. "What do you mean anyhow?"

"What is the I. W. W.," asked Spinner once again—"fundamentally?"

"Well—what?"

"Impossibilism," Spinner answered. "When did that ever get the worker anywhere?" he asked. "The I. W. W. to-day is as dead—almost as rotten for the worker as the Federation of Labor. And this Foster knew it, and showed it to the world when he got out—that's all."

The gunman grunted his dissent. "All right," he answered finally. "What about Foster and his book? What did he get out that's so new?"

"The one thing—the one thing that the capitalists were afraid of—the one thing they know can beat them," said Spinner, a harder ring now coming into his voice.

"What's that?"

"Possibilism."

The other man was still going over in his mind terms which were known but were not entirely definite to him.

"Possibilism, huh?" he said, bringing out his question finally. "Just for instance—just what does that mean—to your mind?"

"A possibilist," replied the other man with the trained quickness of response of a veteran soap-box orator answering a familiar question, "believes in grabbing what you can—any way you can. Grab it—some way—while the grabbing's good."

The other nodded.

"While we impossibilists—like we wobblies have been; and the old-time dear comrades," he said, indicating the socialists—"have always all the time worked by rule; like a lot of old-women card players. Moved only one way—that's all. Could you beat it? Could you suit the capitalists better?" he asked, cursing them. "It fits their purposes like a glove. With all their spies and dicks round the workers they can tell every move we are going to make years ahead—plain as a game of checkers in a yap grocery store.

"Weapons—workers' weapons!" he cried scornfully. "What would you do," he said, the gleam of hatred in his eyes shining brighter in the growing daylight—"what would you do if somebody robbed your house and raped your sister? The first thing you'd do you'd look round the place for a Robert's Rules of Order, wouldn't you, so you'd know just how to talk to him when you got the dastard? Sure! That'd be what you'd do. That's the real genuine old-time recipe for setting free the worker."

He stopped, the corner of his thin lips in his wan face lifted by a sneer.

"Well?" inquired the gunman stoically. "What about it? What's this new thing he's got that you are beefing about?"

The sneer on the other's face quickened to a faint smile of mockery.

"He found a new principle of action—for the workers. He was willing to come out and say he'd kill a rattlesnake even if he found it asleep. That's bad. A brand-new, dishonorable principle for the worker in his economic action."

"What's new about that," inquired the bump-off man, unimpressed, "from what the wobblies have been preaching always?"

"This: We have got on now to the way of crawling up on them, and getting them when they are asleep!" said the philosopher of revolution. His mind turned with full unconsciousness from the simile of the snake to the other reptile it personified—the reptile Capitalist. "We've got the method all worked out, and they're asleep all right, right now," he said with a ring of anticipation in his voice and a thin high laugh. "If they only keep so a year longer! That's all we'll ask—any of us!"

"What do you know anyhow about this bird—this Foster?" inquired Hecker, his interest now engaged by the suggestion of Spinner's last sentences. "Do you know him well?"

"I know him as well as anybody does, I guess! He never lets anybody really know him. That's part of his game. I can only guess what he plans to do—as you can—by his actions."

They passed on to the discussion of this odd new figure—the leader of the great steel strike—then already seen as a coming power in the inside economic and political movements within that widely heralded new democracy, that new *imperium in imperio* of modern society—the labor world.

"You know his history probably—how he got started?" Spinner asked.

"I know he was a pie-cart artist," sneered Hecker, using the wobbly term for a small labor parasite, staked to his small living in cheap quick-lunch restaurants by the workers. "A pie-cart artist out on the coast. A soap-boxer. An intellectual gymnast."

"More than that," asserted Spinner. "Don't fool yourself."

"A pie-cart artist," reiterated the hostile gunman. "He a worker! He never did a real day's work in all his life!"

"When were you working last?" inquired Spinner. "You or I?" he added with the quick defensive humor of the street talker. "But this boy's got other things some things we haven't got. He's got brains for one thing. And an eye—a mental eye like a telescope that sees what's coming years away. You're right though, in a general way," he went on. "He showed up first on the coast when I was out there myself. He was born back East, somewhere in Massachusetts. He says he worked some sort of easy office stuff in Philadelphia; and then later on the railroads. I guess we can forget that early railroad stuff," said Spinner with a dry smile.

"The only way he ever worked on a railroad, those days, he might have worked his fare on the blind baggage!" contributed the gunman.

"Anyhow," said Spinner, "the first I knew of him he wasn't working. He was a socialist—a chair warmer, you'd call him—getting an occasional piece of change out of the Seattle Call. They had him over reporting the Spokane free-speech campaign of the wobblies in 1909. He gets into it and they throw him into jail there—with the rest of them. After that he was a wobbly."

"Yes?" inquired the gunman. "For how long?"

"Till 1911—when he thought he would go over into Europe and get the squint of the reds over there—where they've got some real start on revolution."

"And what'd he get over there besides the mange—the yellow dog?" inquired the other, with the usual violent similes of a wobbly debate.

"He got it all—the new ideas of real working revolution, where they start from."

"Syndicalism?"

"Yes—and the practical way to get it going here. He got his possibilism—his boring from within that he used to talk about and don't now—from the French anarchist-syndicalists."

"That's old exploded stuff—long ago," said the gunman, his mind turning back at once to the orthodox I. W. W. confession of faith—the one great hostile union of the workers, rolling up revolution outside of all existing organizations of society.

"Is it?" inquired his antagonist. "It doesn't look so from what he's done already—compared to our old bunch of fatheads."

"What did he do?" inquired Hecker. "I'll tell you one thing he did do—to my own knowledge: He came back and started knocking the I. W. W. all over the scenery—soap-boxing on Bughouse Square and the West Side—all over Chicago. Do you deny that?"

"Sure, that's just what he did do."

"Then he shows up with that old labor politician, John Fitzpatrick—the kind he yelps about so much in his red book—playing his game."

"I wouldn't doubt it," said Spinner. "That would be just what you'd expect."

"You would, huh?" asked the gunman with ugly emphasis.

"Sure," said Spinner. "It's clear enough; he said so practically in his book. It's all there in print, all this stuff, for anybody who wants to read it. Possibilism, that's all! Any way to get in and get on.

"And that's the way he did get in through Fitzpatrick—you know that—to organize the car tunks. Fitzpatrick gave him that chance after a while. And then, of course, he made good to Fitzpatrick—giving him so many new members in his Chicago Federation of Labor."

"Yes. And so many votes," said the obstinate gunman, "for his cheap new Labor Party."

"Sure. He gave Fitzpatrick everything he wanted. Why wouldn't he?" inquired Spinner. "Wasn't that the natural game of a possibilist? Use your reason! He raised the carmen up from nothing to a hundred thousand or more. And then right away they feed him the hunks down in the stockyards to organize—more labor of the same kind that nobody else had been able to handle before. And then he went right on from there to the steel workers. Who'd stop him? Not the old labor skates, who were getting in more members into the federation. Not John Fitzpatrick, with his Labor Party!"

"It's the war that did it all for him—that's all," claimed the reluctant Hecker.

"Sure it's the war," said Spinner. "He'd be the first to admit it—and use it to the limit. That's possibilism, going wild and free. The war," he said with a smile of reminiscence, almost of mirth—"that's what set up radical labor in business in this country! Everybody knows that. All the pols—from the top down—bidding for the labor vote. All the willy boys with spats and dogskin gloves, and the yellow canes hanging on their arms, standing round, listening to the boys with the grease on them showing them where they'd have to come in for the hundred per cent raise in wages every month. And the reds organizing everything, industrially into straight syndicalism—almost—all under their noses. All over," he repeated; "in the railroads a half a million in the car shops. A hundred thousand and more in the packing houses. The machinists, the shipyards. Talk about possibilism! About something rich and rare for the worker! That was it! Laugh?" he said. "I never laughed so much in my life as to see the way the workers put over what they wanted on those poor jacks with the hanging canes. The ones with the canes—or the ones that try to dress rough and hit you on the back, and say 'Hello, fellows!' when they met you mornings.

"'Hello, fellows!'" he repeated in a high half-hysterical tone—the tone in which the youth of a factory town mock the girls upon the street at night. He stopped and laughed again, almost with real enjoyment.

"Sure," said the gunman, grinning. "I've seen those birds."

Spinner now stopped laughing abruptly.

"Who hasn't?" he inquired. "They've been everywhere underfoot. Oh, the war was good for our possibilism; wonderful—as one of those hearty boys would say—wonderful for the worker. A revolution almost by itself. It added sixty per cent to the membership of the Federation of Labor—all radical practically. It did more for the worker than two generations before. That's possibilism. That's what possibilism does—taking what comes and using it to the limit.

"But that's nothing," he said significantly, "to what will be on now. Now this armistice—this end of the war came last week. Nothing to the idea—to the campaign those of us that are in the know will be starting now. Working out the biggest idea of all—that one Foster got into his head that time he was over finding out how things were done in Europe and wrote about in his book."

"What's that?"

"That thing the anarchists got away with in France when they grabbed the labor movement there in the '90's—boring a way inside the unions; and have kept it ever since—for syndicalism. Revolution," he said. "They make you laugh—the newspapers! The paid spellbinders of the manufacturers! You'd think the worker was going out with a gun in one hand and a bomb in the other—and clean the capitalists and their armies up. A fat chance he'd have of that. You know that."

The gunman grunted.

"And all the time the real revolution is right here—right before them, so close they can't see it for its closeness. Do they see it? No—no more than an ant climbing up the side of a house can see the house."

"What's all this?" inquired Hecker.

"The next step—what's coming next? The plan to grab all the labor in the United States for the revolution and hold it. Just as the anarchist-syndicalists have done in France. The thing that's all framed up now to pull off here."

"How?" inquired Hecker.

"Possibilism, that's how. I'll show you how," said Spinner, now lowering his voice and looking round at the still sleeping men. "I'll give you the whole layout of the country as it now is—if you want."

"Shoot," directed Hecker, watching him.

"You know the instructions that are given the new job delegate when he starts out recruiting them for the first time for the I. W. W.," said Spinner, obeying him. "The old instructions: 'Get them when they're sore!'"

"Sure; the good old belly philosophy," said the gunman, using the familiar wobbly term for the fundamental underlying doctrine of its propaganda.

"Will they ever be sorer," Spinner asked him, "than they will be in these next few weeks and months when your bloody capitalists' system is throwing the workers out on the pavements—after this war they pulled?"

"Probably not," said Hecker, thinking.

"It will start now, won't it—this strong-arm work? It has already in a lot of things; coal mines and munition factories, for two things. But it will be growing now fiercer and fiercer for weeks and months and years probably. Every week in every town and city they'll be dumping out more thousands of the workers—sore and ugly. More and more every month, till there's an army of them. What'll we be doing, we reds, all this time? Sitting still? Sure!" he said ironically. "That's just what we'll be doing—with the grip we've got on the situation through this war!"

The gunman nodded, considering.

"That's what we're all looking for," said Spinner after waiting, letting his suggestion sink in. "Where you make your mistake," he went on more persuasively, "is in thinking of the reds as all split to pieces. It might look that way to you probably—out here in the sticks. But they see different—the men right inside the red movement. They see we're all a part of one big thing. All the reds, from the wobblies to these new communists and Russian workers," said Spinner.

He outlined the way the reds of all shades get together now for planning and discussion in great cities like Chicago.

"And as far as we wobblies go," he asserted, "they all got a great share of their

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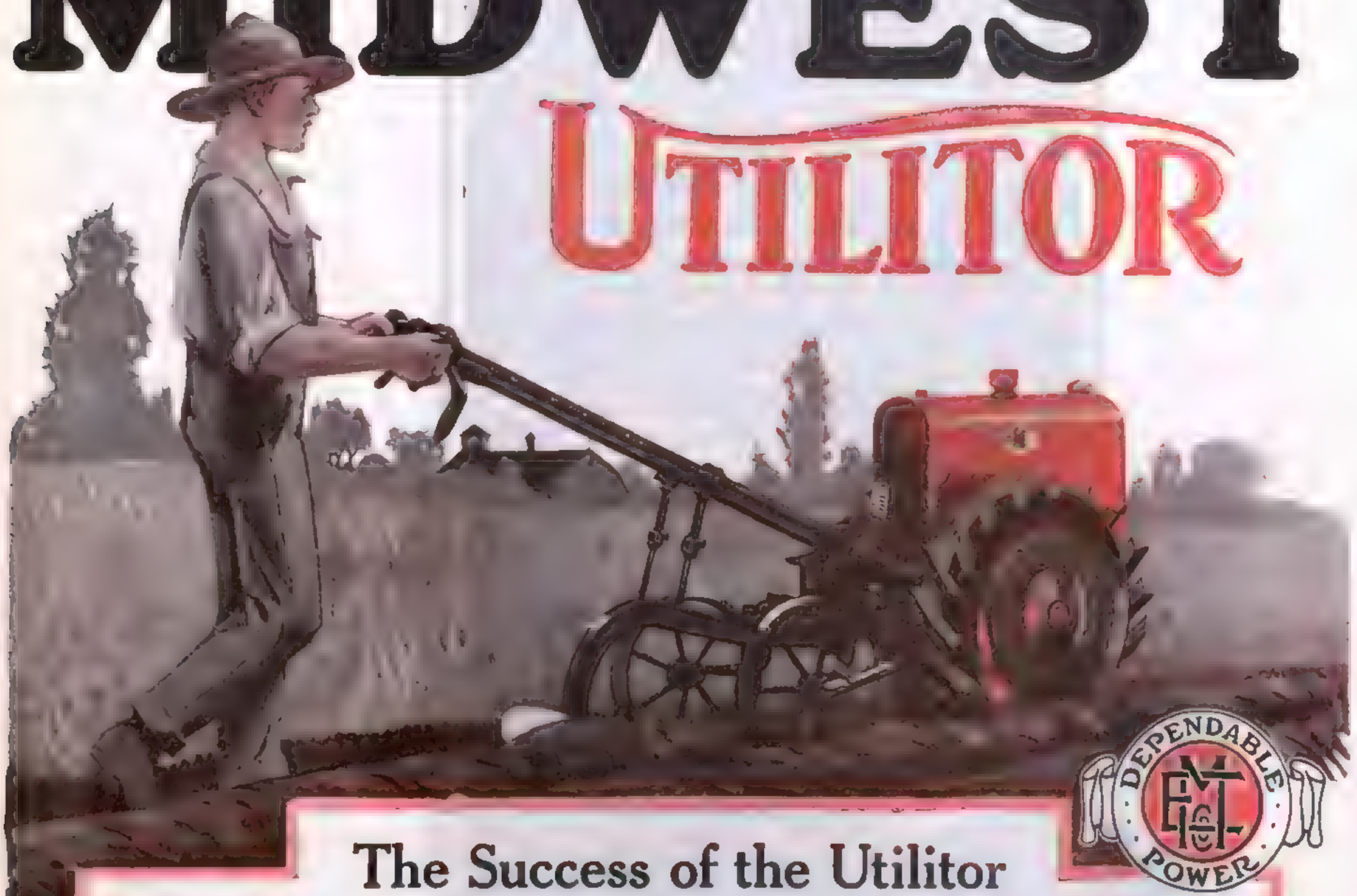

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practical working ideas from us. They all admit it. Lenine," he said, "took many of his ideas from our American radical-labor movement here; he's said so in print. And when you come to it, what's Foster's working tactics and his boring from within that he used to talk about and don't now after all but the old I. W. W. plans of organization we've worked against the slave-driving capitalist system ever since we opened up on it? What did that gang do in starting in on the car tunks and the packing houses except work on the old job-delegate system, and our old-time belly philosophy, taken bodily from the wobblies? What'd they do at the beginning but take their dinner pails and go inside and organize the workers on the job?"

He alluded now, of course, to the celebrated job-delegate system of the I. W. W.—that ingenious method of organizing and promoting class war in society by the direct and simple stimulation and use of the hatred of the individual worker for the man or corporation that employs him.

There are two main points of strength in this plan of propaganda. The first is its excellent psychology. Large public gatherings with speech making are counted a minor and less successful way of recruiting members. For real success the individual, they hold, must be approached, while at his work, by another individual worker—the secret delegate of the I. W. W. And this delegate is instructed to approach the prospective member only when he is good and sore. Not in the morning, when he is strong and refreshed; never in the evening at home, when he has had his supper and is sitting comfortably with his wife and children; but on the job—late in the afternoon preferably, when he is tired and irritable; and always if possible when he is aggravated and disgruntled over some run-in or call-down by his boss. Then the worker becomes naturally a candidate for the I. W. W., and is shown and is drafted to carry forward the principles of revolution.

The second point of strength of this propaganda is that in the organization of the I. W. W.—instead of the work of organizing being done by a limited number of paid professional organizers as in the older forms of unionism—every new member of the wobblies after a short period is expected to some extent at least to become a job delegate, organizing the other men beside him on his job—thus theoretically spreading the doctrine of revolution inside of industry after the fashion of the familiar and far-reaching chain letter.

"You don't realize," said Spinner, "out here in the sticks in the West how far this has gone—what a field there is for pushing forward the real red-hot fundamental class hatred east of the Mississippi; and how far this new radical bunch in the federation are going to work it through this new steel-workers thing they're out organizing now."

The gunman looked at him inquiringly.

"With the low-paid foreigners—the hunks and dagos."

"Don't I?" responded Hecker with a reminiscent laugh. "I was out East in McKee's Rocks and Paterson and Lawrence during those old wobbly strikes. It's a dream what you can do organizing those boys with the pockmarks and the long mustaches. You can tell them anything!"

"Why not?" asked Spinner, looking at him.

"Why not is right," acquiesced the gunman, warmed to speech now by his memories. "You've got them all to yourself. Nobody else ever pays any attention to them—except to gouge what they can out of them."

Spinner, seeing he was talking now, responded only with a significant smile.

"And trim them!"

"Sure," said Spinner, smiling quietly.

"Trim them!" exclaimed the gunman. "I come from back East, the way the most of us do—out from round that Pittsburgh district. Trim them," he said, laughing, "like a Christmas tree in the Salvation Army! All hands—from the gink that gets them at the end of the gangplank in New York, to the family groceryman and the boys that own those black-dog houses they put them in round that steel country. Sore?" he said.

"If you want to pick them sore—there's the boys that are sore! You can go to those poor stiffs and tell them anything you want to—after they've been here a year or two going through this. You can feed them anything you want about the capitalists and this country."

"Well, why not?" asked Spinner. "It's all true."

"Sure it's true," said the now talkative gunman. "But I was just thinking how simple it was—if you can only get to them in their own language. When you have you've got them all to yourself. Nobody else wants them—or will take the trouble to contradict you. We've got these birds all our way—we radicals."

"How many papers does the I. W. W. publish now in foreign languages?" interjected Spinner.

"Oh—a half a dozen or so."

"That's been one great field!" commented Spinner.

"It's nothing. It's not a wart on what they're doing themselves now—in all these foreign radical benevolent societies—these little halls you see all over the foreign districts round that big manufacturing country. You heard about those Finns round Duluth," he asked, "and the way they teach those roundheaded boys their alphabets—their English, in primers?"

He stopped to laugh.

"'Is there a God?'" he said, quoting, his reckless eyes and round face lighted now with a mischievous interest and humor. "'There is not,'" he went on quoting his supposed textbook. "'Is the United States on the level?' 'It is not. The President sleeps every night on a corkscrew, in a spiral staircase with a crooked capitalist on each side of him!' Oh, that's the game!"

"They're all over with that sort of thing," commented Spinner. "The Russians—those communists are working that kind of stuff all the time."

"The country back East there, they tell me—the guys I run across here lately—is full of those grand-duke stickers from Russia. They've got the roundheads all dancing their national dances and singing bloody murder in eight languages in these wild benevolent societies, they tell me, since this Russian Revolution was pulled off."

"They tell you right," Spinner assured him.

"But after all—what's new about it?" asked Hecker suddenly. "What's this crowd of yours doing but what the wobblies have been doing right along?"

"They didn't stick—did they—these foreigners in Lawrence, and Paterson, and McKee's Rocks? They dropped their I. W. W. cards right off—in six months' time."

"Say they did," replied the gunman argumentatively. "They're radicals just the same. They've got the good old revolutionary bellyache right in them still—where we put it!"

"Exactly so," agreed Spinner.

"Never mind what membership we may have now," continued Hecker, "we've had inside at one time or another half a million workers and given them the dope!"

"Right," said Spinner, "and they're passing it along all the time now to others. Scattering discontent—the seeds of revolution—all over!"

"Well, then," said Hecker, checking his enthusiasm, back again to his original prejudice and skepticism, "what about this new bunch—and you?"

"We're gathering up and consolidating all this into one big thing—the way it ought to be. We're bringing the discontent of the East back to join the old raw soreheads in the West—the hunky to meet the Western working stiff. And we're doing it—getting away with it. Because it's ripe—right here—good and ripe and rotten to be picked! And don't think," he said in an again lowered voice, "it's being pushed and financed in this country only!"

And then he told him, to a certain extent, in a guarded way some of the main facts concerning the avenues of communication now open for proper agents between the United States and Russia.

"It's the East," he said, summing up at last, "joining hands with the West for the finish, that's all."

The gunman laughed like an amused boy.

"A general congress of the soreheads of the world," he said.

"You've got the idea now exactly," Spinner told him.

"Where?" he asked.

"In Chicago now especially," returned Spinner.

And he told him then the gist of the plan—its machinery of operation, and its lively expectation of success.

"The federation?" exclaimed Hecker. "That old bunch of crooked gravestones?" He laughed again with a boy's reckless mischievous enjoyment.

"Sitting over labor," confirmed Spinner, "exactly as it did in France, when the anarchist-syndicalists grabbed it twenty years ago!"

The gunman suddenly went sober, listening and reflecting. He broke in at last upon Spinner's speaking with an abrupt and astonished profanity.

"Is it as big as that?" he asked.

Spinner nodded.

"I could stand getting in on that myself," said Hecker, "if that's the frame-up!"

"You can all right," Spinner told him, "if you want to."

"How?"

"I'll send for you."

"From where?"

"I'm going on to Chicago now."

"You're on!" the gunman said, closing up their understanding.

It was in fact time now, they both saw, that they stop their talk. Their fellow workers, the bundle stiffs, were getting ready for a move. The train was coming now to a junction point where it would be the part of wisdom to hop off and walk round the town rather than take the chances with the town clowns or the railroad bulls, who always get stronger round a settled center.

"I'm going to hear from you later, understand?" said Hecker as they parted.

"As soon as I look the ground over in Chi," Spinner assured him.

He had opened up and told his man more than he would have naturally. He saw that sooner or later he would probably have a chance to use him.

So the company of strange bedfellows scattered at the junction point; the bundle stiffs going south, the gunman going west again upon his division; and Spinner keeping on his way into Chicago.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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PNEUMONIA, THE APACHE

(Concluded from Page 34)

The wreckage remains; you are terribly weak, the struggle has left but a shadow of your former self. But that shadow will soon take on substance. Convalescence may not be rapid, but it will be an unspeakable joy. Let your joy, however, take the form of passive contentment. If your doctor detects any signs of bodily activity he will caution you: "A pneumonia patient is never out of danger until he is entirely well." The heart muscle must recover its strength before one can undertake the slightest exertion without risk.

It is entirely probable that, as you lie there, dreadfully weak but with a clear mind, you cannot remember much about your illness. It is as though your body had lain ill and your mind had been elsewhere. Those who watched anxiously your struggle will recall all the details, especially the grave assiduous attentions of your doctor and nurse. They remember some of the doctor's directions as to your care.

"All the windows up!" he had said. "As much fresh air as he can get. Remember, a part of his lungs is out of commission and the rest has to do the work. He needs all the oxygen he can get."

"But the weather is cold. He will freeze!"

"Never fear; have a fire to make the air circulate more freely, but cold fresh air cannot hurt him. Cold water is used to bring down a high temperature. Why is not cold air just as good?"

And when friends called they were barred from the sick room for fear their presence would excite you. Also, you were not allowed to move in bed without being helped, to avoid unnecessary strain upon your heart. And you were sponged frequently, at regular intervals, to keep your skin active. To assist your kidneys in carrying off the poison you had to drink more liquids, especially water, than you thought necessary. Your sputum was carefully kept and burned, that it might not infect others. And the attendants washed their hands frequently, that they might not convey the infection to their lips. And you were constantly watched, day and night, for fear that in sudden delirium you might attempt to get up or otherwise do yourself an injury.

And so, finally, partly because of these attentions, partly because of certain medicines which were given for particular conditions such as pain and annoying cough and sleeplessness when you were so restless, but mostly because you had the elements of fight within you, you triumphed over the archenemy, and he suddenly fled. It was a glorious victory.

Preventive Measures

But it is probable that under certain conditions the victory might have been yours in the first place. You might have conquered the germs before they germinated to cause pneumonia. To say that the pneumococcus is no respecter of persons is an exaggeration. It is no respecter of those who have lost their normal resistance to it. Everyone who is stricken has had the germs within him many times before and has not succumbed. But this one time he has lost something that he once possessed and which he might have retained.

This brings us to prevention. The first thing to avoid is a multitude of the germs or rapidly repeated infections. Unnecessary contact with those who have pneumonia should be shunned. If one's duties are in the sick room care should be taken to cleanse the hands thoroughly, especially before eating. The sputum should be collected and burned frequently. All vessels with which the patient comes in contact must be washed thoroughly, disinfected, and kept solely for his use. Bedclothing and his personal clothing must be boiled.

But there are carriers who are not sick and who do not suspect that they harbor the germs. Such persons are a constant menace to others. The danger would be greatly decreased if everyone who has a cold were to cover his mouth and nose when he must cough and sneeze, especially in public places where the germs may be widely disseminated.

These precautions will lessen the danger of infection, but they will not remove it entirely. The other element of prevention has to do with the recipient of the germs, the fostering of his natural resisting power. The rules of conduct for the prevention of pneumonia are exactly the same as those for the avoidance of other germ diseases. The pneumococcus is more virulent than most of the other bacteria, but his method in attack is the same. And because of this similarity there must be a certain repetition of what has been enjoined with reference to colds and coughs.

Why Horses are Healthy

Granting, then, that one is likely to come into contact with this desperate enemy at any time and at frequent times, what may be done to render him harmless? First, we must remember that bacteria cannot harm unless they penetrate the surface. This is just as true of the mucous membrane lining the air passages as it is of the skin. Something must mar that surface if they are to find entrance and a temporary habitat.

This brings us first and foremost to dust as an irritant and to mouth breathing. If there remains any doubt as to the importance of dust as a cause of lung conditions let the following evidence from the London Lancet of June 12, 1919, be read dispassionately. It is a comparison of the relative frequency of lung diseases in miners and in mine horses:

"The horse breathes through his nose, which stops nearly all the dust. Investigations showed that there were no lung ailments among horses; they were hardly ever sick, and their average working life was thirteen years. The health of the animals was excellent, although lung diseases had been common in human beings. While experimentally the horse can be given pulmonary tuberculosis and develop copious disease, their freedom from the same in normal life is probably due to exclusive nasal breathing."

Whether one accepts this conclusion wholly or not it is at least worth while to remember dust as an important factor in the susceptibility to pneumonia. Breathe through the nose habitually if you can. If you cannot, have the obstructions removed, that it may be used as it was intended to be used.

If you have a cold, any inflammatory condition of the air passages, avoid indoor crowds. A catarrhal condition predisposes to pneumonia, and it is safe to say that in every crowd there are carriers of the germ, who may be as dangerous to you as a lunatic with a weapon.

Spring and fall are fruitful times for pneumonia, because of sudden changes in temperature and humidity. But at all seasons avoid undue exposure to wet and cold. Congestion of the mucous membranes of the lungs gives the pneumococcus his chance.

Other directions are still more general. They may apply to the avoidance of almost any disease that affects mankind. Avoidance of worry is one of them. Long-continued worry will reduce the bodily vigor. Overeating is a predisposing cause. The use of alcohol is another. The alcoholic will soon disappear from among us, but for a time he will not be quite so extinct as the dodo. He has far less chance than others against the onslaughts of the pneumococcus, and when he is stricken his doctor knows that his prospects for recovery are poor.

It is at least possible that more and more of us are succumbing each year to pneumonia because life is becoming increasingly difficult. We hurry too much, we worry too much, we play too little. Our lives are top-heavy and the equilibrium is unstable. This is obvious in theory, but we do not act upon it. Most of us get our fresh air through a distant narrowly opened window, our recreation at the movies, and our physical exercise in walking two blocks to the cars.

If you should chance to live in any one of our American cities in certain parts of which thieves and gunmen are wont to ply their trade, and were to ask advice concerning your personal safety, you would get it something after this manner: "Don't frequent places where you are likely to meet them."

"But," you might protest, "my business sometimes takes me to such neighborhoods."

"Very well, then; keep your eyes open. Don't let them get you unawares. And keep yourself physically strong. You will stand a better chance."

"Is there no weapon I can carry? Must I defend myself with my two fists?"

"Here is a defense that you may use; it is not perfect, it will not make you absolutely safe, but one who possesses it has an immense advantage over one who does not."

What would be your reply to such an offer? You would accept it eagerly, wouldn't you?

That is about the situation with regard to pneumonia. One may keep away from infected places. One may fortify himself by right breathing and right living and the avoidance of unnecessary exposure to inclement weather. But there is another measure that offers much hope in the combat against pneumonia.

Vaccination for Pneumonia

It is vaccination. Vaccination is not a new thing. Jenner, in 1798, used it against smallpox, and the pock-marked face has ceased to be a prevailing style of physiognomy. Typhoid vaccination practically eliminated that disease from the army. Vaccination has been successful in combating cholera and plague and dysentery. Is it improbable that pneumonia vaccination will be any less useful?

The attention of scientists has been turned in that direction for several years, but the war gave a great impetus to medical investigation because the opportunities were increased. So many men were assembled in the camps and associated together in barracks that pneumonia was rampant.

This was especially the case in the latter half of 1918, when influenza broke down the natural resisting power of the soldiers and laid them open to the ravages of the former disease.

Scientists studied pneumonia not only at the sick bed but in the laboratory, and science is finally on the heels of the monster. Of the thousands of men vaccinated as a preventive measure not half the number were stricken with pneumonia as compared with those who were unvaccinated. And this in spite of the fact that laboratory methods have not yet been perfected. The difficulty about it lies in the fact that the pneumococcus is not an unvarying type of germ; there are many varieties of the species.

But first, what is vaccination, and what does it do? It is the introduction into or beneath the skin, and thence into the circulation, of dead germs which, if living, would produce disease. The presence of these germs sets up a local irritation and starts the defensive forces of Nature. At the place of the injection there is a transient inflammation, but throughout the body there is a righteous indignation, an awakening of antagonistic forces. Certain substances are formed in the blood that will help the white blood corpuscles in their fight against active, living germs of the same kind as the dead ones that have been introduced.

Four Leading Types

For a long time afterward—in some cases for several years—these defensive products will continue to exist, to combat successfully the special kind of germs which they have been produced to fight. And so vaccination, for a time at least, immunizes, renders one less liable to successful invasion. But dead typhoid germs will not immunize against cholera, nor plague germs against typhoid. Whatever are the defensive products which have been manufactured, in each case they are different and they protect only against that particular kind of germ.

Therein lies the difficulty with regard to pneumonia. There are many kinds of pneumococcus; in fact there are four types, of which three are constant and the fourth is really not a single type but consists of many varieties, not yet classified. During the war men were vaccinated by the introduction of dead germs of the three constant types, and were in the vast majority of cases rendered immune. Of the small number of vaccinated men who were stricken nearly all recovered.

This marks a great step in advance. But how can the knowledge be applied in civil life? Should everyone be vaccinated against pneumonia? Yes. It is a kind of special health insurance. Will many healthy persons submit to pneumonia vaccination? No. It causes temporary physical discomfort, and to most of us the disease does not seem an ever-present menace. It will be a long time before public sentiment will cause compulsory vaccination for pneumonia. But it will be useful in the army and in public institutions. And the pneumonia death rate among soldiers, it is hoped, will come down like the typhoid death rate.

But there is a practical side of the question which concerns us all. If one member of a family develops pneumonia the others of the household should be vaccinated. It is as important a precautionary measure as taking antitoxin to prevent the spread of diphtheria.

At present the incidence of lobar pneumonia is gradually increasing in America. But if science shall advance in the future as it has in the recent past, perhaps at some not far distant day medical textbooks will say: "Lobar pneumonia. A disease of the lungs caused by the pneumococcus. Once quite prevalent; but now rare."

For science is moving with giant strides in the right direction—toward the goal of prevention.

THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY

(Continued from Page 37)

energy; their precision of movement and deliberation of thought conserve the residue against the supreme moment.

As a parenthesis: To a young woman what is a hero? Generally something conjured out of a book she has read; the unknown handsome young man across the street; the leading actor in a society drama; the idol of the movie. A hero must of necessity be handsome; that is the first essential. If he happens to be brave and debonair, rich and aristocratic, so much the better. Somehow, to be brave and to be heroic are not actually accepted synonyms in certain youthful feminine minds. For instance, every maid will agree that her father is brave; but tell her he is a hero because he pays his bills regularly and she will accept the statement with a smile of tolerant indulgence.

Thus Kitty viewed Cutty's activities with a thrill of amazed wonder. Had the young man hoisted Cutty to his shoulders her feeling would have been one of exultant admiration. Let age crown its garnered wisdom; youth has no objections to that; but feats of physical strength—that is poaching upon youth's preserves. Kitty was not conscious of the instinctive resentment. At that moment Cutty was to her the most extraordinary old man in the world.

"Forward!" he whispered. "I want to know why I am doing this movie stunt." The journey began with Kitty in the lead. She prayed that no one would see them as they passed the two landing windows. Below and above were vivid squares of golden light. She regretted the drizzle; no clothes-laden lines intervened to obscure their progress. Someone in the rear of the houses in Seventy-ninth Street might observe the silhouettes. The whole affair must be carried off secretly or their efforts would come to nothing

Once inside the kitchen Cutty shifted his burden into his arms, the way one carries a child, and followed Kitty into the unused bedroom. He did not wait for the story, but asked for the telephone.

"I'm going to call for a surgeon at The Lambs. He's just back from France and knows a lot about broken heads. And we

can trust him absolutely. I told him to wait there until I called."

"Cutty, you're a dear. I don't wonder father loved you."

Presently he turned away from the telephone. "He'll be here in a jiffy. Now, then, what the deuce is all this about?"

Briefly Kitty narrated the episodes.

"Samaritan stuff. I see. Any absorbent cotton? I can wash the wound after a fashion. Warm water and Castile soap. We can have him in shape for Harrison."

Alone, Cutty took note of several apparent facts. The victim's flannel shirt was torn at the collar and there were marks of finger nails on the throat and chest. Upon close inspection he observed a thin red line round the neck—the mark of a thong. Had they tried to strangle him or had he carried something of value? Silk underwear and a clean body; well born; foreign. After a conscientious hesitance Cutty went through the pockets. All he found were some crumbs of tobacco and a soggy match box. They had cleaned him out evidently. There were no tailors' labels in any of the pockets; but there were signs that these had once existed. The man on the bed had probably ripped them out himself; did not care to be identified.

A criminal in flight? Cutty studied the face on the pillow. Shorn of that beard it would be handsome; not the type criminal, certainly. A bit of natural cynicism edged into his thought: Kitty had seen through the beard, otherwise she would have turned the affair over to the police. Not at all like her mother, yet equally her mother's match in beauty and intelligence. Conover's girl whose eyes had nearly popped out of her head at the first sight of those drum-lined walls of his.

Two-Hawks. What was it that was trying to stir in his recollection? Two-Hawks. He was sure he had heard that name before. Hawksley meant nothing at all; but Two-Hawks possessed a strange attraction. He stared off into space. He might have heard the name in a tongue other than English.

A sound. It came from the lips of the young man. Cutty frowned. The poor chap wasn't breathing in a promising way; he groaned after each inhalation. And what had become of the old fellow Kitty called Gregory? A queer business.

Kitty came in with a basin and a roll of absorbent cotton.

"He is groaning!" she whispered.

"Pretty rocky condition, I should say. That handkerchief in his cap doubtless saved him. Now, little lady, I frankly don't like the idea of his being here. Suppose he dies? In that event there'll be the very devil to pay. You're all alone here, without even a maid."

"Am I all alone?"—softly.

"Well, no; come to think of it, I'm no longer your godfather in theory. Give me the cotton and hold the basin."

He was very tender. The wound bled a little; but it was not the kind that bled profusely. It was less a cut than a smashing bruise.

"Well, that's all I can do. Who was this tenant Gregory?"

"A dear old man. A valet at a Broadway hotel. Oh, I forgot! Johnny Two-Hawks called him Stefani Gregor."

"Stefani Gregor?"

"Yes. What is it? Why do you say it like that?"

"Say it like what?"—sparring for time.

"As if you had heard the name before?"

"Just as I thought!" cried Cutty, his nimble mind pouncing upon a happy invention. "You're romantic, Kitty. You're imagining all sorts of nonsense about this chap, and you must not let the situation intrigue you. If I spoke the name oddly this Stefani Gregor—it was because I sensed in a moment that this was a bit of the overflow. Southeastern Europe, where the good Samaritan gets kicked instead of thanked. Now, here's a good idea. Of course we can't turn this poor chap loose upon the public, now that we know his life is in danger. That's always the trouble with this Samaritan business. When you commit a fine action you assume an obligation. You hoist the Old Man of the Sea on your shoulders, as it were. The chap cannot be allowed to remain here. So, if Harrison agrees, we'll take him up to my diggings, where no Bolshevik will ever lay eyes upon him."

"Bolshevik?"

"For the sake of a handle. They might be Chinamen, for all I know. I can take care of him until he is on his feet. And you will be saved all this annoyance."

"But I don't believe it's going to be an annoyance. I'm terribly interested, and want to see it through."

"If he can be moved, out he goes. No arguments. He can't stay in this apartment. That's final."

"Exactly why not?" Kitty demanded rebelliously.

"Because I say so, Kitty."

"Is Stefani Gregor an undesirable?"

"You knew him. What do you say?" countered her godfather, evading the trap. The innocent child! He smiled inwardly.

Kitty was keen. She sensed an undercurrent, and her first attempt to touch it had failed. The mere name of Stefani Gregor had not roused Cutty's astonishment. She was quite positive that the name was not wholly unfamiliar to her father's friend.

Still, something warned her not to press in this direction. He would be on the alert. She must wait until he had forgotten the incident. So she drew up a chair beside the bed and sat down.

Cutty leaned against the footrail, his expression neutral. He sighed inaudibly. His delightful catnap was over. Stefani Gregor, Kitty's neighbor, a valet in a fashionable hotel! Stefani Gregor, who, upon a certain day, had placed the drums of jeopardy in the palms of a war correspondent known to his familiars as Cutty. And who was this young man on the bed?

"There goes the bell!" cried Kitty, jumping up.

"Wait!"

The ring was repeated vigorously and impatiently.

"Kitty, I don't quite like the sound of that bell. Harrison would have no occasion to be impatient. Somebody in a hurry. Now, attend to me. I'm going to steal out to the kitchen. Don't be afraid. Call if I'm needed. Open the door just a crack, with your foot against it. If it's Harrison he'll be in uniform. Call out his name. Slam the door if it is someone you don't know."

Kitty opened the door as instructed, but she swung it wide because one of the men outside was a policeman. The man behind him was a thickset, squat individual, with puffed discolored eyes and a nose that reminded Kitty of an alligator pear.

"What's going on here?" the policeman demanded to know.

VIII

A PHRASE, apparently quite irrelevant to the situation, shot into Kitty's head. Moribund perspectives. Instantly she knew, with that foretasting mind of hers, that the man peering over the policeman's shoulder and Johnny Two-Hawks had met somewhere that day. She was now able to compare the results, and she placed the victory on Two-Hawks' brow. Yonder individual somehow justified the instinct that had prompted her to play the good Samaritan. Whence had this gorilla come? He was not one of the men who had issued in such dramatic haste from the Gregor apartment.

"This man here saw you and another carrying someone across the fire escape. What's the rumpus?" The policeman was not exactly belligerent, but he was dutifully determined. And though he was ready to grant that this girl with the Irish eyes was beautiful, a man never could tell.

"There's been a tragedy of some kind," began Kitty. "This man certainly did see us carrying a man across the fire escape. He had been set upon and robbed in the apartment across the way."

"Why didn't you call in the police?"

"Because he might have died before you got here."

"Where's the man who helped you?"

"Gone. He was an outsider. He was afraid of getting mixed up in a police affair and ran away."

Behind the kitchen door Cutty smiled. She would do, this girl.

"Sounds all right," said the policeman. "I'll take a look at the man."

"This way, if you please," said Kitty readily. "You come, too, sir," she added as the squat man hesitated. Kitty wanted to watch his expression when he saw Johnny Two-Hawks.

Seed on rocky soil; nothing came of the little artifice. No Buddha's graven face was less indicative than the squat man's. Perhaps his face was too sore to permit mobility of expression. The drollery of this thought caused a quirk in one corner of Kitty's mouth. The squat man stopped at the foot of the bed with the air of a mere passer-by and seemed more interested in the investigations of the policeman than in the man on the bed. But Kitty knew.

"A fine bang on the coco," was the policeman's observation. "Take anything out of his pockets?"

"They were quite empty. I've sent for a military surgeon. He may arrive at any moment."

"This fellow live across the way?"

"That's the odd part of it. No, he doesn't."

"Then what was he doing there?"

"Probably awaiting the return of the real tenant, who hasn't returned up to this hour"—with an oblique glance at the squat man.

"Kind o' queer. Say, you stay here and watch the lady while I scout round."

The squat man nodded and leaned over the foot of the bed. The policeman stalked out.

"I was in the kitchen," said Kitty confidingly. "I saw shadows on the window curtain. It did not look right. So I started to inquire and almost bumped into two men leaving the apartment. They took to their heels when they saw me."

Again the squat man nodded. He appeared to be a good listener.

"Where were you when we crossed the fire escape?"

"In the yard on the other side of the fence." There was reluctance in the guttural voice.

"Oh, I see. You live there."

As this was a supposition and not a direct query the squat man wagged his head affirmatively.

Kitty, her ears strained for disquieting sounds in the kitchen, laid her palm on the patient's cheek. It was very hot. She dipped a bit of cotton into the water, which had grown cold, and dampened the wounded man's cheeks and throat. Not that she expected to accomplish anything by this act; it relieved the nerve tension. This man was no fool. If her surmises were correct he was a strong man both in body and in mind. In a rage he would be terrible. However had Johnny Two-Hawks done it—beaten the man and escaped? No doubt he had been watching all the time and had at length stepped in to learn if his

(Continued on Page 95)

There Was a Brittle Crackling, and a Rare Violin Became Kindling. A Sob Broke From the Prisoner's Lips

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subordinates had followed his instructions and to what extent they had succeeded.

"If he dies it will be murder."

"It is a big city."

"And so many terrible things happen like this every day. But sooner or later those who commit them are found out. Nemesis always follows on the heels of vengeance."

For the first time there was a flash of interest in the battered eyes of the intruder. Perhaps he saw that this was not only a pretty woman but a keen one, and sensed the veiled threat. Moreover, he knew that she had lied at one point. There had been no light in the room across the court.

But what in the world was happening out there in the kitchen? Kitty wondered. So far, not a sound. Had Cutty really taken flight? And why shouldn't he have faced it out at her side? Very odd on Cutty's part. Shortly she heard the heavy shoes of the policeman returning.

"Guess it's all right, miss. I'll report the affair at the precinct and have an ambulance sent over. You'll have to come along with me, sir."

"Is that legally necessary?" asked the squat man, rather perturbed.

"Sure. You saw the thing and I verified it," declared the policeman. "It won't take ten minutes. Your name and address, in case this man dies."

"I see. Very well."

Kitty wasn't sure, but the policeman seemed embarrassed about something. The directness was gone from his eyes and his speech was no longer brisk.

"My name is Conover," said Kitty.

"I got that coming in," replied the policeman. "We'll be on our way."

Not once again did the squat man glance at the man on the bed. He followed the policeman into the hall, his air that of one who had accepted a certain obligation to community welfare and canceled it.

Kitty shut the door and leaned against it weakly. Where had Cutty gone? Even as she expressed the query she smelt burning tobacco. She ran out into the kitchen, to behold Cutty seated in a chair calmly smoking his infamous pipe!

"And I thought you were gone! What did you say to that policeman?"

"I hypnotized him, Kitty."

"The newspaper?"

"No. Just looked into his eye and made a few passes with my hands."

"Of course, if you believe you ought not to tell me ——" said Kitty, which is the way all women start their wheedling.

Cutty looked into the bowl of his pipe.

"Kitty, when you throw a cobble into a pond, what happens? A splash. But did you ever notice the way the ripples have of running on and on, until they touch the farthest shore?"

"Yes. And this is a ripple from some big stone cast into the pond of Southeastern Europe. I understand."

"That's just the difficulty. If you understood nothing it would be much easier for me. But you know just enough to want to follow up on your own hook. I know nothing definitely; I have only suspicions. I calmed that policeman by showing him a blanket police power issued by the commissioner. I want you to pack up and move out of this neighborhood. It's not congenial to you."

"I'm afraid I can't afford to move until May."

"I'll take care of that gladly, to get you out of this garlicky ruin."

"No, Cutty; I'm going to stay here until the lease is up."

"Gee-whiz! The Irish are all alike," cried the war correspondent hopelessly. "Petticoat or pantaloon, always looking for trouble."

"No, Cutty; simply we don't run away from it. And there's just as much Irish in you as there is in me."

"Sure! And for thirty years I've gone hunting for trouble, and never failed to find it. I don't like this affair, Kitty; and because I don't I'm going to risk my Samson locks in your lily-white hands. I am going to tell you two things: I am a secret foreign agent of the United States Government. Now don't light up that way. Dark alleys and secret papers and beautiful adventuresses and bang-bang have nothing at all to do with my job. There isn't a grain of romance in it. Ostensibly I am a war correspondent. I have handled all the big events in Serbia and Bulgaria and Greece and Southwestern Russia. Boiled down, I am a census taker of undesirables. Socialist, anarchist and Bolshevik—I photograph them in my mental 'fillums' and transmit to Washington. Thus, when Feodor Slopeski lands at Ellis Island with the idea of blowing up New York, he is returned with thanks. I didn't ask for the job; it was thrust upon me because of my knowledge of the foreign tongues. I accepted it because I am a loyal American citizen."

"And you left me because you didn't know who might be at the door!"

"Precisely. I am known in lower New York under another name. I'm a rabid internationalist. Down with everything! I don't go out much these days; keep under cover as much as I can. Once recognized, my value would be nil. In a flannel shirt I'm a dangerous codger."

"And Gregor and this poor young man are in some way mixed up with internationalism!"

"Victims, probably."

"What is the other thing you wish to tell me?"

"Because your eyes are slate blue like your mother's. I loved your mother, Kitty," said Cutty, blinking into his pipe. "And the singular fact is, your father knew but your mother never did. I was never able to tell your mother after your father died. Their bodies were separated, but not their spirits."

Kitty nodded. So that was it? Poor Cutty!

"I make this confession because I want you to understand my attitude toward you. I am going to elect myself as your special guardian so long as I'm in New York. From now on, when I ask you to do something, understand that I believe it best for you. If my suspicions are correct we are not dealing with fools but with madmen. The most dangerous human being, Kitty, is an honest man with a half-baked or crooked idea; and that's what this world pother, Bolshevism, is—honest men with crooked ideas, carrying the torch of anarchism and believing it enlightenment. What makes them tear down things? Every beautiful building is only a monument to their former wretchedness; and so they annihilate. None of them actually knows what he wants. A thousand will-o'-the-wisps in front of them, and all alike. A thousand years to throw off the shackles, and they expect Utopia in ten minutes! It makes you want to weep. Socialism—the brotherhood of man—is a beautiful thing theoretically; but it is like some plays—they read well but do not act. Lopping off heads, believing them to be ideas!"

"The poor things!"

"That's it. Though I betray them I pity them. Democracy, slowly and surely. As prickly with faults as a cactus pear; but every year there are less prickles. We don't stand still or retrogress; we keep going on and up. Take this town. Think of it to-day and compare it with the town your father knew. There's the bell. I imagine that will be Harrison. If we can move this chap will you go to a hotel for the night?"

"I'm going to stay here, Cutty. That's final."

Cutty sighed.

IX

AT THE precinct station the squat man gave a name and an address to the bored sergeant at the desk, passed out a cigar, lit one himself, expressed some innocuous opinions upon one or two topics of the day, and walked leisurely out of the precinct. He wanted to laugh. These pigheads had never thought to question his presence in the back yard of the house in Seventy-ninth Street. It was the way he had carried himself. Those years in New York, prior to the war, had not been wasted. The brass-buttoned fools!

Serenely unconscious that he was at liberty by explicit orders, because the Department of Justice did not care to trap a werewolf before ascertaining where the pack was and what the kill, he proceeded leisurely to the corner, turned and broke into a run, which carried him to a drug store in Eightieth Street. Here he was joined by two men, apparently coal heavers by the look of their hands and faces.

"They will take him to a hospital. Find where, then notify me. Remember, this is your business, and woe to you if you fail. Where is it?"

One of the men extended an object wrapped in ordinary grocer's paper.

"Ha! That's good. I shall enjoy myself presently. Remember: Telephone me the moment you learn where they take him. He is still alive, bunglers! And you came away empty-handed."

"There was nothing on him. We searched."

"He has hidden them in one of those rooms. I'll attend to that later. Watch the hospital for an hour or so, then telephone for information regarding his condition. Is that motor for me? Very good. Remember!"

Inside the taxicab the squat man patted the object on his knees, and chuckled from time to time audibly. It would be worth all that journey, all he had gone through since dawn that morning. Stefani Gregor! After these seven long years—the man who had betrayed him! To reach into his breast and squeeze his heart as one might squeeze a bit of cheese! Many things to tell, many pictures to paint.

He rode far downtown, wound in and out of the warehouse district for a while, then dismissed the taxi and proceeded on foot to his destination—a decayed brick mansion of the 40's sandwiched in between two deserted warehouses. In the hall of the first landing a man sat in a chair under the gas, reading a newspaper. At the approach of the squat man he sprang to his feet but a phrase dissipated his apprehension and he nodded toward a door.

"Unlock it for me and see that I am not disturbed."

Presently the squat man stood inside the room, which was dark. He struck a match and peered about for the candle. The light discovered a room barren of all furniture excepting the table upon which stood the candle, and a single chair. In this chair was a man, bound. He was small and dapper, his gray hair swept back à la Liszt. His chin was on his breast, his body limp. Apparently the bonds alone held him in the chair.

The squat man laid his bundle on the table and approached the prisoner.

"Stefani Gregor, look up; it is I!" He drummed on his chest like a challenging gorilla. "I, Boris Karlov!"

Slowly the eyelids of the prisoner went up, revealing mild blue eyes. But almost instantly the mildness was replaced by an agate hardness, and the body became upright.

"Yes, it is Boris, whom you betrayed. But I escaped by a hair, Stefani; and we meet again."

What good to tell this poor madman that Stefani Gregor had not betrayed him, that he had only warned those marked for death? There was no longer reason inside that skull. To die, probably in a few moments. So be it. Had he not been ready for seven years? But that poor boy—to have come all these thousands of miles, only to walk into a trap! Had he found that note? Had they killed him? Doubtless they had or Boris Karlov would not be in this room.

"We killed him to-night, Stefani, in your rooms. We threw out the food so he would have to seek something to eat. The last of that breed, stem and branch! We are no longer the mud; we ourselves are the heels. We are conquering the world. To-day Europe is ours; to-morrow, America!"

A wintry little smile stirred the lips of the man in the chair. America, with its keen perceptions of the ridiculous, its withering humor!

"No more the dissolute opera dancers will dance to your fiddling, Stefani, while we starve in the town. Fiddler, valet, tutor, the rivers and seas of Russia are red. We roll east and west, and our emblem is red. Stem and branch! We ground our heels in their faces as for centuries they ground theirs in ours. He escaped us there—but I was Nemesis. He died to-night."

The body in the chair relaxed a little. "He was clean and honest, Boris. I made him so. He would have done fine things if you had let him live."

"That breed?"

"Why, you yourself loved him when he was a boy!"

"Stem and branch! I loved my little sister Anna too. But what did they do to her behind those marble walls? Did you fiddle for her? What was she when they let her go? My pretty little Anna! The fires of hell for those damned green stones of yours, Stefani! She heard of them and wanted to see them, and you promised."

"I? I never promised Anna! . . . So that was it? Boris, I only saw her there. I never knew what brought her. But the boy was in England then."

"The breed, the breed!" roared the squat man. "Ha, but you should have seen! Those gay officers and their damned master—we left them with their faces in the mud, Stefani; in the mud! And the women begged. Fine music! Those proud hearts, begging Boris Karlov for their lives—their faces in the mud! You, born of us in those Astrakhan Hills, you denied us because you liked your fiddle and a full belly, and to play keeper of those emeralds. The winding paths of torture and misery and death by which they came into the possession of that house! And always the proletariat has had to pay in blood and daughters. You, of the people, to betray us!"

"I did not betray you. I only tried to save those who had been kind to me."

A cunning light shot into Karlov's eyes. "The emeralds!" He struck his pocket. "Here, Stefani; and they shall be broken up to buy bread for our people."

"That poor boy! So he brought them! What are you going to do with me?"

"Watch you grow thin, Stefani. You want death; you shall want food instead. Oh, a little; enough to keep you alive. You must learn what it is to be hungry."

The squat man picked up the bundle from the table and tore off the wrapping paper. A violin the color of old Burgundy lay revealed.

"Boris!" The man in the chair writhed.

"Have I waked you, Stefani?"—tenderly. "The Stradivarius—the very grand duke of fiddles! And he and his damned officers, how they used to call out—'Get Stefani to fiddle for us!' And you fiddled, dragged your genius through the mud to keep your belly warm!"

"To save a soul, Boris—the boy's. When I fiddled his uncle forgot to drag him into an orgy. Ah, yes; I fiddled, fiddled because I had promised his mother!"

"The Italian singer! She was lucky to die when she did. She did not see the torch, the bayonet and the mud. But the boy did—with his English accent! How he escaped I don't know; but he died to-night, and the emeralds are in my pocket. See!" Karlov held the instrument close to the other's face. "Look at it well, this grand duke of fiddles. Look, fiddler, look!"

The huge hands pressed suddenly. There was a brittle crackling, and a rare violin became kindling. A sob broke from the prisoner's lips. What to Karlov was a fiddle to him was a soul. He saw the madman fling the wreckage to the floor and grind his heels into the fragments. Gregor shut his eyes, but he could not shut his ears; and he sensed in that cold demoniacal fury of the crunching heel the rising of maddened peoples.

X

MEANTIME Captain Harrison of the Medical Corps entered the Conover apartment briskly.

"You old vagabond, what have you been up to? . . . I beg pardon!"—as he saw Kitty emerge from behind Cutty's bulk.

"This is Miss Conover, Harrison."

"Very pleased, I'm sure. Luckily my case was in the coat room at the club. I took the liberty of telephoning for Miss Frances, who returned on the same ship with me. I concluded that your friend would need a nurse. Let me have a look at him."

Callously but lightly and skillfully the surgeon examined the battered head. "Escaped concussion by a hair, you might say. Probably had his cap on. That black eye, though, is an older affair. Who is he?"

"I suspect he's some political refugee. We don't know a thing about him otherwise. How soon can he be moved?"

"He ought to be moved at once and given the best of care."

"I can give him that in my eagle's nest. Harrison, this chap's life is in danger; and if we get him into my lofty diggings they won't be able to trace him. Not far from here there's a private hospital I know. It goes through from one street to the next. I know the doctor. We'll have the ambulance carry the patient there, but at the rear I'll have one of the office newspaper trucks. And after a little wait we'll shoot the stretcher into the truck. The police will not bother us. I've seen to that. I rather believe it falls in with some of my work. The main idea, of course, is to rid Miss Conover of any trouble."

"Just as you say," agreed the surgeon. "That's all I can do for the present. I'll run down to the entrance and wait for the nurse."

"Will he live?" asked Kitty.

"Of course he will. He is in good physical condition. Imagine he has simply been knocked out. Serious only if unattended. Your finding him probably saved him. Twelve hours will tell the story. May be on his feet inside a week. Still, it would be advisable to keep him in bed as long as possible. Fagged out, I should say, from that beard. I'll go down and wait for Miss Frances."

"And ring three times when you return," advised Cutty.

"All right. Did they try to strangle him or did he have something round his neck?"

"Hanged if I know."

"All out of the room now. I want it dark. Just as soon as the nurse arrives I'll return. Three rings." Harrison left the apartment.

Cutty spent a few minutes at the telephone, then he joined Kitty in the living room.

"Kitty, what was the stranger like?"

"Like a gorilla. He spoke English as if he had a cold."

Cutty scowled into space. "Have a scar over an eyebrow?"

"Good gracious, I couldn't tell! Both his eyes were black and his nose banged dreadfully. Johnny Two-Hawks probably did it."

"Bully for Two-Hawks! Kitty, you're a marvel. Not a flivver from the start. And those slate-blue eyes of yours don't miss many things."

"Listen!" she interrupted, taking hold of his sleeve. "Hear it?"

"Only the Elevated."

"Tumpitum-*tump!* Tumpitum-*tump!* Cutty, you hypnotized me this afternoon with your horrid drums."

"The emeralds?" He managed to repress the start.

"I don't know what it is; drums, anyhow. Maybe it is the emeralds. Something has been happening ever since you told me about them—the misery and evil that follow their wake."

"But the story goes that women are immune, Kitty."

"Nonsense! No woman is immune where a wonderful gem is concerned. And yet I've common sense and humor."

"And a lot more besides, Kitty. You're a raving, howling little beauty; and how you've remained out of captivity this long is a puzzler to me. Haven't you got a beau somewhere?"

"No, Cutty. Perhaps I'm one of those who are quite willing to wait patiently. If the one I want doesn't come—why, I'll be a jolly philosophical old maid. No seconds or culls for me, as the magazine editor says."

"Exactly what do you want?" Cutty was keenly curious, for some reason he could not define. He did not care for diamonds as stones; but he admired any personality that flashed differently from each new angle exposed.

"Oh, a man, among other things. I don't mean one of those godlike chromos in the frontispiece of popular novels. He hasn't got to be handsome. But he must be able to laugh when he's happy, when he's hurt. I must be his business in life. He must know a lot about the things I know. I want a comrade, who will come to me when he has a joke or an ache. A gay man and whimsical. The law can make any man a husband, but only God can make a good comrade."

"Kitty," said Cutty, his fine eyes sparkling, "I shan't have to watch over you so much as I thought. On the other hand, you have described me to a dot."

"Quite possibly. Vanity has its uses. It keeps us in contact with bathtubs and nice clothes. I imagine that you would make both husband and comrade; or you would have, twenty years ago"—without intentional cruelty. Wasn't Cutty fifty-two?

"Kitty, you've touched a vital point. It took those twenty years to make me companionable. Experience is something we must buy; it isn't left in somebody's will. Let us say that I possess all the necessary attributes save one."

"And what is that?"

"Youth, Kitty. And take the word of a senile old dotard, your young man, when you find him, will lack many of the attributes you require. On the other hand, there is always the possibility that these will develop as you jog along. The terrible pity of youth is that it has the habit of conferring these attributes rather than finding them. You put garlands on the heads of snow images, and the first glare of sunshine—pouf!"

"Cutty, I'm beginning to like you immensely"—smiling. "Perhaps women ought to have two husbands—one young and handsome and the other old and wise like yourself."

Cutty wished he were alone in order to analyze the stab. Old! When he knew that mentally and physically he could take and break a dozen Two-Hawks. Old! He had never thought himself that. Fifty-two years; they had piled up on him without his appreciation of the fullness of the score. And yet he was more than a match for any ordinary man of thirty, in sinew and brain; and no man met the new morning with more zest then he himself met it. But to Kitty he was old! Lavender and oak leaves were being draped on his door knob. He laughed.

"Why do you laugh?"

"Oh, because —— Hark!"

The two of them ran to the bedroom door.

"Olga! Olga!" And then a guttural level jumble of sounds.

Kitty's quick brain reached out for a similitude—water rushing over ragged bowlders.

"Olga!" she whispered. "He is a Russian!"

"There are Serbian Olgas and Bulgarian Olgas and Rumanian Olgas. Probably his sweetheart."

"The poor thing!"

"Sounds like Russian," added Cutty, his conscience pricking him. But he welcomed that "Olga." It would naturally put a damper on Kitty's interest. "There's Harrison with the nurse."

Quarter of an hour later the patient was taken down to the ambulance and conveyed to the private hospital. Cutty had no way of ascertaining whether they were followed; but he hoped they would be. The knowledge that their victim was in a near-by hospital would naturally serve to relax the enemy vigilance temporarily; and this would permit safely and secretly the second leg of the journey—that to his own apartment.

He decided to let an hour go past; then Two-Hawks was taken through the building to the rear and transferred to the truck. Cutty sat with the driver while Captain Harrison and the nurse rode inside with the patient.

On the way Cutty was rather disturbed by the deep impression Kitty Conover had made upon his heart and mind. That afternoon he had looked upon her with fatherly condescension, as the pretty daughter of the two he had loved most. From the altitude of his fifty-two he had gazed down upon her twenty-four, weighing her as like all young women of twenty-four—pleasure-loving and beau-hunting and fashion-scorched; and in a flash she had revealed the formed mind of a woman of thirty. Altitude. He had forgotten that relative to altitudes there are always two angles of vision—that from the summit and that from the green valley below. Kitty saw him beyond the tree line, but just this side of the snows - and matched his condescension with pity! He chuckled. Doddering old ass, what did it matter how she looked at him?

Beautiful and young and full of common sense, yet dangerously romantical. To wait for the man she wanted, what did that signify but romance? And there was her Irish blood to consider. The association of pretty nurse and interesting patient always afforded excellent background for sentimental nonsense, the obligations of the one and the gratitude of the other. Well, he had nipped that in the bud.

And why hadn't he taken this Two-Hawks person—how easy it was to fall into Kitty's way of naming the chap!—why hadn't he taken him directly to the Roosevelt? Why all this pother and secrecy over a total stranger? Stefani Gregor, who lived opposite Kitty and who hadn't prospered particularly since the day he had exhibited the drums of jeopardy—he was the reason. These were volcanic days, and a friend of Stefani Gregor—who played the violin like Paganini—might well be worth the trouble of a little courtesy. Then, too, there was that mark of the thong—a charm, a military identification disk or something of value. Whatever it was, the rogues had got it. Murder and loot. And as soon as he returned to consciousness the young fellow would be making inquiries.

Perhaps Kitty's point of view regarding a certain duffer aged fifty-two was nearer the truth than the duffer himself realized. Second childhood! As if the drums of jeopardy would ever again see light, after that tempest of fire and death—that mud volcano!

One thing was certain—there would be no more cat-napping. The game was on again. He was assured of that side of it.

Green stones, the sunlight breaking against the flaws in a shower of golden sparks; green as the pulp of a Champagne grape; the drums of jeopardy! Murder and loot; he could understand.

Immediately after the patient was put to bed Cutty changed. A nondescript suit of the day-laborer type and a few deft touches of coal dust completed his make-up.

"I shan't be back until morning," he announced. "Work to do. Kuroki will be at your service through the night, Miss Frances. Strike that Burmese gong once, at any hour. Come along, Harrison."

"Want any company?" asked Harrison, with a belligerent twist to his mustache.

Cutty laughed. "No. You run along to your lambs. I'm running with the wolves to-night, old scout, and you might get that spick-and-span uniform considerably mussed up. Besides, it's raining."

"But what's to become of Miss Conover? She ought not to remain alone in that apartment."

"Well, well! I thought of that too. But she can take care of herself."

"Those ruffians may call up the hospital and learn that we tricked them."

"And then?"

"Try to force the truth from Miss Conover."

"That's precisely the wherefore of this coal dust. On your way!"

Eleven o'clock. Kitty was in the kitchen, without light, her chair by the window, which she had thrown up. She had gone to bed, but sleep was impossible. So she decided to watch the Gregor windows for a while. Sometimes the mind is like a movie camera set for a double exposure. The whole scene is visible, but the camera sees only half of it. Thus, while she saw the windows across the court there entered the other side of her mind a picture of the immaculate Cutty crossing the platform with Johnny Two-Hawks thrown over his shoulder. The mental picture obscured the actual.

She had called him old. Well, he was old. And no doubt he looked upon her as a child, wanting her to spend the night at a hotel! The affair was over. No one would bother Kitty Conover. Why should they? But it took strength to shoulder a man like that. What fun he and her father must have had together! And Cutty had loved her mother! That made Kitty exquisitely tender for a moment. All alone, at the age when new friendships were impossible. A lovable man like that going down through life alone!

Census taker of alien undesirables; a queer occupation for a man so famous as Cutty. Patriotism—to plunge into that seething revolutionary scum to sort the dangerous madmen from the harmless madmen. Courage and strength and mental resource; yes, Cutty possessed these; and he would be the kind to laugh at a joke or a hurt.

One thing, however, was indelibly printed on her mind. Stefani Gregor—either Cutty had met and known the man or he had heard of him.

Suddenly she became conscious that she was blinking as one blinks from mirror-reflected sunlight. She cast about for the source of this phenomenon. Obliquely from between the interstices of the fire-escape platform came a point of moving white light. She craned her neck. A battery lamp! The round spot of light worked along the cement floor, vanished occasionally, reappeared, and then vanished altogether. Somebody was down there hunting for something. What?

Kitty remained with her head out of the window for some time, unmindful of the spatter of rain. But nothing happened. The man was gone. Of course the incident might not have the slightest bearing upon the previous adventures of this amazing night; still, it was suggestive. The young man had worn something round his neck. But if his enemies had it why should this man comb the court, unless he was a tenant and had knocked something off a window ledge?

She began to appreciate that she was very tired, and decided to go back to bed. This time she fell asleep. Her disordered thoughts rearranged themselves in a dazzling dream. She found herself wandering through a glorious translucent green cavern—a huge emerald. And in the distance she heard that unmistakable tumpitum-*tump!* tumpitum-*tump!* It drew her irresistibly. She fought and struggled against the fascinating sound, but it continued to draw her on. Suddenly from round a corner came the squat man, his hair à la Fuzzy-Wuzzy. He caught her savagely by the shoulder and dragged her toward a fire of blazing diamonds. On the other side of that fire was a blond young woman with a tiara of rubies on her head. "Save me! I am Olga, Olga!" Kitty struggled fiercely and awoke.

The light was on. At the side of her bed were two men. One of them was holding her bare shoulder and digging his fingers into it cruelly. They looked like coal heavers.

"We do not wish to harm you, and won't if you're sensible. Where did they take the man you brought here?"

KITTY did not wrench herself loose at once. She wasn't quite sure that this was not a continuance of her nightmare. She knew that nightmares had a way of breaking off in the middle of things, of never arriving anywhere. The room looked natural enough and the pain in her shoulder seemed real enough, but one never could tell. She decided to wait for the next episode.

"Answer!" cried the spokesman of the two, twisting Kitty's shoulder. "Where did they take him?"

Awake! Kitty wrenched her shoulder away and swept the bedclothes up to her chin. She was thoroughly frightened, but her brain was clear. The spark of self-preservation flew hither and about in search of expediencies, temporizations. She must come through this somehow with the vantage on her side. She could not possibly betray that poor young man, for that would entail the betrayal of Cutty also. She saw but one avenue, the telephone; and these two men were on the wrong side of the bed, between her and the door.

"What do you want?" Her throat was so dry she wondered whether the words were projected far enough for them to hear.

"We want the address of the wounded man you brought into this apartment."

"They took him to a hospital."

"He was taken away from there."

"He was?"

"Yes, he was. You may not know where, but you will know the address of the man who tricked us; and that will be sufficient."

"The army surgeon? He was called in by chance. I don't know where he lives."

"The man in the dress suit."

"He was with the surgeon."

"He came first. Come; we have no time to waste. We don't want to hurt you, and we hope you will not force us."

"Will you step out of the room while I dress?"

"No. Tell us where the man lives, and you can have the whole apartment to yourself."

"You speak English very well."

"Enough! Do you want us to bundle you up in the bedclothes and carry you off? It will not be a pleasant experience for a pretty young woman like yourself. Something happened to the man you knew as Gregory. Will that make you understand?"

"You know what abduction means?"

"Your police will not catch us."

"But I might give you the wrong address."

"Try it and see what happens. Young lady, this is a bad affair for a woman to be mixed up in. Be sensible. We are in a hurry."

"Well, you seem to have acquired at least one American habit!" said a gruff voice from the bedroom doorway. "Raise your hands quickly, and don't turn," went on the gruff voice. "If I shoot it will be to kill. It is a rough game, as you say. That's it; and keep them up. Now then, young lady, slip on your kimono. Get up and search these men. I'm in a hurry too."

Kitty obeyed, very lovely in her dishevelment. Repugnant as the task was she disarmed the two men and flung their weapons on the bed.

"Now something to tie their hands; anything that will hold."

Kitty could see the speaker now. Another coal heaver, but evidently on her side.

"Tie their hands behind them. . . . I warn you not to move, men. When I say I'll shoot I mean it. Don't be afraid of hurting them, miss. Very good. Now bandage their eyes. Handkerchiefs."

But Kitty's handkerchiefs did not run to the dimensions required; so she ripped up a petticoat. Torn between her eagerness to

(Continued on Page 99)

Then
Now
CORBIN
Then—In the caves and cañons of prehistoric times a boulder successfully barred the way of the primitive robber.
Now—In the man-built cliff dwellings of to-day, filled with the choicest treasures of the world, cunning and craft as well as brute strength must be foiled, and Corbin locks are used to meet the need. They will be found on guard in the great financial institutions, office buildings and public structures of our country—and the same type of mechanism is used in the Corbin locks for homes.
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Makes Your Face Feel Fine

How the Double Bevel Blade Gives You a New Kind of Shave

by A. C. Penn

Photograph of a Penn Double-Bevel Blade, magnified many times, showing the "Damascus" finish and the Double Bevel

A. C. Penn, who found and developed the Double-Bevel Blade

DO you know why you're dissatisfied with your shaving? Do you know why you go on trying razor after razor?

Do you know why you try to cultivate resignation each day, when your roughened skin shrinks away from your harsh razor edge?

I am going to tell you why.

It's because you have not yet used a razor blade which shaves off the beard and *nothing else.*

▣ ▣ ▣

The difference between a cut, a scrape, and a shave is less than 1-1000 of an inch!

The Double-Bevel on the Penn Blade takes care of this 1-1000th.

▣ ▣ ▣

One day, some years ago, in a little side-street shop in a European city, I bought a hand-ground razor.

When I shaved with it, I could hardly feel the edge.

After I had finished, my face actually felt better than before I started.

And when I touched my face, the skin felt so smooth that I kept running my hand over my cheek.

I went back to that small shop, and asked the owner how he produced such a remarkable edge. This is what he told me:

▣ ■ ▣

"When a razor scrapes and leaves your face sore, that's because it is shaving off some of the *skin* along with the beard.

"The blade is digging into the surface of the skin. The pressure necessary to carry it through the beard makes it dig.

Comparison showing the reason why the Penn Double-Bevel Blade does not dig into the skin

"In grinding *my* razors, I add an *extra bevel*—very narrow—you can hardly see it—right close to the edge.

"This bevel lifts up the keen edge, and holds it flat against the face. Thus it shaves off the beard, but does not dig into the skin.

"That's why my edge leaves your face feeling fine."

▣ ▣ ▣

I saw immediately that this was the razor edge which thousands of men were looking for.

When I came home, I started the work of applying this double-bevel principle to the safety-razor blade—which has to be very thin, and has to be machine-ground. It was no easy problem.

Now, after years of study and painstaking experiment, I have it.

▣ ▣ ▣

Unless you are willing to get a Penn Razor and try the Penn Double-Bevel Blade, you will not believe that any razor edge can actually make your face feel *fine* after shaving.

But when you do do this, you'll be the happiest shaver going. And—like every other Penn shaver—you'll tell your friends about your discovery.

▣ ▣ ▣

Penn Double-Bevel Blades fit all models of Penn Razors. The New Penn *Adjustable* Razor and ten Double-Bevel Blades, in leather case, $5. Penn Shaving Sets, including Adjustable Razor, ten blades, and Honing Strop, in leather case, $7.50 and $10.

Note: If the store where you usually trade has not yet stocked Penn Adjustable Razors, write us. We'll see that you are supplied.

New-Model Penn Razor, instantly adjustable to all types of beard

Penn Razor ADJUSTABLE

"With the Double Bevel Blades"

A. C. PENN, Inc.
Singer Building, New York, N. Y. Newark, N. J.

(Continued from Page 96)

complete a disagreeable task and her offended modesty Kitty went through the performance with creditable alacrity. Then she jumped back into bed, doubled her knees and once more drew up the bedclothes to her chin, content to be a spectator, her eyes as wide as ever they possibly could be.

Some secret-service man Cutty had sent to protect her. Dear old Cutty! Small wonder he had urged her to spend the night at a hotel. The admiration of her childhood returned, but without the shackles of shyness. She had always trusted him absolutely, and to this trust was now added understanding. To have him pop into her life again in this fashion, all the ordinary approaches to intimacy wiped out by these amazing episodes; the years bridged in an hour! If only he were younger!

"Watch them, miss. Don't be afraid to shoot. I'll return in a moment"—still gruffly. The secret-service man pushed his prisoners into chairs and left the bedroom.

Kitty did not care how gruff the voice was; it was decidedly pleasant in her ears. Gingerly she picked up one of the revolvers. Kitty Conover with shooting irons in her hands, like a movie actress! She heard a whistle. After this an interval of silence, save for the ticking of the alarm clock on the stand. She eyed the blindfolded men speculatively, swung out of bed and put on her stockings and sandals; then she sat on the edge of the bed and waited for the sequence. Kitty Conover was going to have some queer recollections to tell her grandchildren, provided she had any. That morning she had risen to face a humdrum normal day. And here she was, at midnight, hobnobbing with quiescent murder and sudden death! To-morrow Barringame would ask her to hustle up the Sunday stuff, and she would hustle. She wanted to laugh, but was a little afraid that this laughter might degenerate into incipient hysteria.

There was still in her mind a vivid recollection of her dream—the fire of diamonds and the blond girl with the tiara of rubies. Olga, Olga! Russian; the whole affair was Russian. She shivered. Always that land and people had appeared to her in sinister aspect; no doubt an impression acquired from reading melodramas written by Englishmen who, once upon a time, had given Russia preëminence as a political menace. Russia, in all things—music, art, literature—the tragic note. Stefani Gregor and Johnny Two-Hawks had roused the enmity of some political society, with this result. Nihilist or Bolshevist or socialist, there was little choice; and Cutty sensibly did not want her drawn into the whirlpool.

What a pleasant intimacy hers and Cutty's promised to be! And if he hadn't casually dropped into the office that afternoon she would have surrendered the affair to the police, and that would have been the end of it. Amazing thought—you might jog along all your life at the side of a person and never know him half so well as someone you met in a tense episode, like that of the immaculate Cutty crossing the fire escape with Two-Hawks on his shoulders!

She heard the friendly coal heaver going down the corridor to the door. When he returned to the bedroom two men accompanied him. Not a word was said. The two men marched off with the prisoners and left Kitty alone with her savior.

"Thank you," she said simply.

"You poor little chicken, did you believe I had deserted you?" The voice wasn't gruff now.

"Cutty?" Kitty ran to him, throwing her arms round his neck. "Oh, Cutty!"

Cutty's heart, which had bumped along an astonishing number of million times in fifty-two years, registered a memorable bump against his ribs. The touch of her soft arms and the faint indescribable perfume which emanates from a dainty woman's hair thrilled him beyond any thrill he had ever known. For Kitty's mother had never put her arms round old Cutty's neck. Of course he understood readily enough: Molly's girl, flesh of her flesh. And she had rushed to him as she would have rushed to her father. He patted her shoulder clumsily, still a little dazzled for all the revelation in the analysis. The sweet intimacy of it! The door of Paradise opened for a moment, and then shut in his face.

"I did not recognize you at all!" she cried, standing off. "I shouldn't have known you on the street. And it is so simple. What a wonderful man you are!"

"For an old codger?" Cutty's heart registered another sizable bump.

Kitty laughed. "Never call yourself old to me again. Are you always doing these things?"

"Well, I keep moving. I suspected something like this might happen. Those two will go to the Tombs to await deportation if they are aliens. Perhaps we can dig something out of them relative to this man Gregor. Anyhow, we'll try."

"Cutty, I saw a man in the court with a pocket lamp before I went to bed. He was hunting for something."

"I didn't find anything but a lot of fresh food someone had thrown out."

"It was you, then?"

"Yes. There was a vague possibility that your protégé might have thrown out something valuable during the struggle."

"What?"

"Lord knows! A queer business, Kitty, you've lugged me into—my own! And there is one thing I want you to remember particularly: Life means nothing to the men opposed, neither chivalry nor ethics. Annihilation is their business. They don't want civilization; they want chaos. They have lost the sense of comparisons or they would not seek to thrust Bolshevism down the throats of the rest of the world. They say democracy has failed, and their substitute is murder and loot. Kitty, I want you to leave this roost."

"I shall stay until my lease expires."

"Why? In the face of real danger?"

"Because I intend to, Cutty—unless you kidnap me."

"Have you any good reason?"

"You'll laugh; but something tells me to stay here."

But Cutty did not laugh. "Very well. To-morrow an assistant janitor will be installed. His name is Antonio Bernini. Every night he will whistle up the tube. Whistle back. If you are going out for the evening notify him where you intend to go and when you expect to be back. A wire from your bed to his cot will be installed. In danger, press the button. That's the best I can do for you, since you decide to stick. I don't believe anything more will happen to-night, but from now on you will be watched. Never come directly to my apartment. Break your journey two or three times, with taxis. Always use Elevator Four. The boy is mine; belongs to the service. So our Bolshevik friends won't gather anything about you from him."

As a matter of fact Cutty had now come to the conviction that it would be well to let Kitty remain here as a lure. He had urged her to leave, and she had refused, so his conscience was tolerably clear. Besides, she would henceforth be guarded with a ceaseless efficiency second only to that which encompasses a President of the United States. Always some man of the service would be watching those who watched her. This was going to develop into a game of small nets, one or two victims at a time. Because these enemies of civilization lacked coherence in action there would be slim chance of rounding them up in bulk. But from now on men would vanish—one here, a pair there, perhaps on occasion four or five. And those who had known them would know them no more. The policy would be that employed by the British in the submarine campaign—mysterious silence after the evanishment.

"It's all so exciting!" said Kitty. "But that poor old man Gregor! He had a wonderful violin, Cutty; and sometimes I used to hear him play folklore music—sad, haunting melodies."

"We'll know in a little while what's become of him. I doubt there is a foreign organization in the city that hasn't one or more of our men on the inside. A word will be dropped somewhere. I'm rarely active on this side of the Atlantic; and what I'm doing now is practically due to interest. But every active operative in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago is on the lookout for a man who, if left free, will stir up a lot of trouble. He has leadership, this Boris Karlov, a former intimate here of Trotzky's. We have reason to believe that he slipped through the net in San Francisco. Probably under a cleverly forged passport. Now please describe the man who came in with the policeman. I haven't had time to make inquiries at the precinct, where they will have a minute description of him."

"He made me think of a gorilla, just as I told you. His face was pretty well banged up. Naturally I did not notice any scar. A dreadfully black beard, shaven."

"Squat, powerful, like a gorilla. Lord, I wish I'd had a glimpse of him! He's one of the few topnotchers I haven't met. He's the spark, the hand on the plunger. The powder is all ready in this land of ours; our job is to keep off the sparks until we can spread the stuff so it will only go puff instead of bang. This man Karlov is bad medicine for democracy. Poor devil!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I'm honestly sorry for them. This fellow Karlov has suffered. He is now a species of madman nothing will cure. He and his kind have gained their ends in Russia, but the impetus to kill and burn and loot is still unchecked. Sorry, yes; but we can't have them here. They remind me of nothing so much as those blind deep-sea monsters in one of Kipling's tales, thrown up into air and sunlight by a submarine volcano, slashing and bellowing. But we can't have them here any longer. Keep those revolvers under your pillow. All you have to do is to point. Nobody will know that you can't shoot. And always remember, we're watching over you. Good night."

"Mouquin's for lunch?"

"Well, I'll be hanged! But it can't be, Kitty. You and I must not be seen in public. If that was Karlov you will be marked, and so will anyone who travels with you."

"Good gracious!"

"Fact. But come up to the roost—changing taxis—to-morrow at five and have tea."

Down in the street Cutty bore into the slanting rain, no longer a drizzle. With his hands jammed in his side pockets and his gaze on the sparkling pavement he continued downtown, in a dangerously ruminative frame of mind, dangerous because had he been followed he would not have known it.

Molly Conover's girl! That afternoon it had been Tommy Conover's girl; now she was Molly's. It occurred to him for the first time that he was one of those unfortunate individuals who are always able to open the door to Paradise for others and are themselves forced to remain outside. Hadn't he introduced Conover to Molly, and hadn't they fallen in love on the spot? Too old to be a hero and not old enough to die. He grinned. Some day he would use that line.

Of course it wasn't Kitty who set this peculiar cogitation in motion. It wasn't her arms and the perfume of her hair. The actual thrill had come from a recrudescence of a vanished passion; anyhow, a passion that had been held suspended all these years. Still, it offered a disquieting prospect. He was sensible enough to realize that he would be in for some confusion in trying to disassociate the phantom from the quick.

Most pretty young women were flitter-flutters, unstable, shallow, immature. But this little lady had depth, the sense of the living drama; and, Lord, she was such a beauty! Wanted a man who would laugh when he was happy and when he was hurt. A bull's-eye—bang, like that! For the only breed worth its salt was the kind that laughed when happy and when hurt.

The average young woman, rushing into his arms the way she had, would not have stirred him in the least. And immediately upon the heels of this thought came a taste of the confusion he saw in store for himself. Was it the phantom or Kitty? He jumped to another angle to escape the impasse. Kitty's coming to him in that fashion raised an unpalatable suggestion. He evidently looked fatherly, no matter how he felt. Hang these fifty-two years, to come crowding his doorstep all at once!

He raised his head and laughed. He suddenly remembered now. At nine that night he had been scheduled to deliver a lecture on the Italo-Jugoslav muddle before a distinguished audience in the ballroom of a famous hotel! He would have some fancy apologizing to do in the morning.

He stepped into a doorway, then peered out cautiously. There was not a single pedestrian in sight. No need of hiking any further in this rain; so he hunted for a taxi. To-morrow he would set the wires humming relative to old Stefani Gregor. Boris Karlov, if indeed it were he, would lead the way. Hadn't Stefani and Boris been boyhood friends, and hadn't Stefani betrayed the latter in some political affair? He wasn't sure; but a glance among his 1912 notes would clear up the fog.

But that young chap! Who was he? Cutty set his process of logical deduction moving. Karlov—always supposing that gorilla was Karlov—had come in from the west. So had the young man. Gregor's inclinations had been toward the aristocracy: at least, that had been the impression. A Bolshevik would not seek haven with a man like Gregor, as this young man had. But Two-Hawks bothered him; the name bothered him, because it had no sense either in English or in Russian. And yet he was sure he had heard it somewhere. Perhaps his notes would throw some light on that subject too.

When he arrived home Miss Frances, the nurse, informed him that the patient was babbling in an outlandish tongue. For a long time Cutty stood by the bedside, translating.

"Olga! . . . Olga! . . . And she gave me food, Stefani, this charming American girl. Never must we forget that. I was hungry, and she gave me food. . . . But I paid for it. . . . You, gone, there was no one else. . . . And she is poor. . . . The torches! . . . I am burning, burning! . . . Olga!"

"What does he say?" asked the nurse.

"It is Russian. Is it a crisis?" he evaded.

"Not necessarily. Doctor Harrison said he would probably return to consciousness sometime to-morrow. But he must have absolute quiet. No visitors. A bad blow, but not of fatal consequence. I've seen hundreds of cases much worse pull out in a fortnight. You'd better go to bed, sir."

"All right," said Cutty gratefully. He was tired. The ball did not rebound as it used to; the resilience was petering out. But look alive, there! Big events were toward, and he must not stop to feel of his pulse.

Three o'clock in the morning.

The man in the Gregor bedroom sat down on the bed, the pocket lamp dangling from his hairy fingers. Not a nook or cranny in the apartment had he overlooked. In every cupboard drawer; in the beds and under; the trunks; behind the radiators and the pictures; the shelves and clothes in the closets. What he sought he had not found.

His vengeance would not be complete without those green stones in his hands. Anna would call from her grave. Pretty little Anna, who had trusted Stefani Gregor, and gone to her doom.

All these thousands of miles, by hook and crook, by forged passports, by sums of money, sleepless nights and hungry days—for this! The last of that branch of the breed out of his reach, and the stones vanished! A queer superstition had taken lodgment in his brain; he recognized it now for the first time. The possession of those stones would be a sign from God to go on. Green stones for bread! Green stones for bread! The drums of jeopardy! In his hands they would be talismans.

But wait! That pretty girl across the way. Supposing he had intrusted the stones to her? Or hidden them there without her being aware of it?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A photograph of a Goodyear-Cord-Pneumatic-shod truck owned by Ginocchio Brothers of Reno, Nevada, ascending a mountain trail

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GOODYEAR

They Make Tires Last Longer

Five times each week this Goodyear-Cord-Pneumatic-shod truck makes the round trip between Reno and Gardnerville, Nevada, a haul of 104 miles over rock-strewn trails.

Imagine how staunch the tubes must be to withstand such gruelling!

In proportion, Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes for passenger cars are just as strong. Like the tubes for the big truck tires, they are made of pure gum strips, *built-up layer-upon-layer.*

These thick, grey tubes cost but little more than tubes of less merit—an average of sixty cents, to be exact.

What economy can there be in risking a costly casing to save so slight a sum?

A waterproof, oilproof bag protects each Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube until it is ready for use.

More Goodyear Tubes are sold than any other kind.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Offices Throughout the World

HEAVY TOURIST TUBES

THE COUNSEL OF THE UNGODLY

(Continued from Page 4)

about Paris I realized them and was foolish enough to drop into a state of something like panic that kept me from sleeping and had an odd effect on my digestion.

The city was crying for men to do its work, but it was youth the city wanted to buy. The war had discredited old age. Men wanting secretaries or clerks simply refused to consider my application. They would wait until demobilization; they knew soldiers they could get.

I tried to think of something else to offer in exchange for a living. There was no family tradition I could turn to for a suggestion. The Van Hoeven fortunes were founded in the seventeenth century by a fur-trading old scoundrel who presented too dangerous an example for these days of more adroit lawmaking. The rest of my progenitors were lawyers and statesmen, with an occasional clergyman.

At the end of one annoying day I came to my room, sat on my bed and pictured their horrified council at my plight. I imagined them as they hang in Nicholas' library with their straight noses, their calm eyes and their general air of usefulness to society. I remembered having once told Nicholas that they looked like a line of perfect butlers sitting in some ideal employment agency waiting for positions. Nicholas was horrified, but it was true, particularly of his father in his stock and burnsides and of Nicholas himself portrayed in the smooth rotundity of his late thirties.

As I thought of Nicholas' annoyance it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps the solution of my elderly difficulties lay in those old words of mine. Why should not I, cast *au naturel* into a drafty world at sixty-two, earn a competence as someone's butler? As I considered it, something like Nicholas' choler possessed me

"Certainly I do not look like a butler," I told myself, and went to the mirror angrily expecting an indignant denial from that uncompromising article of furniture.

"Very like a butler indeed," my mirror said, looking at me critically. "With burnsides you would be ——"

I jerked myself away from it in a passion. It was my bank account that repeated the suggestion with final emphasis.

The superb resignation with which I finally acquiesced was made a trifle farcical by the discovery, after I had grown the burnsides and accustomed myself to "sir" or "madame" as an appendage to each remark, that a hungry world was not beseeching me to manage its place plates.

That is why I—as Jacob Smith—was standing before Mrs. Isaac R. Davison, of Altoona, Idaho, with a most apologetic slant to my neck and an ingratiating smile. She was, I must confess in honesty, the twelfth person to whom I had proffered my ministrations.

"My daughter's got an idea she'd like to take home a French butler as a kind of souvenir," Mrs. Davison went on, "so I suppose that's all there is to it."

"I am sorry, madame," I said, and bowed again.

"Tell Jacob About What Trunks are to Go Tomorrow. He's Our New Butler"

"You been over here long?" she asked.

"Twenty years, madame."

"Well, you're ready to go back now, I guess. Talk the lingo?"

"Yes, madame."

"So does Mary—that's my daughter. She lets on she don't know much, but seems to me like she gets on real well. As far as I'm concerned there's just no sense in it."

"In that case possibly a French servant ——"

I was being so deferential by that time that I did not presume to finish the sentence.

"My little girl runs things for me, so that don't matter. She'd of seen you to-day, only she was tied up at her canteen. She's been doing work for the Red Cross. We made our money in war stuff and she felt like she'd ought to do all she could. I come over to be with her. But land! I don't see her once in a lifetime. The committee I got on to get over busted up, so I'm high and dry all day long."

I suspected Mrs. Davison of detaining me for the companionship of a comprehending ear and I was glad, for I am not quick to seize an advantage. I had an opportunity to think, however, by the time she reached a breathing station in her talk, and I said:

"Might I suggest that I have been used to French servants for years, and if mademoiselle—if your daughter cares to have a Frenchman I can be one without difficulty."

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed. "It don't seem to me that'd be quite honest."

I shrugged my shoulders as all Frenchmen are supposed to shrug theirs and said: "*Pourtant ça ne fait aucun mal à personne.*" I remember I was ashamed of myself for showing off.

"You could take me in all right," Mrs. Davison commented, "and it'd be kind of nice to be able to say an intelligent word now and then and be understood. How much do you ask?"

I named my wage.

"Got any references?"

"I have been with Mr. Peter Van Hoeven in his château in Brittany for twenty years. He brought me over."

"One of them New York Van Hoevens?" Mrs. Davison queried.

I was rather surprised. We are not a very advertised set. I said the Van Hoevens were from New York.

"I've heard Mary talk about 'em," she informed me. "She'll like that. I guess you better come round and see her to-night about eight."

"I am about to interview another possible employer," I said basely. "If I do not accept that position I should be pleased to return."

It was true in a way. I did intend to try the man whose advertisement followed Mrs. Davison's in the Phare.

"Well, consider yourself engaged," Mrs. Davison clinched the matter, "for a month anyhow. If Mary don't want you I guess that won't break us."

"Thank you, madame."

"We sail for America day after to-morrow and we took an extra stateroom in case we hired somebody. Will that be all right for you?"

The advertisement had mentioned going to America. I had not imagined they would start so soon, but it was quite immaterial to me.

"Perfectly, madame," I said.

"D'you know about taking care of baggage and those sort of things?"

"Yes, madame."

"Well, I hope you'll like being with us. We try to be good to our help. Want your wages now?"

She was a dumpy little person, but her face took on an unearthly radiance for me. I admitted that I should.

"Thought you might need it, gettin' off so soon," she explained, and paid me. "Mary'll be here at eight o'clock to-night. Don't forget."

I withdrew to pack what belongings I had taken out, pay up my rent and wait for eight o'clock and Miss Davison. I remember thinking she would undoubtedly be infinitely more vulgar than her mother, with the vulgarity of a little education, and that I should dislike her. Fate is often like that.

III

"YOU the man Mis' Davison hired?" The tone bespoke New England. The person putting the query was as incongruous in her cap and apron as the wolf must have been in Madame Riding Hood's peignoir, but not so sinister.

"*Oui, mademoiselle,*" I replied after a moment's pause, subtly designed to indicate that I had been forced to wrest her meaning from a strange tongue.

"Mis' Davison's told me you ain't French. They're at dinner. Set down."

She did not indicate a chair. I gathered from her general spareness of manner that she saw no need to lavish gestures on me.

The room was one of the big private salons at the Ritz, devoid of personality as a bathtub. A confusion of trunks and clothes gave the impression of briefly arrested activity.

"Have you been with the Davisons long?" I asked, not only to be agreeable, but because I wanted information.

"Eight years," she said. "Brought me from Altoona."

With that she went from the room as though she were afraid I might be troublesome. She left me with the distinct impression that we could never be truly congenial.

(Continued on Page 105)

Away goes the washtub

You don't need it when you have a 1900 Cataract Electric Washer, with its magic figure 8 movement! For this magic movement of the 1900 makes it the *perfect* washer.

By means of it, the hot soapy water swishes through your clothes in a figure 8 movement; and *four times* as often as in the ordinary washer.

The swinging, reversible wringer also works electrically and can be swung from washer to rinse water, to blue water, to clothes basket without moving or shifting the washer an inch.

Then there is the roomy copper tub with its planished lining—not a single part in the tub to cause wear and tear on the clothes. Everything from fine underwear and waists to heavy blankets can be successfully washed in the 1900.

It works easily and smoothly, too, and at a cost of less than 2c an hour. In 8 to 10 minutes out come your clothes, spotless and clean.

The water swirls through the tub in a figure 8 movement four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

Comes in 8 and 12 sheet sizes.

Just connect it with the electric light and off it starts.

Our Special Trial Offer

You may prove to yourself that the 1900 is the perfect washing machine. There is a 1900 dealer near you who will gladly demonstrate a 1900 Cataract Washer right in your own home. Then if you wish, you may start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience. Remember, we also have washing machines operated by hand and water power.

Write us today for the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the book, "George Brinton's Wife." It's a story you will enjoy. Molly, his pretty little wife, had troubles of her own until she interrupted a bridge party, and then things began to happen.

1900 CATARACT WASHER

1900 WASHER COMPANY,
203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.
***Canadian Factory and Office,* CANADIAN 1900 WASHER CO., 357 Yonge St., Toronto**

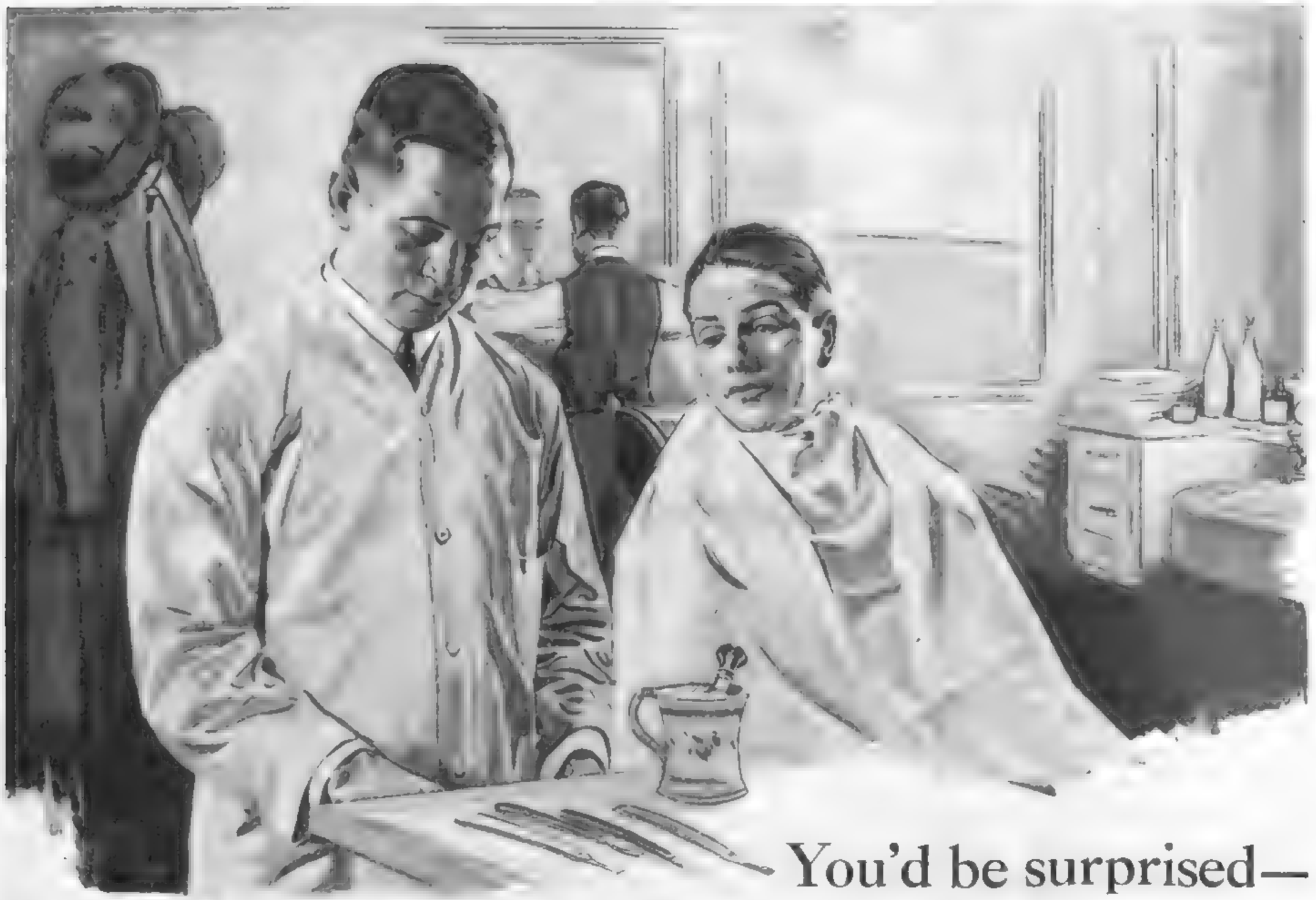
1900 WASHER COMPANY
203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the story "George Brinton's Wife."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND STATE _____



You'd be surprised—

if any barber thought of shaving you with any other type of razor

BUT rest easy, no barber will. Barbers use only regular razors of the GENCO type. Leave it to professionals to work with the razor that gives a quick, cool shave at the least expense. Barbers realize that a smoothly cutting edge for a complete shave can be had only by stropping.

The quick, smooth, cool shave the barber gives you, you can give yourself. You need but a GENCO Razor. You'll notice the beautiful steel, hand ground, perfectly tempered, made to last a lifetime. They are made with such exceeding care that we can afford to guarantee them unreservedly—"GENCO Razors must make good or we will."

Anybody Can Strop a GENCO Razor

Its broad back, its carefully concaved surface, and that important supporting bevel immediately behind the edge prepare each GENCO to lie against the strop at just the right angle. Your hand is guided. A few easy strokes and there's that keen, smoothly cutting edge which every barber knows he must have.

If your dealer hasn't GENCO Razors we will supply you

GENEVA CUTLERY CORPORATION, 230 Gates Avenue, Geneva, N. Y.

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Razors in the World

TO DEALERS

[illegible] GENCO Razors [illegible] every man. We [illegible] to send you these [illegible] in your town. Our [illegible] GENCO Display Counter, or with your first order. [illegible] Write today for the [illegible]

Note how GENCO Razors must [illegible] strop to get the proper way to assure a perfect shave. [illegible] bevel runs back from the edge and [illegible] strop

GENCO RAZORS

Reg U S Pat Off

(Continued from Page 102)

I slipped off my overcoat and took a big Henry IV armchair over which a basket of woven roses spread polychromatic riot. It stood by the fire and perhaps the heat was the reason for what happened. Also I had walked a good deal that day and with my digestion in its uncertain state I had not risked a meal, which I suppose was foolish, as it left me tired. In any case, what happened happened. I fell asleep.

I dreamed that Nicholas was protesting with me against accepting an excellent situation, which he described as being a bell boy. I told him that it was really not his affair and that to become any kind of boy struck me as a pleasant novelty for a man my age.

"Are you Jacob Smith?" he asked.

I could not see why if I answered that question it would give him a hold over me, but I was sure it would. Then I realized that there was something strange about the tone in which he had asked it.

"Are you Jacob Smith?" it came, and I am not sure whether it was the second time, or just my brain remembering very vividly.

"I—I—I ——" I said, groping about in a great waste of sudden consciousness.

"I'm Miss—I'm Mary Davison," the voice continued.

She was a tall girl with a long throat and rather grave eyes. She wore a Red Cross uniform and her hands were twisting a magazine she carried. I got to my feet with no dignity whatever and began an apology no sentence of which ever attained a majority of the number of words needed to complete it.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting so long," she told me. "I'll try to be brief."

Her fingers tugged at the magazine as though she were going to tear it. Evidently she was trying to think how to go on. I knew she meant to tell me I would not do, and braced myself.

"Yes, Miss Davison," I said.

"My mother didn't quite understand why I wanted a Frenchman," she explained. "I did want to keep up what French I've learned and I thought that would be a good way, but most of all I wanted to hire a soldier—someone who really needed a position—a blessé, you know."

"*Je parle français, mademoiselle, comme père et mère*," I said desperately to show I was all right on that count.

"Your accent sounds fine—I don't know," she told me.

I suppose I should have told her it was excellent, but I really could not. I didn't speak and she went on:

"I wanted to help out a Frenchman because it seems like we owe them so much—mother and me. I'd like to pay back in any way like that that I could."

"I'm sorry," was all there was left for me to say. "I'm not a soldier."

I tried to smile at the obviousness of the remark. I got out what was left of the wages—I'd had to break into it for my board bill—and put it down on a gilt table.

"I feel it only fair to myself to keep fifty francs for the day I have lost," I told her as brazenly as I could.

She looked at me very gravely indeed.

"Mother engaged you for the month," she said. "It's your money."

I have no idea why, but I could not take it. I said so as politely as I knew how and began to put on my coat. There happened to be a tear in the lining, which I had been careless enough to put off mending. My hand caught in it and delayed me. It was that moment's delay that gave Miss Davison time for an impulse to reconsider.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Sixty-two," I answered, and since I knew that was fatal I hurried on. "I would be willing to accept somewhat less a month than the amount I named to your mother."

"We expected to pay that," she interrupted me. "You used to work for the Van Hoevens, mother said."

"Yes, Miss Davison."

"You know about plates and things then?"

"Yes, Miss Davison."

The coat had been on a long time. I reached for my hat.

"You look like a good butler," she said. "I guess maybe we hadn't ought to miss the chance of getting you."

"Thank you, Miss Davison," I responded devoutly.

"Mother told you we were going to leave day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, Miss Davison."

"Roxie'll tell you about the trunks," she said. "Seeing after them will be part of your work." And she called, "Roxie!"

The New England person appeared.

"Tell Jacob about what trunks are to go to-morrow," she told her. "He's our new butler." As she went out she said, "Good night, Jacob."

Roxie's classification of the trunks was a masterpiece. It consisted of two gestures: "Them to-morrow," accompanied one; "Them we take," the other.

That seemed to be all, but I felt a great need to express some of my emotion, so I said:

"Miss Davison seems to be very kind."

She gave me a look meant to wither the impertinence that presumed to phrase so fundamental an observation.

"Miss Mary," she informed me, "is a lady born."

I was perfectly sure I knew a quotation exactly fitted to the occasion, but it was some time before I remembered it: "Let rocks their silence break."

That woman's words were more eloquent than any tribute I could have pronounced.

IV

THAT monosyllabic abigail addressed me five times during the crossing, which was a long one. I ate next her or I could not boast so much. Three of the five she said "Thanks." Once, "Wish I was rich," and once, "Think you're funny, don't you?" The last remark was the result of my offering her a cigarette, quite inadvertently, but to the extreme delight of the rest of the table.

She lacked a certain soft charm, but there was something dependable about her that I grew to find not disagreeable and which made me regret that incident which undoubtedly left a scar on our intercourse.

I saw neither Mrs. Davison nor her daughter until the day before our arrival, when I went up for a windy interview on the A deck and was told we were to install ourselves temporarily at the Biltmore.

Once there the Davisons confronted the problem of what to do next. There was that curious lack of purpose about the ménage that one sometimes sees in families without men. It appeared they did not intend to return to Altoona. They had bought a place called Rosemount, at Warm Cove, Long Island, and made all their plans to go there, but suddenly the difficulties of taking up life in a new part of the country loomed large and gave Mrs. Davison what she called "the kippies."

"I don't know why we bought it," she said, referring to the property, "only it was awful cheap and a real pretty view. The house was fierce. We had it decorated. I guess it'll be all right. But what'll we do when we get there? That's what gets me. We don't know a soul."

I had been summoned to their apartments, because if they decided on Rosemount I was to hire the corps of servants necessary to run the place.

I saw from the way Mrs. Davison had stated their position that what they wanted was some reënforcement of their intention, so I said, "You will make friends there, I am sure."

"I don't know," she answered dubiously. "We've always lived in Altoona, ever since Mary and me got back from the Klondike anyhow. We knew everybody there, but that's different. Population changes every five years. Folks was tickled to death to know us. I guess they won't break their necks out at Warm Cove."

"They will call most certainly," I said soothingly.

"Maybe they will—and maybe not. Mary thought it'd be a good place to go because it ain't so very fashionable, but some nice people lives round. She thought we'd get to know 'em easier than at a place like Newport, where our money'd never show."

No very delicate assurance sprang to my lips, so I was silent. Mrs. Davison emitted a sigh that was dangerously like a sob.

"The folks in Altoona was good enough for me," she asseverated, "but they didn't interest Mary no more. She wanted to come East and there was no reason she shouldn't. She deserves anything she wants. Land knows, we ain't always had the easiest time!"

A shadow fell over her face.

"Terrible things have happened to us," she ended. "There was blood on Mary's cradle."

She was so pleased at that dramatic phrasing of their past that it assuaged her melancholy.

"You're a man of sense, Jacob," she said. "What'd you do?"

As neither Mrs. Davison nor her daughter seemed to have any other inclination, I encouraged the Rosemount project. My support gave resolution the impetus it lacked.

"We might as well go up against it," Mrs. Davison philosophized.

"Can't do any more than get stung. Hope you'll tell us how things had ought to go. We got the money, but we just don't know."

Miss Davison told me the size of the house and we worked together on interviewing underservants. She took an interest in it, and she had some absurd idea about a tendency in me to overwork. It was a precaution which would certainly have amused my family.

Finally we gathered together a group as free from Bolshevism, adenoids and dangerous humors as the nonprescient mind of man could hope to find, and one raw day Miss Mary and I took them to Warm Cove to put the house in readiness for Mrs. Davison's coming. Miss Mary was always planning ways to spare and take care of her mother, which was a little like flinging bath salts in a pugilist's tub, as Mrs. Davison merely resented any intimation that she had to be looked after.

"I guess if I stood two winters north of Nome," she grumbled the morning that we left her, "I could manage a night in a house where maybe the furnace ain't working right."

It turned out to be a huge place and rather appalling in its Patent-Jacobean way. There were traces of fine mid-Victorian woodwork and brasses that the decorator had failed to conceal and that made me resent it more than an entirely new house.

That evening Miss Mary and I sat in front of an open fire in the library and made plans for the conduct of the household. In her intimations concerning the way they had been used to living Miss Mary was almost as frank as her mother.

"I don't even know about food," she said. "Our idea of a grand dinner was chicken and ice cream on Sundays, so you'll have to order, only I'd like it if you'd explain about things to me every day, because I want to learn."

Mrs. Davison rolled to the door next day in the fattest limousine imaginable.

"I got a surprise for you, pettie, but I ain't going to tell," she said as she descended. Then gave herself over to admiration as she was led over the house—admiration that reached a climax whenever she inspected a bathroom.

"I hadn't realized how lovely it is," she remarked at luncheon in the very precious manner she had brought out as appropriate to her surroundings. "Real ancestral looking, don't you think?"

"It's very handsome," Miss Mary agreed in a savorless voice. Then suddenly, "But it's not right. I don't know what it is and you don't, but real people would. There's something about it that ——"

"Now don't you be nonsensical," her mother interrupted. "It's perfect. The decorator says so and I guess she'd ought to know. She costs enough. What do you mean by real people anyway, dearie? You make me feel like a rag doll."

"I mean people who've always had things and know nice people—oh, people you read about."

"Swells?" Mrs. Davison asked succinctly. Her analysis of society was not complicated with subtleties.

"Yes, I suppose," Miss Mary said. "The house is just like us, I guess."

"I don't see anything the matter with us," Mrs. Davison protested. "I'm as good as any woman living, if I do say it, and you can hold up your head with the best."

With this modest observation she fell upon her salad in a sudden omnivorous way I had observed in other tremendously fat women, which is both startling and vaguely alarming.

"Yes, we're all right," Miss Mary went on with deep earnestness. "We're healthy and moral and rich. But I don't want to stay like us. I want to be somebody and know people and feel right when I go places."

"You're just as right as the next one," her mother assured her, "and you better hurry and eat your food and get into some other clothes."

"What for?" her daughter asked.

"Some newspaper photographers is coming out to take pictures of the house. They called up and asked if they could after you'd left. That's the surprise. Sounds pretty swell, doesn't it?"

Miss Mary was not so enraptured with the news as her mother had expected and her lingering in the background drove Mrs. Davison to a majestic assumption of the forefront of almost every picture.

The next Sunday Roxie took the newspapers up with Mrs. Davison's tray. She came down with the bursting expression that indicated she was about to speak.

"She's mad," she announced—"she," with Roxie, always meant Mrs. Davison—"because they printed them pictures in the real estate notes instead of the society column."

Indeed Mrs. Davison appeared at the dinner table with red eyes.

"You'd 'a' thought I was a new kind of heating plant," I heard her say mournfully.

"Never mind, ma," Miss Mary said, and stroked her hand. "You looked real nice anyway. Didn't she, Jacob?"

I said she had, as convincingly as Miss Mary had been sure I would.

Miss Mary, if incurably romantic, was always kind, and she had a confidence in me that would have snared a more wary heart than mine into devotion. After all, admiration is very near to the nucleus of attraction. I am sure Cleopatra managed a dazzled look in her eyes for Cæsar when the Nile was a younger river. Not that I dazzled Miss Mary, but in a world that ignored me she never failed to manifest her belief in my superiority.

All of which is my roundabout way of excusing myself for having fallen in paternal old-man love with Miss Mary—the kind of paternal love that cries to serve and protect, a kindly, harmless thing that makes one feel very old but is so consolatory that one does not care.

V

THE village people began to call—the class that allowed their reserve to be overcome by their curiosity about the new house and its new occupants. To Mrs. Davison it was a social triumph.

"I hope you're satisfied now," she said to her daughter, going over the cards in the pierced-silver basket on the hall table as a pirate captain might run over his captured flags. "Mrs. Tatton. Her husband keeps the big dry-goods store. She was talking to me about how gay it is here in season. She says she could just sit on her porch and watch the clothes go by forever."

"Does she?" Miss Mary put in, because her mother's pause demanded a remark.

"And Mrs. Beal. Her husband's got that big shoe factory. She's a lovely woman, didn't you think? I never see such a polish on nails. I got to have mine done soon."

"Yes, mother—have you?"

"Uh-huh."

Mrs. Davison glanced at her less glittering fingers, rubbed them in her palm thoughtfully and went back to her trophies.

"Mr. Roland," she read. "He's the minister. He's nice, but kind of sissy. I don't like a young fellow to act so quiet."

"I liked him. He said something so pretty about the ruins and rains of winter in the garden."

"He was quoting poetry," Mrs. Davison laughed. "Wouldn't that kill you?"

"I wonder what poetry it was from," Miss Mary said, but Mrs. Davison merely went on with other summaries.

I put Swinburne on the drawing-room table—even bent back the covers so it would open at the proper place, but Miss Mary didn't notice it and her mother only said, "Ain't that a pretty book now? That decorator woman certainly was tasty."

After watching ladies without conversational resources suffering through ten agonized minutes of call, their eyes scurrying over everything for future conversational material, I entered at half after four one afternoon and went to Miss Mary.

"Do you wish tea served here, Miss Davison?" I asked. She nodded.

After the caller, a Mrs. Ouderkirk, had gone she came to my pantry.

"I'm glad you asked me that, Jacob," she said. "I'd read in novels about having tea served, but I hadn't ever thought of us having it."

"The Van Hoevens did every afternoon," I told her.

"I guess we'd better, too," she concluded as excitedly as though it marked a step in her existence.

(Continued on Page 108)

And Hudson Also Is

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

The Limousine

Supreme In Distinction

The Super-Six Has Always Set the Style

WE have never sought to develop the Hudson Super-Six as the greatest speed and power car in the world.

It is true that in speed—in hill-climbing—in quick acceleration—no stock car ever matched it. Official records show that. But they are incidental. They were made in tests to prove Hudson endurance.

Surely these great performance qualities are enough to account for Hudson's five years of leadership as the largest selling fine car in the world. Any owner would take pride in a car that none has equalled in any worthwhile performance record.

Yet a large class of Hudson buyers selected it for an altogether different quality.

A Distinctive Design An Exclusive Motor

THOUSANDS chose it with an eye single to its beauty, charm and notable appearance. They hold none can surpass it in distinction. For the Hudson looks its supremacy in every line.

But it is idle to think that those who primarily seek fine appearance in a car, do not value the mechanical superiority of the Hudson Super-Six.

Granted you will never require such great speed, yet Hudson's capacity means less than half load in ordinary driving. It insures absolute freedom from strain.

Perfected Mechanism Makes Such Luxury Possible

THAT extra reserve power means much on hills. It means much in flexibility and in quick response. It saves much changing of gears. It means utter smoothness—due to less vibration than any other type ever achieved.

That, too, is a matter of record. The official proofs are open to all.

In the exclusive Super-Six motor vibration is reduced almost to nil and motor efficiency increased 80%. Motor power is increased 72%, without added size or cylinders. Endurance is almost doubled. The Super-Six principle is patented. No one else can use it.

Its type gives Hudson every advantage. Why accept a lesser car?

All Accept Hudson as the Pattern Car

IT has always been a leader of coach design. From year to year it has set the style that motordom accepts. It was creator of the stream line body, and such distinctive models as the Sedan, Coupé and the Touring Limousine.

And you will find in the Hudson all the beauty and luxury that imagination and skilled workmanship can create.

Note how it predominates wherever fine cars are seen. Outside of the clubs, the opera, the theatre; in the fine residence streets and on fashionable boulevards observe how it outnumbers two, three and even four to one, any other make of fine car. And in Europe, the Orient and South America also Hudson outsells any other fine car.

But while its appearance is prized by all Hudson owners, and even dictates the choice of many, to most who know the Hudson its chief appeal must always be its performance and endurance.

By every test it is supreme.

The supply of Hudsons has never been sufficient for the demand. Thousands have waited months for certain wanted models. You can insure yourself against disappointment in delivery only by placing your order well ahead of the time you will require it.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 105)

Mrs. Bell called again and brought her son, a youngster with sleeked hair, in a snuff-colored empire business suit. He was a jolly person who said, "Oh, boy! Some house!" and tried to teach Miss Mary to shimmy to the raucousness of the phonograph. He brought other young people to the house, good souls much like himself. Miss Mary was not a great success with them. Because they failed to interest her they thought her grave.

Mrs. Davison, however, formed passionate attachments, chief among them her devotions to Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Tatton and Mrs. Ouderkirk. She admired Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Tatton. But Mrs. Ouderkirk, who had reddened hair and wore emerald-green satins, and diamond fauna, intrigued her imagination. To see Mrs. Davison and that three bent over a bridge table playing for a doll telephone hider as dying men in a scurvy camp might play for the last potato was a sight that no god or man could afford to miss. It was a breathless and stealthy battle, the players balanced on the edges of their chairs, the cards dropping with muted mercilessness. I once saw Mrs. Ouderkirk pat a diamond cockroach she was wearing in signal to Mrs. Bell, but I noticed over her shoulder that it was diamonds or death, and mourned with her when Mrs. Bell dully played a club.

Between the hands there were moments of violent and loud recrimination and self-justification. At half after four I would come with the tea tray and a somewhat lacerated peace would fold its wings over that plump, highly scented hubbub.

"Well, girls," Mrs. Davison would tell them, "I get so worked up I forget I'm playing for my own prize."

"Such a lovely prize," Mrs. Bell would say—if she had won it.

"Yes, ain't it?" Mrs. Tatton would agree mournfully, and Mrs. Davison noting the wound in her voice would lean to Mrs. Ouderkirk.

"How do you take your tea, Mrs. O.?"

"Strong, dearie. I can't get over that fif' hand. I know if dummy had give me anything I'd 'a' walked off with that doll." When they left Mrs. Davison would say to her daughter, "I guess you was right about coming East, pettie. I like society pretty well myself. You ain't chirked up very much though."

She was quite right. The rector had lent Miss Mary Meredith and the Wilde comedies. Burns Bell and Mrs. Tatton's adolescent and pimpled offspring were not a part of the dreams she was dreaming.

Mr. Roland, the rector, came often to tea. One afternoon he proposed between a sip of orange pekoe and a bite of biscuit. I was not there, but I knew. In the first place he dropped the biscuit when I entered, and in the second he kept alluding to his proffered life with a subtlety that I dare say he supposed would deceive a domestic.

"I have kept it not unworthy of the Master in whose service I have spent it," he said. "I trust you will not disdain it."

That did not seem to me the most modest statement possible, but I suppose I am hypercritical. In any case I was glad when she refused him.

It happened a few days later. A great bouquet came for her—far too large for me to suspect its donor. She was very excited over its obvious pink prettiness.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said to her mother. "Who do you suppose sent it?"

"I'll bet it was Burns Bell," Mrs. Davison announced. "He's got pep. I choose him every time."

"There's no card on it that I can see," Miss Mary said. "See if you can find one in the box, Jacob."

Her fingers went plunging among the roses in search. I found it under the oiled paper.

"Here it is, Miss Mary," I told her.

"Who does it say?" her mother demanded of me.

"Prometheus." I read from the card, and handed it to Miss Mary.

"Prometheus? That's a funny name," Mrs. Davison commented.

"They're from Mr. Roland," Miss Mary explained with a troubled expression still lingering in her eyes. There had been more on the card.

"In spite of your vultures of uncertainty," it ran, "eternally yours, Prometheus."

I gathered up the box, then found the courage to say, "Possibly it is a classical allusion, Miss Mary."

"What to, Jacob?" she asked.

I need not have thought her guilty of so pretentious a pride. I told her the legend and she listened like an intelligent child. That evening she came to my pantry with a note in her hand.

"You hadn't ought to have seen that card, Jacob," she admitted, "but you did so. I want to ask you if this is all right, according to the story."

She gave it to me.

"Dear Mr. Prometheus," it read, "I am afraid you must take your fire to some other hearth. I am sorry. Very sincerely, Mary Davison."

I laughed, and she smiled as she sealed it.

"It's all right then?"

"It is admirable."

"Do you think he will stop coming to tea?"

"No."

"He knows about such interesting books."

"Have you read Disraeli's novels, Miss Mary? I think they would interest you."

"Where can I get them, Jacob?"

"I'll order them to-morrow, if you want."

"I would, Jacob."

She left the note for me to send.

All this was only the beginning. The next week something happened to Mary Davison that really mattered.

VI

IT HAPPENED that Miss Mary's limousine was out of order the next Thursday and she rode to town with me in the small car we kept for marketing. She had to attend a meeting of some orphans'-home committee of Mrs. Tatton's, to which she had been appointed. It was held in the blue parlor of the largest caravansary in town, and after I had finished my errands I went to the hotel lobby and waited for her. She had insisted that I should not sit in the car, for though warm it was February.

I diverted myself by watching the pageant of the hotel's guests There was the usual majority of sedentary dowagers in sport clothes, a number of golfists giving appallingly minute accounts of occurrences that it seemed to me required only the most impressionistic treatment, a little girl with appraising eyes boasting to another of her mother's wardrobe—and very particularly a major in khaki. He was strikingly good-looking, with regular features, a stubby mustache and a deep line between his brows, but it was not his appearance that captured my attention; it was the hypnotism of his restlessness.

When I first noticed him he had put down the paper he was trying to read and was biting his finger nails with a Damoclean look in his eyes, as though he were planning a maneuver that would outwit some imminent sword. He consumed a nail or two, got out a cigarette, lit it, let the match burn to his fingers, dropped match and cigarette, flung his newspaper down and stalked to the desk—all in the space of seven or eight minutes. If the fighting had not stopped four months before I should have said he was the victim of a kind of funk a few men I knew acquired when they were on leave—a funk whose only cure was a return to the trenches.

After some query he put to the clerk had been answered he came back to his chair, tried to absorb himself in his newspaper and failed, fell on the unoffending nails again and finally saved my reason by getting up and going to the veranda. I could see him striding past the French windows at jerky intervals.

After a time Miss Mary came out with Mrs. Tatton and nodded to me as she walked toward the door listening to that lady's verbal bustling. I followed them, opened the door of the car and stood waiting for Miss Mary to get in. She had just bade Mrs. Tatton good-by and said "Home" to the chauffeur when the major came round the corner of the veranda.

"Why, there's Major Estabrook," she said to the air with the eager delight of a pleasant and unexpected meeting.

The major was absorbed in his desperate problem, whatever that may have been, and neither heard nor noticed Miss Mary. She made a step toward him, then turned helplessly to me.

"What had I better do, Jacob?" she asked—she had grown into the habit of consulting me quite frankly. "It's Major Estabrook. He used to come into the canteen in Paris. He was real polite to me over there."

"Why not say, 'How do you do, Major Estabrook,' and ask him to luncheon?" I suggested brilliantly.

She gave me back the smile I said it with.

"How do you do, Major Estabrook?" she asked in her clear voice.

He started from his preoccupation, a look of vague recognition in his face.

"How do you do?" he responded.

"I was at the Montparnasse canteen in Paris," she explained. "My name is Davison."

"I recognized you, Miss Davison," he lied, "but I didn't expect to see you in this part of the country."

"I live here," she answered. "But what are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm resting. There's some—I'm not discharged yet for some reason or other, but they let me come here on a furlough."

"Won't you come out to my house to lunch?"

"I'm sorry I can't. I'm expecting a message."

"Are you going to leave soon?"

"I don't know."

"Can't you come out to dinner then?"

"Thank you, but I ——" It was too much trouble to develop an excuse. "I'd be very pleased," he said.

She told him the name of the place and the hour, got in the car and we started. I thought he looked particularly annoyed as he bowed.

"Have an awfully good dinner, Jacob," she begged me. "Major Estabrook looks just sick. He was in a hospital in Paris getting over the influenza, but I think he looks worse now than he did then."

I had exactly the feelings any good butler would have experienced with regard to the table and the meal. I gathered that Major Estabrook knew more about the good things of life than the usual guests at Rosemount, and I wanted to do my family credit.

He came at half after seven. I took his coat. I have never seen a man so frankly surprised as he was by the house.

"Old place?" he queried, showing more curiosity than discernment.

"Quite modern, sir," I said. "Will you step into the living hall?"

I had done very decently with that apartment, which was as long as a bowling alley, as wide as a dry-dock and about as subtle as either of those structures would probably have been. There were daffodils in all the most barren spots and the lovely dimness of candles painted the raw spaces romantic.

He gasped, or did something as much like it as was presentable. Miss Mary came forward. His "Delightful of you to have me" was not the sequel that half-hearted acceptance had led me to expect.

Miss Mary was embarrassed. She betrayed it by saying, "It's real nice to have you," and still more so by adding, "Meet my mother."

Mrs. Davison not only rose to the occasion—she overflowed it.

"I'm awful glad to see you, major," she began. "Not that I can really say see you, for it's dark as a pocket in this room, but I suppose that's stylish."

The major bowed and said, "Charmed."

"Mary says you and her was pals in France. Well, my little girl's friends is my friends. Ain't the world small though? That's what I keep saying to Mrs. Bell. There was a old aunt of hers I used to know out in Altoona. When I found that out I just says, 'Well, ain't the world small.'"

"It's how small the war is, in this case," the major emended, and I knew from my glance at his back that he placed Mrs. Davison to the exact depth of her deepest vulgarity.

I suspected he had indexed Miss Mary at the same point and I resented it.

The exigencies of service did not allow me the observation my psychological curiosity demanded. I had to leave the room.

I know I expected him to have slid back into his old manner when I came to announce dinner. He had not. He was telling an anecdote from his experience at the Front—telling it like a man who is making every effort to please. Miss Mary was flushed with excitement and Mrs. Davison was leaning forward in her chair clutching both knees in an ecstasy of horror, saying:

"And you got in without bein' hurt! Gosh! Them dam' Germans—they'd ought to 'a' been skinned."

My announcement made no impression on Miss Mary or her mother. It was the major who rose with a laugh.

"I think your man is announcing dinner," he said. "You really are too good an audience."

He gave his arm to Mrs. Davison, but his glance at Miss Mary as he said "Which way?" was almost a caress.

VII

I HAVE never seen a man make more charming love than Major Estabrook made to Miss Mary from that time. All through dinner there was an undercurrent of more than usual admiration in his talk of her. He told Mrs. Davison about seeing her in the canteen.

"She was like a flower stuck in a cracked pot in a tenement," he said. "Honestly she was."

"Do you mean the uniform?" Miss Mary laughed delightedly.

"I mean that canteen, with the locomotives smudging it and the soldiers crowding it. You were the sort of sight they needed after being up Front to make them believe in life."

Miss Mary gave him a charmed, incredulous glance.

"Please don't tease me," she said.

"Do you think I am?" he countered.

"Yes," she answered gravely.

"So many of the American women workers were plain or frowzy," he said. "To see you handing out—what was it, eggs and apple sauce?—as slim and tall as a princess just took my breath away."

"Ain't that like a young fellow now," Mrs. Davison demanded, "calling Mary slim and tall? I'd say long and skinny if you was to ask me."

She laughed with her whole heart, her whole mouth and most of her lungs, undisturbed by the fact that she laughed alone. Somehow my vertebræ drew up like a Venetian blind whenever Mrs. Davison spoke that evening.

It is a hard thing to watch a conversation that makes someone you are fond of suffer. Miss Mary suffered, I know. The thing that was going on behind those critical eyes that had it so well mattered tremendously to her. There is nothing harder for the young to bear than the world's judgments on their dear ones. I tried to tell myself the major's opinion was of small moment in a turbulent universe, but there before me was the vital fact of Miss Mary's pain.

The only flaw I could find in his conduct was that he hardly listened to either of his hostesses when they ventured more than a sentence. His eyes would grow fixed and his lips would stay in the smile he had set on them.

He would look exactly as though he were in a trench awaiting a hostile charge, planning to be ready to meet it, while someone said something of no importance he had to pretend to enjoy.

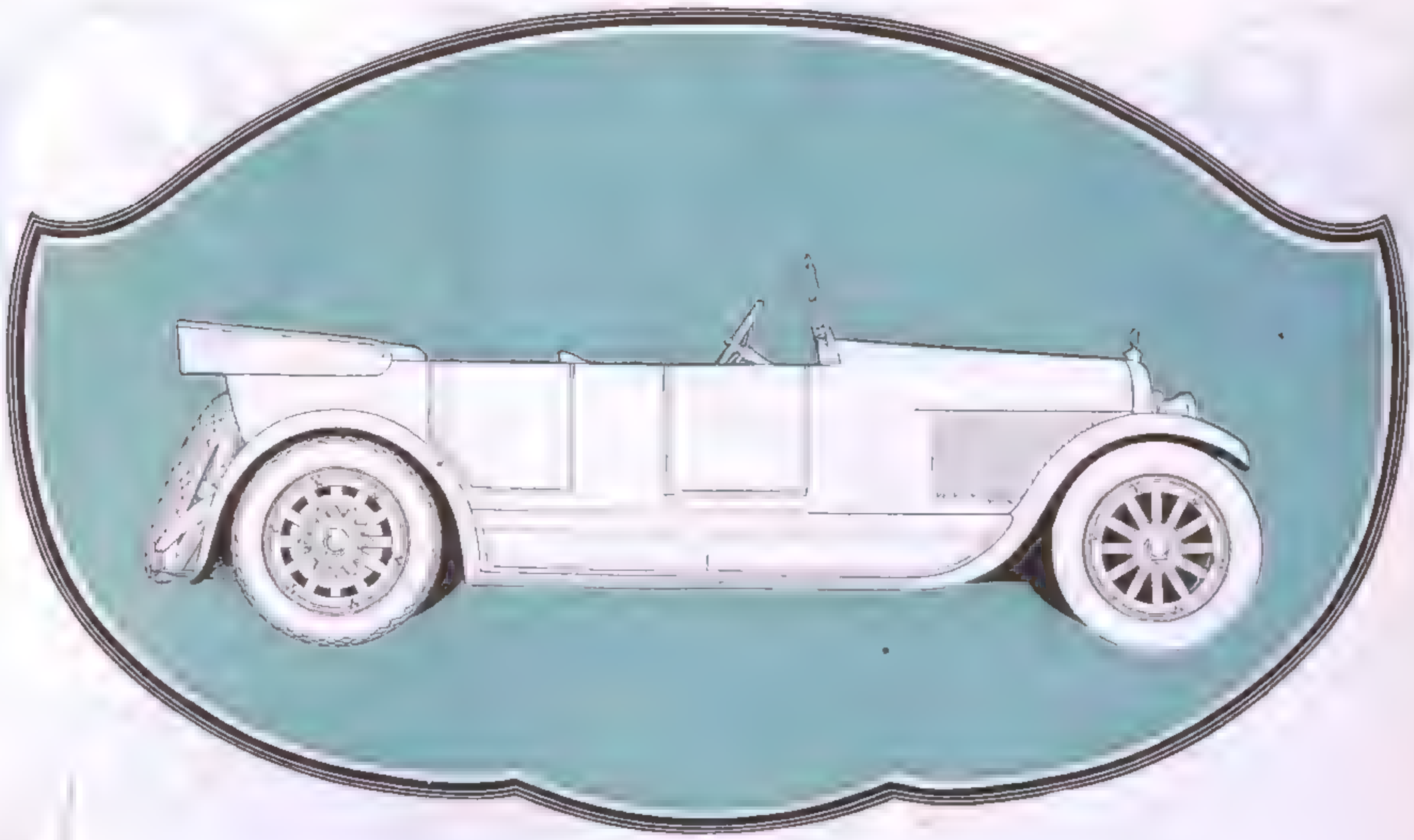
He had the charm of great ease of language and a trick—I knew it was a trick with the Davisons—of taking it for granted that they had had more or less the same advantages and experiences as he, that he was merely comparing notes with them, not speaking pages from a book they had never opened. He used a great name occasionally—almost too casually—with just a breath's pause to allow its brilliance to flash over his auditors. There was nothing casual about Mrs. Davison, however. She would inquire with the greatest bluntness whether or not the personages mentioned were those of whom she had read and when she had reassured herself would sink back with a sigh of pure satisfaction. Miss Mary liked it too—it confirmed her opinion of his authenticity.

The dinner drew to a close triumphant for the major. Miss Mary was flushed with pleasurable excitement; her mother as nearly awed as her temperament allowed her to be. They went into the living hall for coffee. Mrs. Davison could not repress her wonder that Major Estabrook had fluttered so far away from the more dazzling flames of fashion. He had come to Warm Cove because the Carsons, who were his friends, had a place there. That was a great enough name in Warm Cove to make Mrs. Davison glow within. The Carsons, it appeared, had left the day before the major's unheralded arrival. It was annoying, but he intended to stay on at the hotel, because he'd made arrangements to have his mail forwarded and the golf was fair.

"What in the world you're stayin' at that hotel for, I don't know," Mrs. Davison proclaimed. "Mary and me was there over night when we come down to see the place. It's fierce."

"Oh, it's not so bad," the major protested.

(Continued on Page 112



The JORDAN Silhouette Five

The dynamic tide of Chicago streets

BALANCE is the dominant characteristic of Jordan cars. This is due to the careful distribution of weight, the length and quality of the springs, the delicate point of their suspension, and the arrangement of the steering apparatus.

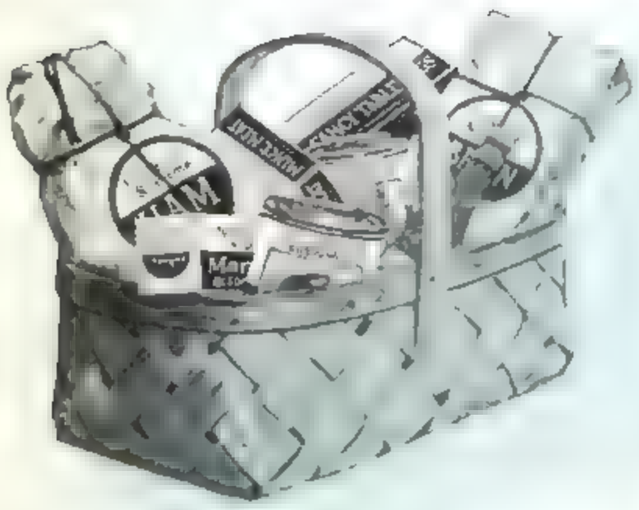
Jordan bodies are hammock swung between the axles with long springs of chrome vanadium steel. When a cheap carbon steel spring is overstressed, it reaches its elastic limit and rapidly goes to pieces.

The whole tendency of the Jordan is toward forward motion. No ruinous side-sway. Because of its longer wheelbase and perfect distribution of weight, there is no jerky up-and-down action. Its progress is smooth and flowing.

That explains Jordan service, even with abuse. Imagine a car like the Silhouette Five. Picture it as it is—full of life—muscular and alert. It runs like a spirited horse. Men who are weary of bulky cars will choose it with joy.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR CO., Inc., *Cleveland, Ohio*

JORDAN



MIO

The Supreme cure assures
that delicious, mild flavor

RRIS

Supreme Ham

Grilled ham steak! This is one of the most appetizing ways to serve Morris Supreme Ham. You'll be delighted with such a dinner; so will your guests.

When you serve Morris Supreme Ham you are always sure of a successful meal. You *know* this ham will be tender and you know it will be deliciously mild in flavor.

It costs you no more to get these hams wrapped in the clean, white parchment with the yellow and black label. Your dealer will supply them wrapped this way.

MORRIS & COMPANY

(Continued from Page 108)

"We've got about twelve rooms standing round with nothing to do. Why can't you move out here and be sociable?"

Major Estabrook could not think of troubling the household.

"The hotel really wasn't in the least impossible—not at all like this place of course, but ——"

When next Mrs. Davison rang it was to say that the major would move up in the morning and that I was to make the red room ready.

The major had risen apparently preparatory to departure and was talking with Miss Mary, laughing quietly and keeping his eyes on her face. He had evidently said something about its seeming unfair to billet a soldier on civilians in peace times.

"Unfair to the soldier, I guess," Miss Mary replied.

"Demoralizing to his Spartan qualities at least," the major agreed.

"I'll have Jacob learn the bugle," Miss Mary assured him. "If he doesn't get you up in time you can court-martial him."

As usual, his interest seemed to have stopped with the conclusion of his own remark. This time his mood appeared to change as well. He said "Oh" rather abruptly; shook hands, saying "Thank you so much" with abstracted eyes, and came to the hall for the coat I held for him. I saw him slash at the shrubbery with his crop as he started down the avenue. I was curious enough to stand and watch him. When he reached the curve of the road he stopped and turned for a long look. Having looked, he began to whistle and sauntered on.

I went back to the living hall, where Mrs. Davison was patting yawns into her mouth and Miss Mary standing absorbed in thought. She roused herself enough to say, "Turn out the lights, please, Jacob."

Mrs. Davison having yawned sufficiently went on with some remarks she had been making:

"I guess I was right about the house, wasn't I, pettie? He's a swell all right and he thought it was grand. There wasn't much he missed. If I'd 'a' reached over I could have grabbed one of his eyeballs—they was sticking out so far."

"I guess he did think it was pretty," Miss Mary conceded.

"He seemed sort of sweet on you. But land sakes, I could have swore he was making love to me all evening! You can't get onto a real swell like him all of a sudden."

Miss Mary was too far in thought to answer.

Mrs. Davison gathered up her great flowered knitting bag and began to unhook herself as she started for the stairs.

"I'm as tired as a hound pup," she threw back over her shoulder. "Me for bed."

Miss Mary took a few steps toward the door, then turned.

"What do you think, Jacob?" she asked. "Is he a real—a real swell?"

"He appears to be used to decent society," I said tartly. I was damned if I would give him a more enthusiastic recommendation.

VIII

MISS MARY came into the red room next morning as I was making my final inspection. It was hopelessly like a hotel, but I had done my best with books on the candle stand and flowers on the desk. Miss Mary examined the books—a volume of Hilaire Belloc's essays and Lucas' A Wanderer in Paris. I was making sure that the pipe was warm under the bath sheets when I noticed that Miss Mary was looking at me and straightened myself.

"Where did you find them?" she asked, evidently meaning the books.

"I happened to have them in my things," I answered.

"Who are you, Jacob?" was her next question.

"Your butler, Miss Mary."

She sat down on a little couch.

"I don't believe you're just that," she said. "You're a gentleman, aren't you?"

I smiled.

"I have always clung to the tradition that something in one's pocket is an essential to being a gentleman," I told her.

"You were then, weren't you?"

"In any case, it is very kind of you to think so," I evaded.

"I hadn't ought to have asked," she said.

I saw she was more hurt than a servant had any reason to foresee.

"You're quite right, Miss Mary," I admitted to make amends. "I was something different, a person I stopped being when he could no longer continue gracefully. I don't want to exhume him, if you'll pardon me."

"I was only thinking," she began, "that if you were willing to you could be something else for us and—might like it better. You could help us so much more. Perhaps you wouldn't want to."

"I'm afraid not," I said, but it didn't discourage her.

"If you could be sort of a ——" she went on. "I don't know any name for it, but a person who told us how to act and how to spend our money. We could pay you more and you wouldn't have to be ——"

She stopped in the misery of having to phrase an unpleasant fact. I felt a twinge at the suggestion. It was some deep-bred asininity, I suppose, that might pass under the name of pride. I had quite a sufficiency of pottage and I couldn't crawl out of my nameless grave to sell Peter Van Hoeven's birthright for additional delicacies.

"I'm sorry, Miss Mary," I told her, "but it wouldn't be possible. I can give you any advice you want in my present situation. I'm earning all I deserve. I couldn't do anything else for reasons."

"I was sure there was something about you," she said. Then after a moment: "I wonder if you know about us."

"Just what I've seen," I answered.

"I guess that's enough," she commented. "We couldn't fool any servant probably—let alone you. It's nothing to keep secret about, but it's not very swell. From the time I can remember till we went to France we lived in Altoona. It's a railroad town, not pretty at all. We had a flat over the drug store and we hired Roxie to help with the housework.

"I was born in the Klondike and papa was killed up there when I was only about a year old. They found him dead in the room with me with his head all beaten in. It happened while mamma was sick with scarlet fever in Nome. They never found out who did it. It must have been terrible for mamma. She's an awful brave woman, Jacob."

I said I thought her a very good woman or something of the sort.

"We were richer than most people in Altoona," Miss Mary went on, "but that wasn't much. Mother had a farm her father left her and some stocks in a foundry she'd bought with what little papa left. I went to school in Kalamazoo. People in Altoona are just like us. They don't know about pretty things or talk nice language. They're just—folks. They thought I was kind of stuck up and I got to think I was meant for something grander."

She smiled reflectively. "It seems kind of funny. I thought all I had to do was to come East and I'd find—I don't know exactly what, but everything I wanted. Only there wasn't a chance to come."

There was the tap of a branch against the window. We both turned. A squirrel that had jumped from the roof poised on the swaying bough of a big oak that stood just outside.

"Isn't he a darling?" Miss Mary said, and watched him for a long minute, the distressed lines that had come into her face slipping into a smile. The little beast picked his way swiftly along the branch and scurried up the trunk. She turned back to me and took up her story:

"When the war happened mother's stock went up. They turned the foundry to making munitions and she had a kind of hunch. She's funny that way. She sold the farm and put in every cent she could raise. People thought she was crazy. Then for months and months all we did was watch that money grow. I was begging her to sell all the time—and everybody else was; and we were rich and then we were richer than we'd ever dreamed of being. That's all there is about us. You can't expect us to be much."

It would not have done for me to tell her she was ridiculously self-deprecatory, and while I was searching about for just what I wanted to say I caught a glimpse from the window and rose.

"There's the major coming up the drive," I explained.

"Is he?" she said, and jumped up.

"I must go down to let him in."

She got my hint that it was best for her not to rush to the door.

The major had decided to include me in the cordiality with which he was regaling the family.

"Morning, Jacob," he said. "Splendid day, isn't it? Miss Mary here?"

"Yes," Miss Mary answered, coming downstairs. "I'm so glad to see you."

"I've brought you some flowers," he told her. "I tried to find violets, but the town hasn't the grace to produce flora worthy of you."

She took the box he offered and lifted a bouquet of pansies from it in a pretty ecstasy.

"I love them," she said. "I always have—cutting their little faces."

I could have forgiven Major Estabrook a great deal if he had looked down at her with those loverlike eyes as she bent over them, but he was making sure I had his luggage.

"Follow you, Jacob?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

I led him to his quarters, which pleased him immensely.

"This is proper stuff," he remarked after he had directed the placing of his bags and stood with his back to the fire. "I'm in luck, Jacob."

"Anything else, sir?"

"No."

I started to withdraw.

"Here, wait!" he called. "I forgot. I'm expecting a telegram. I left word at the hotel office to telephone it here. There'd be someone to take it at any time, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's damned important. Get it to me as quickly as it comes."

The worry had come into his eyes again.

"Very well, sir."

He turned to the fire and kicked the logs into a blaze. I went downstairs.

Miss Mary was in the living hall.

"Is he comfortable?" she asked.

"He appeared to be pleased."

"You're so good, Jacob," she said just because she wanted to be kind to someone.

"I would suggest that you and Mrs. Davison dress for dinner every night while the major is here," I told her.

They were not in the habit of doing so. They had dressed the night before because it was a party, but I had doubts as to their continuing for a house guest.

"Thank you, Jacob," she answered. "We will."

And she bent over the pansies she had put in a great iridescent bowl. Major Estabrook came in just then.

"Can you leave those grimacing little wretches long enough to show me the place?" he asked.

"Of course," she answered, "only they're not."

"Yes, they are," he insisted, and they went through the French window, over the brown grass.

Looking down at the pansies I thought there was something sardonic in the way they beamed at the pale sunlight.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Emery Shirts

You're doubly comfortable in an EMERY Shirt. There is mental comfort in the knowledge that your shirt is correct in every detail of design and style.

There is physical comfort in a shirt that fits all over; bodies expertly drafted and cut on lines that avoid the slightest bind or restriction. Generous armholes with corresponding increase of material in sleeves.

Neckbands pre-shrunk and cut to exact measure and comfort shape. Your collar always sets right when you button it to an EMERY neckband.

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Ask for the *Emery* Shirt by name.

At better class haberdashers.

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The *Emery* Nek-ban-tab

Exclusively on EMERY SHIRTS

When your shirt comes back from the laundry with the back buttonhole in the neckband starched down tight, just pull the Tab. The buttonhole opens instantly without fumbling. A patented convenience that saves time and patience

CON

(Continued from Page 17)

or erected a new one of the cheapest materials and in the most insubstantial manner. Next he brought to the town a mass of secondhand machinery recently discarded in some larger town. This he installed. All the visible parts of the plant were repainted and refurbished to look like new. But the heart of an ice plant is in the great network of pipes in the freezing tank. These are constantly submerged in brine and none but an engineer would dream of emptying the tank to inspect them. Here the schemer used old worn-out piping that would not survive the high pressures of an ammonia plant for three months.

His installations completed, the schemer summoned the business men of the town who had subscribed for the stock and gave them a demonstration. He turned out beautiful, regular cakes of ice before their eyes. He befuddled them with false figures, overwhelmed them with sanguine conversation. In the end they turned over the cash—fifty thousand dollars of it—and the swindler delivered the plant. It had cost him not more than fifteen thousand dollars, usually not more than ten thousand dollars. He took his great profit and went on to the next town. In a few months there was an explosion at the plant and the local business men were forced to summon an engineer, who disclosed the swindle.

A group of men who are known to me made fortunes out of this venal practice and several are still at it. I realize that this is neither a new nor a very intricate scheme, and the purpose of dealing with it here is mainly to forewarn small communities which may still be approached with this swindle. But the ice-plant game is the prototype of a whole family of frauds based on the same elements which have been and are being worked in a hundred variations and on business men everywhere. This type of game is that invariably practiced by a figure who has become eminent in popular fiction.

Attention should be called to the relationship of this imposture to the whole order of boom swindles. Real-estate-promotion games, population attracters, development schemes and factory-building bubbles are all based on the same factors and are equally fraudulent. What ambitious town has not been approached by the suave promoter promising a great new factory, a whole industry, shortly to be brought to the town, with thousands of employees and their families, enough to double the population? The purpose is either the vending of wildcat stock or the resale of local real estate which has previously been acquired by the sharpers.

To what refinements this latter game may be developed will be seen from the amusing story of a set of Western railroad shops which were not built in a certain city.

Disappointed Speculators

About fifteen years ago it became known that a prominent railroad was about to erect great shops in one of the smaller cities lying toward the middle of the railway system. Five or six municipalities were possible candidates for these shops, which would employ about six thousand men and presumably add some fifteen thousand souls to the local populace—a very important matter to towns of ten or twenty thousand people. For excellent reasons the railroad did not permit its choice of a site to be made known. To announce prematurely the fortunate city would have meant a skyrocketing in local real-estate prices. Moreover, the railroad was waiting for the most advantageous offer from either of two cities which had already been secretly chosen as the only possible shop sites.

While the railroad waited and kept its counsel the six candidate cities carried on a fierce and acrimonious rivalry, which soon attracted the attention of some shrewd friends of mine. These gentlemen had access to confidential information and discovered that the railroad had been quietly buying land in a city which I shall call Lebanon. No money was to be made here, for the necessary acreage was already optioned. The clamor of the rival towns, however, touched the schemers with inspiration. They picked out the likeliest of the places on the disappointed list, made an inspection of the local situation and optioned a big tract through connivance with a real-estate speculator in the town—a tract that might have served for the shops as well as another and no better. A little time was now allowed to elapse. Then one fine morning two or three strangers were seen in town making surveys about this piece of land. Later one of these men was found consulting local real-estate men. He concealed his identity, but saw to it that gossip identified him with the railroad. The next morning the papers printed the report than an agent of the railroad was buying up land in the aforementioned district. The stranger was interviewed and naturally refused to affirm or deny the rumor. But he went on pricing parcels of land in a tract which he already had under secret option.

Now the conspiring local real-estate man came forward with the news that he had sold options on parcels in the chosen district, which was true and might be interpreted as one liked. Other reports followed. In a week the town was in a spasm of excitement. The stranger was none other than a land agent for the railroad. There was every reason for his secret movements. Overnight the greedy local people bought up lots and parcels of land in the chosen district at big advances over all recorded prices. Strange to say, no land could be had on mortgage—in this town where realty had been going begging for a generation! Even that did not rouse the suspicions of the local enthusiasts. They bought up every available lot for cash and sat down to wait for the shops, dreaming of the huge prices they would charge the railroad.

My scheming friends made their collections, divided profits with the local villain and departed. Two weeks later the board of directors of the railroad announced that the shops would be built at a town a hundred miles away.

Follow the Leader

The employment of a local man in the schemes of confidence operators bent on defrauding business men is a most common practice. Occasionally, as in the instance just related, this man is a conspirator. More frequently he is himself deceived and is used merely as a bellwether to lead the other sheep into the trap. This technic was used with great success by the promoters of a development concern which went to the wall four or five years ago and landed its principals in prison.

The promoters of this large company started with a cheap concession of land in Mexico. In planning to capitalize this grant they apparently had two things in view. They did not want to try outright stockselling, for that meant dealing with the small fry. And they were trying to use a plan which would evade the law and keep out the troublesome and inquisitive stockholder. Accordingly they formed a holding concern. This concern was officered with dummies, or instruments of the original promoters. A contract was now entered into between the promoters, who held the concession, and the company, by the terms of which the company was to turn over all receipts from the public to the promoters to be used in the development of the property. In return the promoters were to turn in to the company the total receipts from the sale of the concession's produce—metals, timber, cattle and so on. The company was to sell to the public not stock but contracts in varying amounts beginning at five hundred dollars. These contracts were to earn a fixed annual dividend of eight per cent. At the end of ten years the contracts were to be exchanged for participating stock of the company. The scheme had thus somewhat the appearance of a preferred stock proposition. It offered the investor a fixed dividend and in turn froze him out of all participation in the management of the corporation. It got rid of the troublesome investigations of the small stockholder.

These contracts were sold by the company in large numbers and the receipts—less expenses—turned over to the promoters. The latter began to develop the concession after their own manner, it appeared later. They did sell minerals and lumber and they did turn over the total receipts from such sales to the company, which paid dividends out of this money. No one needs to be told that all this was highly irregular and finally fraudulent.

But the phase of the matter that interests us here deals with the manner of selling the contracts to the public. Agents of the company invaded the commercial and merchants' organizations of cities in all parts of the country and laid their proposition before business men, painting the lily and gilding the gold. This done, they made overtures to one or two prominent men in each community and invited these men to make a free trip to Mexico for the purpose of visiting and inspecting the company's properties there. All expenses were to be paid by the company and a high time was guaranteed. The result was that more than a hundred locally prominent men representing forty or fifty towns and cities were loaded into a special train and taken to Mexico. Wine flowed incessantly all the way out. Stops were made at important cities and the guests of the company entertained there, each according to his tastes. Hotels, resort houses and theaters got large sums of the company's money. And so did drinking establishments and places below the moral dead line.

Finally the fagged but hilarious party reached the Mexican town which was to be the terminus of the rail journey. An inspection of the property was now made from colorful local equipages or the backs of burros and horses. Mines, smelters, factories, lumber mills, cattle ranches, prospects were shown the visitors. It is true that most of them did not belong to the promoters or the company, but the hosts of the occasion were silent on this point.

After a great holiday the train started home and its passengers were delivered to various towns in the United States, overwhelmed with Mexico and liquid kindness. All these worthy gentlemen, or nearly all, became boosters for this great and open-handed company. Thousands of contracts were sold to other business men who had confidence in their local leaders—and so the money went. I often have wondered how a local Pooh-Bah who has been taken in by such a scheme and caused his fellow townsmen losses feels when the bubble breaks, as it did in this instance, with the prison sentences aforementioned. The public loss was a million.

This is what is known as the follow-the-leader game. It is far from new, but it is prevalent everywhere and I give an account of it for the public protection.

Let us observe for a purpose that all these little devices are aimed at numbers of men. They are not frauds against an individual, but against a town, a business community, a set of merchants. To all intents and purposes they are public frauds. The business man is caught by them, and so are other people, low and high. As a rule such games are directed against the business man of the smaller town or against the smaller man generally. But it must not be suspected that the con man has in these days any weakness for the little fellow. That used to be the penchant of those jocund *sauriens* of old days. To-day, as I have said before, all that is changed. The confidence man knows that his game is worth a big stake. He has long ago discovered that the petty thief or swindler is far more likely to taste the bread of prison than the great scoundrel.

Not Made in Heaven

"Steal a thousand," says the con man's saw, "and they jail you; steal a million, they acquit you; steal ten million, they build you a monument."

What truth there is in this piece of cynicism everyone will say for himself. Howe'er it be, the confidence gentleman of these days acts on the principle implied. He likes big hauls and big men to deal with; so the finest and foulest schemes of the fraternity are no longer directed toward the small man of business, but at the great. And thereby hang my tales.

Do you happen to know how matches are made? Chances are you have a very vague idea unless you have been through a factory. Not one business man in a thousand knows much about this industry. He supposes of course that matches are now made by machinery. He has heard that a trust has the match industry in hand. He is aware that war-quality matches are a scandal and a source of copious entries on the book of the angel who records profanity. Otherwise he is likely to be very nebulous.

Now it chances that matches have long been and are still to some extent made in two ways. In large modern plants, which make ninety-nine per cent of all the lucifers of the day, everything is done automatically by a line of beautifully balanced machinery, which takes in a log of wood at one point, a bath of paraffin at another, a first chemical dip at another and the friction ignition substance at a fourth point. This machinery cuts the matches, gives them their three dippings, sorts them for imperfections, counts them, feeds them into boxes and pushes them out at the far end ready to ship. Even the cartons are printed and the wrappers stamped and pasted in this intricate device.

In an older development matches were made semiautomatically. That is, there was a machine for cutting the sticks, one for stamping the cartons, printing labels, cutting wrappers and so on. But in these plants, which are always small and primitive, the dipping, sorting, packing and counting has to be done by hand. Years ago, before centralized match interests got hold of the industry, these small plants were very numerous. Little by little the big concern bought them up and closed them. In this process a few conniving gentlemen, with one of whom I was intimately associated, managed to get hold of the plants of several of these old-fashioned match works and with these our fellows did deadly execution for many years.

Sealer's Match Plant

The associate of whom I speak was one of the leaders in this sulphurous game and died rich as a result of its potencies. There was an old-fashioned match factory in his town and when the trust bought it out this friend, whom I shall call Sealer, since that rather resembles his name, bought up the plant for junk. With it he set out on a series of amusing and amazing adventures.

One summer evening about fifteen years ago, when the natives of Smalltown were taking the air on their porches, watching the burgeoning of the stars and listening to the last cheeping of the insects, a train drew in from Chicago and discharged a single passenger, whose name was Sealer, or so I say. He went to the hotel, bought himself as good a room as could be had, growled at the service, gave the bell boy a New York tip and went to bed. The next morning Mr. Sealer bought a small bit of cheap land at the edge of the town, held a consultation with a contractor whom he had summoned from a big city, and announced to Smalltown that he was about to build a factory. In thirty days the startled little town realized that Mr. Sealer was a man of his word, for there stood his plant—a low, flat, one-storied affair, but a factory nevertheless.

Just what he intended doing with this building was still mysterious, but machinery began to arrive. In another thirty days it had been completely installed, bright with fresh paint and polished metal, ready to begin labor, but still enigmatic. However, Mr. Sealer was shortly to take Smalltown into his confidence. He meant to manufacture matches and would employ at least fifty men and girls. The town was delighted with the idea. Even John Hannon, the local capitalist and real-estate gentleman, who had sold Sealer his factory site and grinned guiltily as he took the money, came to view the wonders Sealer had wrought. Smalltown had a new industry and no doubt about it. More than that, the industry became immediately industrious. Sealer and about forty assistants began making matches.

There could be no doubting the energy, sincerity and good faith of Mr. Sealer. He had come to town from nowhere, asked no man for anything, put up his factory, given employment to forty people and added to the population of the town a factory superintendent with his wife and six children. That alone was something. Just why Mr. Sealer had chosen Smalltown was a little recondite, to be sure, but perhaps he liked the climate or the water or the fishing. It was true he neither drank the water nor fished, but why argue?

It was soon observed that Mr. Sealer rather cultivated the society of John Hannon. Why, no one could imagine. John was as sour and shrewd an old citrus as

(Continued on Page 117)

In the morning

Eat

Kellogg's

KRUMBLED BRAN

HERE is a bran that is new—*different!* Don't think of it as you may have thought of ordinary bran—flat, tasteless, unpleasant to look at. We've created a new cereal food that doesn't look like bran, nor taste like bran, but is *all bran.* It is brought to you in our "waxtite" package, so you have it fresh, clean and appetizing for your breakfast—just when it does you the most good.

• • •

Buy a package of Kellogg's *Krumbled Bran* from your grocer. It is made in the same modern kitchens as Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, Kellogg's Krumbles, Kellogg's Drinket, etc.

Demand Kellogg's *Krumbled Bran*—each package bears this signature—

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Beautifully finished in unbreakable, durable UNIVIT Porcelain—Peacock Blue or Pearl Gray. Will not chip, craze or discolor. Clean as a china dish. Can be washed like a porcelain bath. Who would have a tin bath-tub or an iron sink? Why not a porcelain stove? Burns coal or wood; fits in small space; concentrates heat in oven. Very economical of fuel. At all good dealers'—for cash or terms. Dealer's name and illustrated booklet on request.

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UNIVERSAL PORCELAIN RANGE

Finished in Genuine Dry Process Porcelain, Peacock Blue or Pearl Gray—Sanitary and Washable

(Continued from Page 114)

ever grew in the North. No one had ever known him to give a nickel to anyone or anything, and it was said he had left the church because of the collections. Nevertheless, Mr. Sealer liked John Hannon. At least he was with him more than anyone else in town.

Smalltown did not know it, but these two were talking business. Mr. Sealer wanted to borrow some money—as much as fifty thousand dollars. He was trying to talk John Hannon into making the loan. Hannon disliked and distrusted Sealer along with the rest of humanity and demanded security. Sealer promptly offered a choice collection of stocks in a great assortment of companies. Hannon investigated and rejected this security. Sealer immediately offered other collateral, which Hannon again looked up and found not to his liking—just as Sealer had expected, to tell the truth. Finally a third batch of security was offered and likewise refused. Then Sealer went to see Hannon in a huff.

"See here," said the match maker with assumed anger, "what kind of security do you want?"

"Now, now!" soothed the smooth Hannon. "Don't get excited, Mr. Sealer! You know I'd like to make you this loan, but I've got to be careful. I liked your last bunch of securities better than any you've offered, but not well enough to lend fifty thousand. Maybe if ——"

Sealer interrupted him rudely.

"See here, Hannon," he stormed, "I've got to have some money to extend my business and I've got to have it quick. I didn't want to mortgage my business, but I see I have to. My match factory is incorporated for two hundred thousand dollars in stock and there are one hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds. I own them all. I'll put up the whole mess of bonds with you if I have to. I've got orders enough to net the interest on fifty thousand dollars seven times over and I can fill them in nine months. Tell me, how does that hit you?"

Gradually, by means of Sealer's repeated offers of security, Hannon had been worked up to a pitch where he was anxious to lend the money. But caution was second nature with him. He summoned an accountant from the city and went into Sealer's business. The report showed that Sealer had eight salesmen on the road—one would have been a great plenty. There were bona-fide orders on the books for all the matches Sealer could turn out in a year, according to his own figures. He was now employing a force of seventy people and selling parlor matches to the trade at prices ten per cent under the market. In spite of this he was making a profit of about forty per cent on his business. Hannon read the report three times and went to see Sealer.

"How can you sell matches for less than the trust and still make forty per cent on your business?" he demanded.

"Easy," said Sealer. "The trust makes eighty per cent. That's why I went into the match game."

"You mean to say that ——"

"What do you think they build trusts for?" demanded Sealer. "To make less money than other people? Monopolies are intended to keep prices up."

An Alleged Junk Dealer

Hannon made the loan. At the end of six months Sealer defaulted on his interest. Hannon stormed and raged and helplessly foreclosed the mortgage, while Sealer angrily hurried out of the town. Then Hannon and Smalltown began to discover things. The factory had been put up in the flimsiest possible way of secondhand materials. The concrete in the floor was a half inch thick. The boiler was an ancient affair worth fifty dollars. It had been placed in new brickwork to conceal its age and rust. A new front had been put on to deceive the beholder. The engine was equally antique, but fresh paint and metal polish had made it look like new to ignorant eyes.

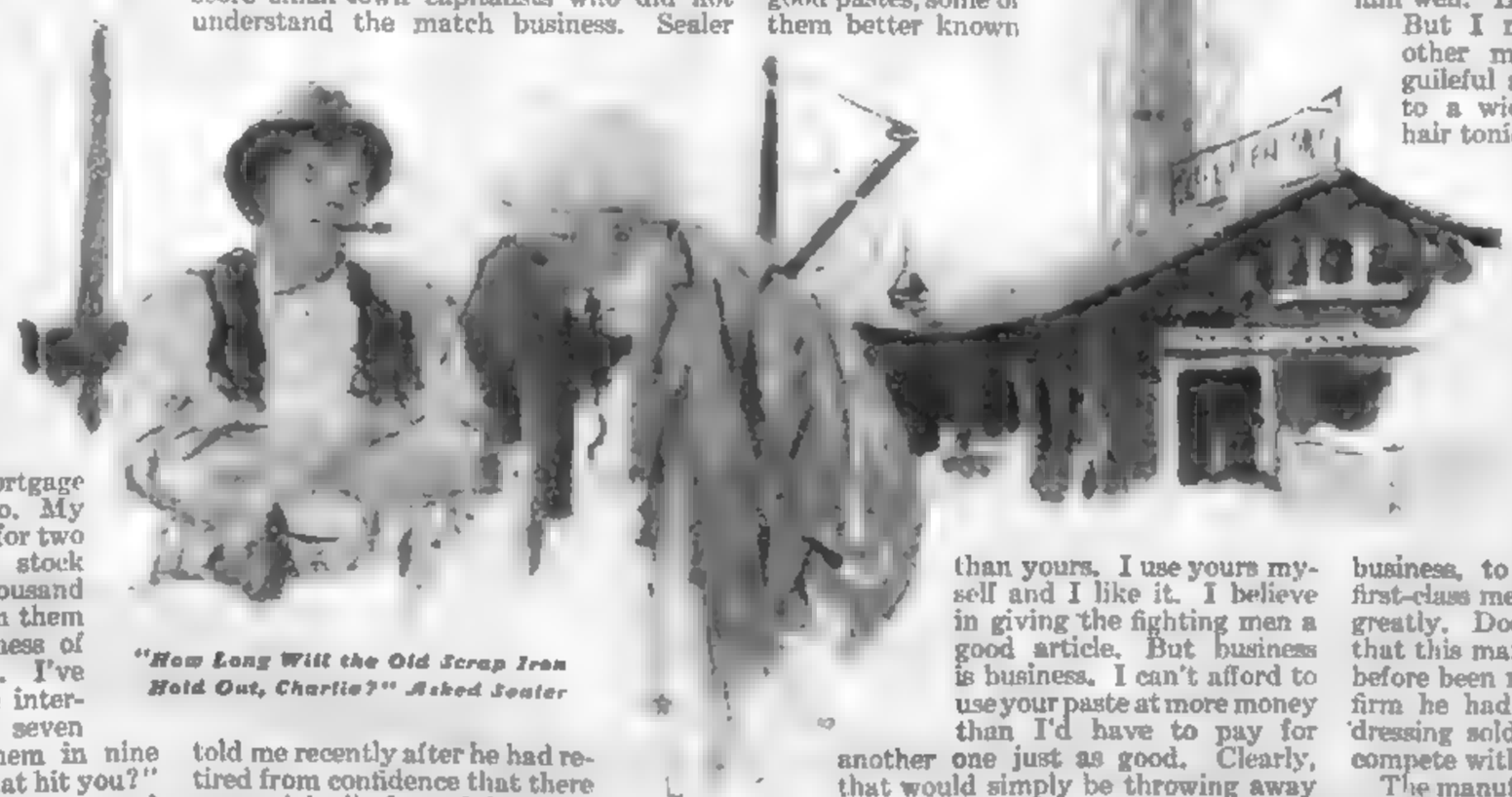
Sealer had been selling matches for less than trust prices, it was true, but he had been losing money on every box. He had orders—and genuine ones—for several hundred thousand dollars' worth of matches, but to fill them would have bankrupted him ten times over. Hannon had been neatly taken in by a great sheaf of bona-fide orders, which Sealer had never meant to fill, and the plant had not cost Sealer more than five or six thousand dollars. Add to this the money he had lost on such matches as he did make and sell, and my friend was still twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars ahead.

A little later, when the plant of the match factory was sold at sheriff's sale, a junk dealer made the highest bid on the equipment, something like five hundred dollars. The whole works, except the building, was knocked down to him and he promptly dismantled the plant and moved it away. Two months later he was busily setting it up in a new factory in some other city. The smiling and genial Mr. Sealer stood by watching the proceedings with languid interest and lively anticipation.

"How long will the old scrap iron hold out, Charlie?" asked Sealer.

"For years if we treat it kindly, uncle," said the alleged junk dealer.

And it did—to the discomfort of two score small-town capitalists who did not understand the match business. Sealer told me recently after he had retired from confidence that there were originally four of these migratory match factories. He had at last junked his own, but he believed two of the others were still on the road.



"How Long Will the Old Scrap Iron Hold Out, Charlie?" Asked Sealer

Who to-day does not know of the fixed-price institution? It is one of the results of modern advertising and standardization. A manufacturer who makes a superior article and pushes it in the market feels that he has a right to protect himself in the matter of price. This he does in two ways—by forcing retailers to sell at a fixed mark and by maintaining an unvarying wholesale cost. Often both methods are employed, frequently only the latter. Where this is the case the trade finds that it must pay a certain figure for the article, whether the order is for a gross or a million. The jobber does not always take kindly to such arrangements, since they limit his profits, and he has tried in various ways to break the manufacturer's hold. Everything else having failed, he has gone to court, but the manufacturer has generally been upheld. And there is nothing unfair about the whole practice. If a manufacturer pays out great sums to push his product into constant general use he facilitates the sales, quickens the turnover, simplifies the handling of stock and may thus legitimately expect the dealer to accept a smaller standardized profit.

But this plan breeds schemers, as does every other thing in life that promises profit. No one need be told that quick-and-easy money could be made overnight out of any standard article in general use selling at a fixed price if one could but get hold of a large quantity at less than the set cost. But how accomplish this? The manufacturer will not cut his rates, no matter how large the order, and to sell a substitute for the genuine article means prison. The combination seems unbeatable, yet shrewd fellows are ever trying to beat it, and recently several of them succeeded.

One morning in the summer of 1917 a curt, well dressed, busy young man presented himself at the office of a large concern which manufactures a widely known dentifrice. The young man's card meant nothing to the manager of the concern, but the accompanying message did. The man said he had come to buy. He was admitted.

"Mr. Blank," said the visitor, laying aside his hat and taking a chair with calm assurance, "my name is Doe. I am in the army contracting business and I need some tooth paste."

"That's what we're here for," smiled Blank.

"And I need it at the right price."

"Our price is as low as making a good dentifrice will allow."

"Let's not waste time," said Doe briskly. "I happen to know something about the business myself. I don't want to argue. It would get us nowhere. But here's my proposition: I have a contract for three million army field kits. Each one is to contain a tube of standard tooth paste and a brush. The brand of paste isn't specified. I can use whichever one comes cheapest."

"But you want quality for our soldiers, don't you?" the manager interrupted.

"That's why I'm here," Doe returned. "But there are other good pastes, some of them better known than yours. I use yours myself and I like it. I believe in giving the fighting men a good article. But business is business. I can't afford to use your paste at more money than I'd have to pay for another one just as good. Clearly, that would simply be throwing away my profit."

He paused. The dentifrice maker watched him and waited.

"Now, my offer is this," Doe went on. "If I can get three or four million tubes of your paste at a price well under the regular market I'll do business with you on the spot. I'll not ask you to bid against other concerns and I'll pay cash on delivery. The paste you sell me will not compete with your regular output. It will not disturb the market. It's merely a question whether you want to take this business at a close profit or whether you want me to take it to someone else."

"I think we can do business," said the manager, "but I'll have to see the directors."

"I'm in a hurry," Doe objected.

"Will an answer to-morrow do you?"

It would. Doe took his hat and his leave.

Before sundown the next day the sale had been made at a price three cents under the standard wholesale market. Deliveries were to begin within thirty days.

The manufacturers of the paste put on a double shift of workers, ran the factory night and day, installed some extra machinery and generally put themselves out to speed up this army contract. On the day agreed they began to deliver the goods, twenty-one thousand gross of paste tubes. In spite of their promptitude Doe seemed to be highly impatient. Shipments went astray or were delayed and he telegraphed in, wildly demanding that duplicate orders be shipped at once. The result was that original and frequent duplicate shipments went forward to half a dozen points in the East, South and Middle West to fit the kits for the men training in the various camps, the manufacturers believed.

In this way Doe eventually got hold of about a third more of the paste than his original contract called for. He had four million tubes at three cents under wholesale. But if he had tricked the manufacturers into swelling their order he was a man of his word in other respects. His certified checks came in with laudable promptness and the whole business was cleared up in a very short time. The manufacturers now laid off their extra help and resumed manufacturing at the old regular rate.

But suddenly something happened. Salesmen found the jobbers in all sections of the country loaded up with the tooth paste. Mail orders ceased coming in. Paste began piling up and mounting up in the warerooms of the factory. The place got so choked with paste that the vats were emptied and the factory closed down. A lurid and painful light broke in upon the startled and confounded manufacturers.

The suave Mr. Doe was just a very modern con man. He had got four million tubes of paste at three cents under wholesale and resold the whole lot to the jobbers at half a cent under the usual price. The country was stocked up with this standard dentifrice for months to come and Mr. Doe had in his pocket a cool hundred thousand that should have lined the portfolios and bank accounts of the tooth-paste stockholders. A simple con man with a plausible story and a shrewd approach had put it over on a first-grade manufacturing firm.

I know this young Doe person and know him well. His real name does not matter.

But I may remark in passing that other manufacturers fell before his guileful attack. For instance, he went to a widely known manufacturer of hair tonic and told this tale:

He was the head of a firm which had about three thousand medicine wagons traveling through the remote and rural parts of the country, vending various toilet articles and patent nostrums. Heretofore their business had been in cheap and worthless products, but the people were now so sophisticated that there was a demand for standard goods only. Hence it was purposed to reconstruct the entire business, to equip all the wagons with first-class merchandise and to enlarge very greatly. Doe again carefully pointed out that this market was one which had never before been reached by the products of the firm he had approached. Thus the hair dressing sold from his wagons would not compete with the regular output.

The manufacturers sold him a huge order at a great cut in price—and for four months afterward no wheel turned in this factory.

It is with some reluctance that I expose this clever game. I have set out to lay things bare, however, and the manufacturer is as much entitled to my aid, such as it is, as anyone else.

Mulcting the Patentee

All Americans have a great weakness for patents. We have read in our school books of the epochal inventions of some of our countrymen; we have been taught to believe that Americans are natural inventors; we have seen huge fortunes reared before our very eyes on the foundation of some apparently trivial device. We know that next to natural resources mechanical inventions have been our greatest source of wealth. Just how we know this is decidedly uncertain, but we are like the Tibetan—what we believe is true.

So many staid and solid men are led into financial bogs by the fen fire of the patent, I shall have to refer to this again and again as I proceed to unfold the story of con, for the inventions game figures in the mulcting of every class and kind of citizen. The crank inventor we all know and treat with indulgence. The humble fellow who invests in the stock of some wildcat patent concern has the pity of everyone. The bona-fide inventor who is juggled out of his right and rewards by financial sharpers is all about us. But for all this we have generally not the faintest idea to what limits the fraudulent use of inventions and inventors is driven by con men. Nor do we apprehend the shrewd, experienced, hard-headed character of many of the victims.

The con man knows that many a business man who has made his pile in some industry he understands nourishes secretly the conviction that Nature intended him for an inventor. Many of these men indulge their spare hours with mechanical devising. Many of them take out patents on one thing and another, mostly on wholly worthless but ingenious contrivances. For such people the sharper is ever on the lookout. I was myself in my day, so I speak from profound conviction.

(Continued on Page 121)

SNOW
Pure VEGETABLE

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is always
sealed in

Never in bulk
always in really
air-tight cans
in 1-2-4 and 8 pound cans

DRIFT COOKING FAT

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WHITE
SWEET
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Compare it with the nicest cooking fat you have ever used before

DORT

Quality Goes Clear Through

Thruout the length and breadth of the land both rumor and verified report credit the Dort with long and loyal performance at a measurably lower cost.

Each succeeding Dort that goes into use provides fresh data as to the marked durability of the car and the thrift with which it operates.

And so, to each new owner can be traced directly the responsibility for further Dort sales in his locality.

For the sincere satisfaction he finds in his investment has an obvious and definite influence upon the decision of his neighbors when they make their selection of a car.

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Touring Car	$ 985
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F. O. B. Factory

Wire wheels and spare tires extra

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Flint, Mich.

Canadian Factory, Gray Dort Motor, Ltd.
Chatham, Ontario

(Continued from Page 117)

A few years ago I was idly running through a newspaper which lists the patents granted, the names and addresses of the patentees and gives a description of the devices. I really wasn't looking for trouble, but it came my way. On an inside page of the paper I discovered that John Smith had taken out a patent on an automatic window closer. Smith was known to me by reputation. He was a very wealthy retired merchant and landowner living at the time on a large estate, not more than a million miles from the town which I then called home. Naturally, a patent taken out by such a man interested me. What was a millionaire, who had long since given up money-making, doing in the patent game? Surely this was some quirk of the old man.

The thing bothered me and I made some inquiries. I found that Smith was the sort of rich man who refuses to pamper himself with such accommodations as the valet or personal attendant. He lived on his large estate in a great house with as few servants as possible. Ergo, when Smith wakened on frosty mornings he got up and shivered to his window like millions of other sovereign electors. He closed his own sash, turned on his own radiator and went quakingly back to bed to wait for warmth.

I could see most lucidly the genesis of Mr. Smith's patent. Like so many of us, he had dreamed of a device that would close the window and throw on the steam without taking the cosy yawner from his bed. Smith was a man of action. Cold floors and icy rooms had driven him to the deed. He had worked out and patented the window closer and steam gusher. No doubt, being a practical soul, he was now anticipating great rewards. It seemed to me that I ought somehow to share in them.

A Trick Window Closer

A few days later a man in my employ, who had been chosen for his ability to play the part, appeared in Mr. Smith's town and asked for an interview with the inventor. Smith received him and gave him a demonstration.

To the large central window in the rich man's bedroom was fixed a contrivance of weights and pulleys looking for all the world like the familiar exercising machines used in all gymnasiums and many homes. That was indeed what it was, but it served a double purpose. At night, when the window was opened for sleeping, the weights were drawn up and the cords attached to the sashes by a convenient hook. This hook was electrically controlled. When a button at the bedside was pressed the cords were released and the weights pulled down the lower sash and pushed up the upper sash, closing the window. At the same time a butterfly valve on the radiator was thrown open and the steam rushed into the pipes. Simple, ingenious and not without humor. Mr. Smith explained that his invention was both a window closer and an exerciser. It could be sold practically for the price of the ordinary weight machine and the cost of electric installation was small.

"Very satisfactory," said my agent. "I think there is a great business opportunity in this thing."

"Every house and apartment in the country will have my device in the bedrooms within five years," said Smith.

My man was somewhat more conservative than that, but he displayed the necessary enthusiasm and wanted to buy the state rights for New York. Smith was delighted.

"We can do business on that line right off," he said. "And I'll make you a liberal proposition."

"How much for the exclusive rights in New York State?"

"Eight thousand."

"Pretty steep."

"Not for a thing like this."

They haggled and haggled, but eight thousand dollars was the price and the rich inventor stuck to his mark. Finally my man came into the open. He was willing to pay the price, but he was a poor man who expected to pay for his rights out of his sales. He was ready to pay down a small sum to bind the bargain and the rest as he made his sales.

"How much down?" asked Smith.

"Well," said the agent lamely, "all I've got with me is about three hundred dollars."

It seemed too small to the infatuated inventor, but my man pointed out to him that no factory had been built and it would be six months or a year before the window closer could be produced in quantities. Finally they struck a bargain. The initial payment of three hundred dollars was merely a bargain binder. Smith was to build a factory at once and begin the delivery of his machines within six months. Ninety days after the first quantity deliveries a payment of one thousand dollars was to be made. The remaining six thousand seven hundred dollars fell due at intervals extending over the second year. A complicated contract was drawn, legally witnessed and signed. My agent paid his three hundred dollars and departed in peace.

Three days later I wrote Smith a letter and an impressive one. He responded at once and invited me to call on him, which I did. He gave me a demonstration of his device, bubbling the cold enthusiasm of old age as he talked. I wanted to laugh at him, but pretended to be enormously impressed. He finished his demonstration and took me downstairs to a fine library and a good cigar. While we smoked he blew off some additional enthusiasm and I let him rage.

"It's like this, Mr. Smith," I said, when he lulled. "I'm in the promotion line. My firm takes promising patents of this kind, buys them outright and either sells them at a profit to manufacturing concerns or finances them and puts them on the market. I've seen enough of your device to want it. What will you take for the whole thing?"

He thought for a long time, scratching his head and figuring.

"How'd a hundred thousand in cash hit you?" I interposed.

He pretended to be a little disappointed, but I could sense his joy. We haggled a little and agreed on my figure.

"Of course," he said at last, "I don't have the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Crosby."

"I'm ready to guarantee good faith," I returned. "Come with me to your bank and I'll draw on New York for ten thousand dollars."

We went to the local bank and I put in a draft. It was paid within twenty-four hours and I took Smith to his own bank and showed him the money. His doubts were allayed. We walked back to his house and began to map out details.

"You understand," I said at the proper moment, "that what I'm buying is the absolute, complete and exclusive right to manufacture and sell this patent."

Reclaiming New York Rights

Smith suddenly remembered that he didn't have the complete rights to sell. Almost sheepishly he informed me that he had already disposed of the New York State privilege. I looked apoplectic with anger and consternation.

"What?" I cried. "You've sold the heart out of the rights?"

"I guess I have," he admitted.

"For how much?"

"Eight thousand."

I grew voluble with protests and explanations. New York State was the very cream of the country. Here it was that there were people with money who would equip their houses and apartments with such devices. New York State was half the country for such an article. We must get back the New York rights.

"How can I?" he asked hopelessly. "I sold them ten days ago and took the money."

"That's up to you," I said coldly. "All I have to say is that I can't buy without the New York rights. I want the whole thing or nothing."

With that I left.

Mr. John Smith did a lot of thinking. He was a sane business man. He knew that one hundred thousand dollars in the hand was worth the finest patent in the bush. He telegraphed to the owner of the New York rights and asked for an immediate meeting. My man went to see him and refused to give up his contract. Smith argued and bullied, but it was no go.

"In heaven's name, what do you want?" he exploded finally.

"If this contract was worth eight thousand dollars to you it's worth that to me," said the agent. And they did business.

Smith bought back the New York rights and sent for me. Strange as it may seem, I had suffered a change in heart meantime. I had discovered other devices similar to Smith's. There were, in fact, such mechanisms on the market and one I had seen proved to be simpler and cheaper than his. All this I wrote him with the word that I was sorry to withdraw my offer.

I have never seen the venerable inventor since. But I did see my hired conspirator. He brought me Smith's eight thousand. I deducted the three hundred dollars my agent had paid down, struck the expenses off the sheet, paid my man a thousand for his trouble and put the rest into my bank with the ten thousand dollars which I had meantime redrafted from New Jersey. Not a great haul, but a disingenuous one.

Whoever has traveled through coal districts has seen the huge black mounds thrown up about the anthracite mines in all the coal cities. These great piles consist of the coal dust, or refuse, the by-product of cutting coal to sizes. It has no value and every effort to convert it into usable shape has failed. It is called culm. For many years various people made experiments with this culm, trying by one means or another to press it into nuggets or briquettes so it might be burned. The problem here is in the binder, which must be some cheap, mucilaginous and inflammable substance. Coal tar might serve, but it is in such demand for chemical purposes that it is out of reach. Paraffin would be even better, but that would be burning gold. The only practical substance is asphalt and that is none too cheap.

Again Something for Nothing

Nevertheless, many experiments have been made with the culm and an asphalt binder. The lure has always been the fact that the mine owners are willing to give their culm piles to anyone who will agree to move them. They are not only useless and unsightly, but they occasionally burst into spontaneous flame and endanger property. Now something free has irresistible allurements to most of the human breed, and so with culm. But culm briquettes made with asphalt have always failed. Put into a furnace or stove, they melt before they burn and form a mass through which no draft can penetrate. They clog the grates with huge molten clinkers and are a delusion and an abomination. The trouble is that most people are not informed on this subject. This last fact I knew and I used to make it a rule to profit by such knowledge.

Accordingly some years back a friend and I set out to exploit the culm piles. We built a small model machine for making briquettes out of culm and a binder. It was worked on an endless-belt system and did the whole work automatically. The culm and binder were fed into a hopper at one end. The machine mixed the constituents, molded the briquettes, passed them through an oven, where they were dried, and spat them out into loading cars at the far end. We set up the machine at a city a short distance away, in order not to be too near the mines, and waited for a sucker.

I was returning from a trip to Chicago sometime afterward when I fell into conversation with a substantial looking man who turned out to be a manufacturer and merchant. He was on his way to New York for a pleasure trip. As the train passed through the coal fields I drew his attention to the great piles of culm. I was interested in them and expected to make a great fortune out of them. He was immediately receptive and I told him a romance of culm. It could be had for nothing. The mine owners might even pay something to have it removed. Coal had always been so plentiful that no one had yet devised a way to use this product, but now I had done it. He was curious and I mysterious. Finally he confided to me that he had means and might go into a deal of the kind. I went on to New York with him and built him up.

Without going into all the details I soon had him in a mood for business and took him to the city where I had the machine set up in a rented little factory. We made a few briquettes for him. He liked the machine immensely. Most people have a weakness for an ingenious piece of mechanism. It is the toy instinct grown up. Our man liked to watch the briquettes come popping out of the machinery. He played with the device for an hour. Then he lent us one thousand dollars, taking five thousand dollars' worth of our stock—face value as security. With this thousand dollars we were to ship in culm and buy asphalt. He would return home, whither he was bound, and if we could do what we said he would finance us.

No written contract was drawn. Neither side wanted it. Our main object had been to get a little of his money into the enterprise, for most men will follow an invested dollar with ten or a hundred.

Now we set to work. We bought a few barrels of asphalt out of his money and we shipped in a carload of culm. The expenditures were carefully recorded so our backer might see for himself the cost of production. At the same time I bought a large quantity of unrefined paraffin, paying for it out of my own money and carefully concealing both the paraffin and the transaction. We then made up a fine batch of briquettes consisting of about three parts culm and one part paraffin. Naturally, this stuff burned furiously, making a stupendously hot flame and leaving only an impalpable dust for ashes. Such fuel would practically do away with grate cleaning. And well it might. It cost something like fifty dollars a ton to produce.

We had a fine collection of briquettes ready when our man returned. He took several bushels of the product to New York with him and tried them out in a friend's fireplace with gratifying results. He came back full of glee and commanded us to ship a few tons to Michigan so that he might try them in his factory. Then he sat down to figure with us and we did some ground-and-lofty gymnastics in mathematics.

We represented, to be sure, that the briquettes were made of culm and asphalt. Secondly, we represented that the proportion of asphalt to the culm used in our mixture was one in eleven. The true proportions are about one in four. Since the culm is free and the asphalt costs the money, this made a very vital difference in the cost of production. Our friend went over the figures very carefully, calculated the amount of asphalt that was gone—we had dumped it into a convenient creek—saw that we had turned out several tons of briquettes and felt satisfied. He demonstrated with our aid and to his own satisfaction that we could lay down a ton of briquettes at his factory in Michigan for half the price of anthracite. With these calculations in his portfolio our manufacturer hurried West.

Cashing in on Cupidity

He wrote that the experiment with our fuel had been made and proved highly satisfactory. Time wore on and we expected him at the factory from week to week, but he did not come. Finally when the term of our loan was about to expire he appeared. We gathered in our small office and our backer cleared his throat.

"Well, boys," said he, "I suppose you're ready to take up this note?"

"Aren't you going to stick by your agreement and finance this thing?" I demanded angrily.

"What agreement?"

It was true there was only a verbal understanding. The man of money had us and he knew it—so did we—all along. He meant to keep our stock—five thousand dollars' worth for his one thousand. He saw that we had a great proposition and he meant to hog all he could. Naturally, we got up our indignation to the boiling point. We reproached him in every forbidden term and ordered him out. He went—smiling and snarling.

A passion of correspondence ensued and was succeeded by a tornado of conferences. We negotiated, we threatened, we begged. This was our idea. We had spent years in working it up. We had put our savings into our machine and our experiments. Did he mean to rob us? No, but he had a block of our stock and he meant to keep it. Business was business. That was his unvariable and final answer. How sweetly it tinkled in our ears! How wonderful this pronouncement of greed and crookedness always sounds on the lips of a dupe. I have heard it a thousand times from men who thought they were doing me and were, in fact, about to be done—and my heart always leaped up at those pregnant words. Business is business!

Finally our negotiations came to an end. I simply told our man that he was a crook and had taken advantage of us. We could not and would not remain in partnership with such a person. It was a case of him out or us.

"What's your proposition?" said he with an ironic smile.

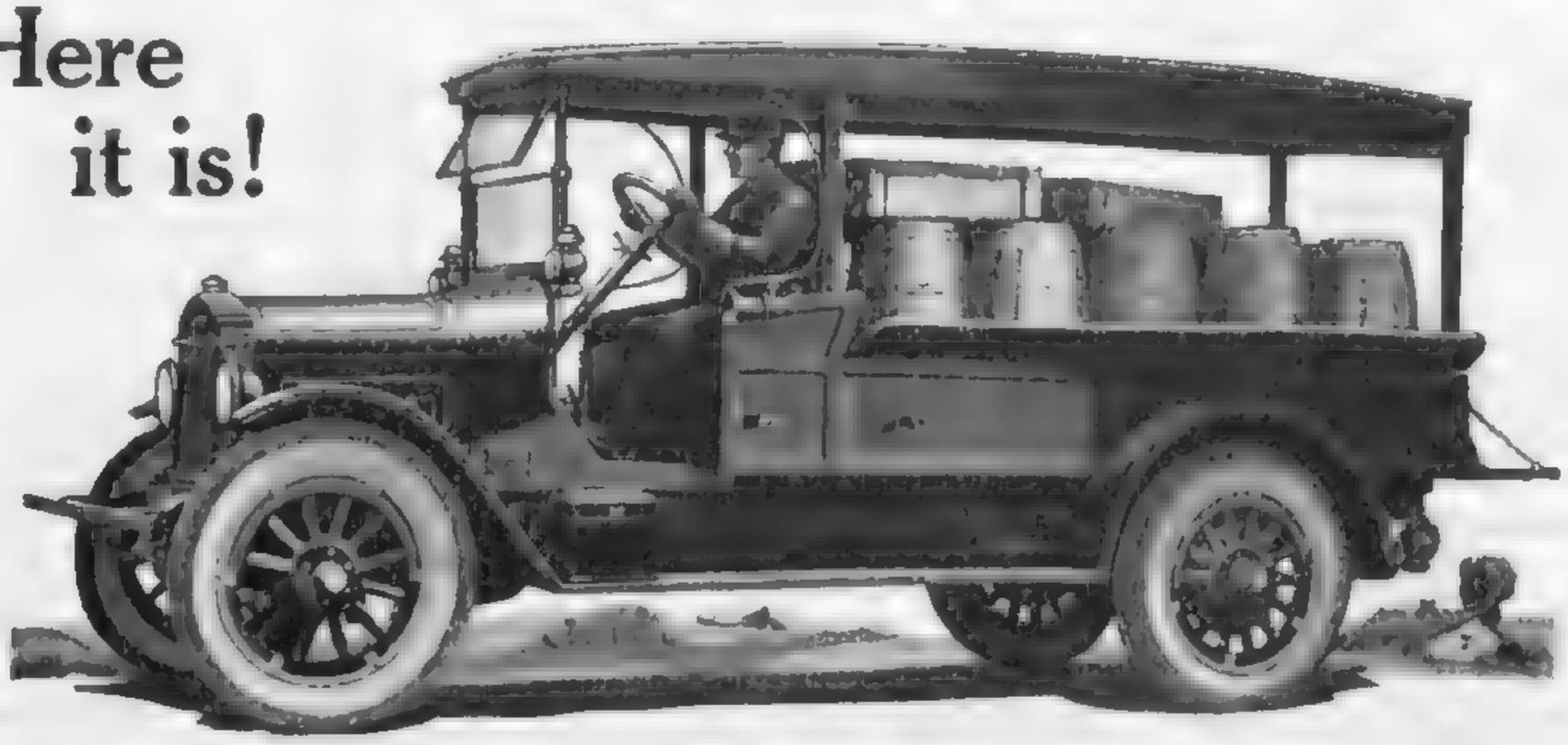
"We'll give you two thousand dollars for your stock, twice what you gave for it; or we will sell you the whole thing outright."

"How much?"

(Concluded on Page 124)

Stewart MOTOR TRUCKS

Here it is!



The truck sensation for 1920!

The new Stewart 2000-lb. Delivery Truck—electric lights, electric starter, magneto ignition, five-inch cord tires, chassis price $1595

THE real event of the year in truck-building; a big, fast, flexible Stewart Delivery Truck—all truck from the ground up, and at a popular price. Not a bit of passenger car construction in it—every part designed by truck engineers for truck purposes only.

Fast for delivery and rush jobs; strong for the heavy hauling from railroad or warehouse; quick in the getaway; beautifully designed and balanced; no solid tires to rack the car and damage the goods; proof against sudden, hard shocks; ready for any weather and for the toughest kind of going.

With all its rugged truck strength, this Stewart Delivery Truck handles and ticks off trips with the ease of a taxi. It has the speed, convenience and comfort of the frailer, half-breed passenger-car-truck.

And this new Stewart is a wonderful buy. Its cost is low. Price others, add their "extras," and prove up the claim that this is America's greatest truck value.

And all the famous "less-cost-to-run" Stewart features are included—simple design, hundreds of needless parts eliminated; oilless bushings, doing away with 35 grease cups and the time filling them; heavy truck axles; cast tank radiator; front bumper; rebound spring plates; internal gear drive axle, delivering more than 92% of the engine power to the rear wheels—all features that have made the Stewart's world-wide reputation for economy.

No wonder that the Stewart 2000-lb. Delivery Truck was a hit at the national truck shows, and is a truck headliner for the year. It is the response of the Stewart engineers, after seven years of progressive truck-designing, to the demand of business for a double-utility truck, combining speed and convenience with durability and capacity—a truck that is ready for unusual needs and conditions, and continually surprises you in its actual performance.

Quality trucks since 1912

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Stewart MOTOR TRUCKS

Began with one— now employ fleets

STEWART owners are quick to see the economy, the capacity for work, the actual *earning power* of the truck. Scores of firms that bought at first one Stewart, soon added another, then three, four, and so on up to big fleets. This fact alone tells more than pages of advertising. It gives absolute proof of Stewart quality.

Only this satisfaction of owners could have gained the Stewart Motor Corporation a position among the world's leaders in truck building in only seven years. Stewarts are paying daily profits today for owners in 600 American cities, on hundreds of farms, and in 27 foreign countries.

There is a Stewart for every need of business. Five sizes, as shown on these pages. Quick deliveries for 1920 are assured by a vastly increased capacity for production.

See how rapidly these fleets grew:

Below are just a few of several hundred firms who have quickly built up Stewart fleets in the same manner:

Gomery Bros., Allentown, Pa., own 7 Stewarts. The first is a veteran bought in March, 1913. 3 were added in 1916, 2 in 1917, and the last in March, 1918.

Rothenberg & Co., a New York City department store, owns 22 Stewarts. They started with 3, added 3 more in November, 1918, 10 in June, 1919, and have just bought six more.

Service Motor Co., Plymouth, Wis., owns 8 Stewarts. Bought the first April, 1919, added one in June, 5 in August, and one in September.

Dexter's Bakery, Springfield, Mass., owns 27 Stewarts, purchased at different times between November, 1916, and December, 1919.

The Buffalo News, Buffalo, N. Y., owns 16 Stewarts. Was one of the earliest Stewart users and has increased its fleet.

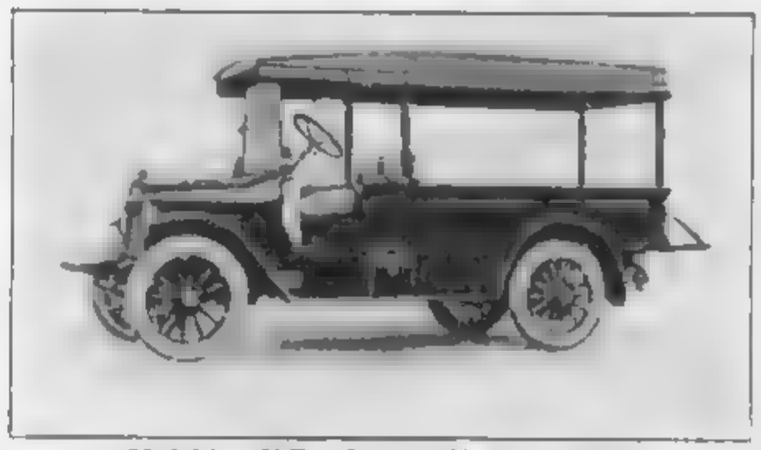
Schlosser Bros., Indianapolis, Ind., own 12 Stewarts. Began with 2 in February, 1919, and bought another in March, 4 in April, 3 in May and 2 in June.

Mansfield Bakery, Springfield, Mass., owns 8 Stewarts. The first was bought in December, 1917, 2 more were added in August, 1918, and the rest since.

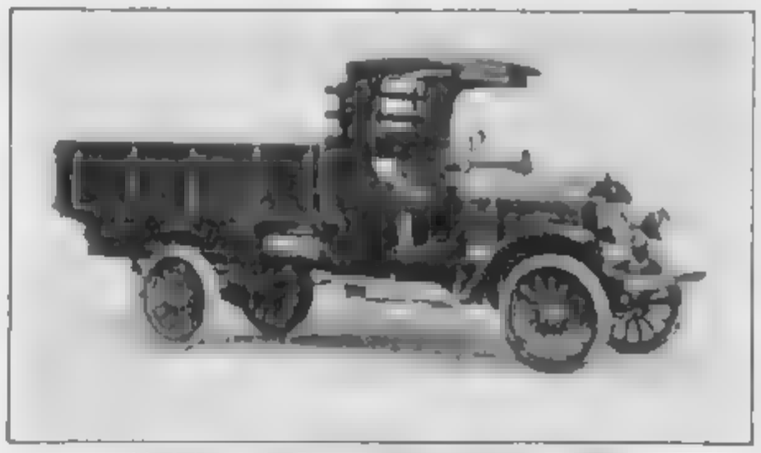
H. J. Ball, Milwaukee, Wis., owns 22 Stewarts. Starting with one in June, 1916, he bought 8 more in 1917, 3 in 1918, and 6 in 1919.

Halifax Transports, Ltd., Halifax, N. S., owns 11 Stewarts. Bought the first in October, 1918, 3 more in November, 3 more in December, one in January, 1919, 2 in February, and another in March.

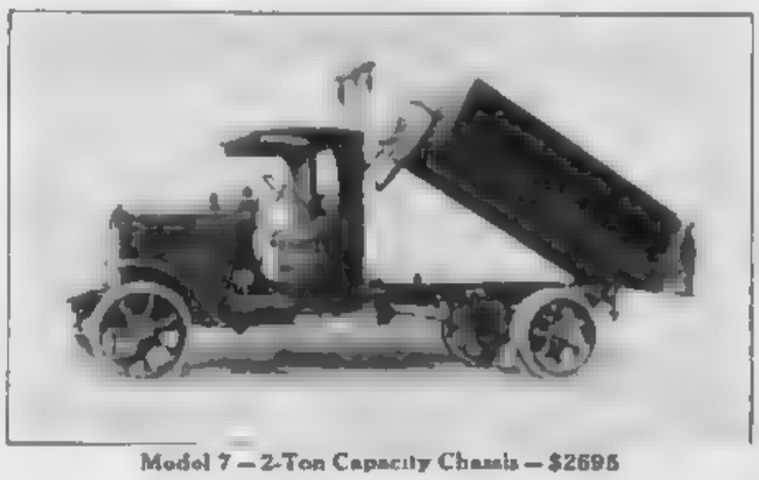
Sullivan's Parcel Delivery, Milwaukee, Wis., owns 10 Stewarts. The first was bought in February, 1918, 2 more in March, 5 more the same year, and 2 were added in September, 1919.



Model 11 — ¾-Ton Capacity Chassis — $1275
Electric Starter — Electric Lights — Magneto Ignition



Model 9 — 1½-Ton Capacity Chassis — $2095



Model 7 — 2-Ton Capacity Chassis — $2695

Model 10 3½-Ton Capacity Chassis — $3650

All prices f. o. b. Buffalo

Quality trucks since 1912

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 121)

"We're incorporated for one hundred thousand dollars and we'll take thirty thousand dollars cash for the works."

He laughed at us. What did he want with more than a controlling interest? We assured him that a control was not for sale. It was a straight buy-out or nothing, and we would not move a wheel so long as he was a stockholder with us.

This gentleman had counted all along on making us angry and then destroying us after the fashion of the gods. He had counted on clearing us out of the way for a few thousand. Our price was much more than he intended paying, but we knew how to compel him. At the right moment an engineer representing a fictitious buyer in Pittsburgh appeared on the scene, went over the plant and held a series of mysterious conferences with us. Our man took alarm, brought us thirty thousand dollars in money and closed us out.

I hope he has succeeded in making burnable briquettes out of culm and asphalt, but if he has the world has not yet been apprised of the marvel.

According to the government statistical bureau, the state of North Carolina produced seven hundred and fifty ounces of fine gold in 1917 and the market value was fifteen thousand seven hundred dollars. The preceding year North Carolina's mines turned out one thousand one hundred and thirteen ounces, which sold for twenty-three thousand dollars. The state contests fourteenth position in the matter of gold riches with Wyoming. Plainly neither of these communities can rank gold as any important source of wealth. However, these are only the government figures and no one need be told how unimportant are such factitious things to the enthusiast—and the con man.

A number of years ago a gentleman of my acquaintance, who had a small but legitimate gold claim in North Carolina, asked me to help him incorporate a company. I went South with him, looked over the ground and saw there was little to be got out of his claim. But he wanted a company formed and I accommodated him. That was all I ever had to do with this affair, but the latent gold fever I had discovered in Carolina, which region no one at any distance ever associates with the gold country, had given me an idea.

Strangers of Strange Equipment

It was a blowy March morning in 19— when two rather seedy men appeared in the general store of Mr. Green, merchant, mayor, banker and boss of his community. Mr. Green's town was one of those antique, leisurely, prosperous Southern places, not greatly altered since the Civil War; slow growing, slow acting and thrice slow about giving up anything. Mr. Green was of his town. In his own opinion he was the town. For this there was some justification. From the office of his store, where he looked out upon every customer who came his way, Green directed most of the public and private affairs of the community. He was rich, hard, inflexible and domineering. But his town liked him just the same. And the two men who had just entered his store came to like him too in time, though for reasons entirely adventitious.

Green watched these two strangers with unusual interest. I know, for I was one of them. I don't deny that there were reasons for the merchant's concern. His strange customers were buying an unusual set of articles. First, two sides of bacon and a bag of flour, then a small list of groceries, next pans and skillets, a tent, pick and shovel, a shotgun, powder and shot, a shell loading machine and, finally, several wide flat pans went into the possession of the strangers. They paid in cash, bundled up their purchases and went away. An hour or two later the strangers bought an aged horse from a dealer. Wherever they went they attracted attention. The town was not used to fellows of their look and was stung with curiosity. A girl reporter on the local newspapers approached the strangers and tried politely to find out their business. They indicated that they were miners—without saying so. The next morning the newspaper reported that two strange prospectors were in town. That was apparently all the visitors wanted, for that night they struck out from the town afoot with their pack sagging sadly on the weary back of the ancient steed.

I had felt the need of a vacation for a long time and been too busy to take one. Now I was having my holiday at last and I was combining business with pleasure—as was my custom. It was spring. The fields and hedges were already abloom. The air was full of birds migrating north. The days were pleasantly warm and the nights not too chill for comfort. A month or so in the outdoors of a Carolina springtime had very definite allurements. Besides, there was the matter of a gold claim. Some weeks earlier I had been through this region in very altered dress. I had noted this town from which my partner and I were setting out and my appraising eye had measured Mr. Green. Liking him as a prospect, I had gone to some trouble to buy up a piece of waste land on both banks of a rocky creek about twelve miles from the town. Just how he was connected with the land I must explain at a proper time. In any event I was a landowner in North Carolina and set out to spend a month on my property. A week after my departure from town I reappeared, riding my shaky horse. I went to Green's store and asked to see him.

"I've got a little gold here, Mr. Green," I said. "It's not refined yet, but there's very little sand in it. I wonder if you can negotiate it for me."

The Gold Strike Leaks Out

With that I produced a small canvas bag and laid it on the counter. It contained about three ounces of gold dust and little nuggets along with a few pinches of dust and sand.

"Be glad to, glad to," said Mr. Green, pouring out a little of the gold into his hand. "I'm a director in the bank here and I'll have them attend to it for you."

I thanked him, asked him to credit me on his books for whatever the gold might bring, bought a few grocery items and rode off.

At the end of another week I returned and turned over a slightly larger bag of gold to the merchant. He held the thing up hesitantly and I could see he was itching to ask questions, but he contained himself and I went away, only to return in four or five days with still more gold.

"I don't like to keep much of this stuff round the camp," I told him. "It's easy to steal and hard work to pan out."

"Glad to take care of it for you," said the accommodating Green.

"If it's any trouble to you I'll open an account with the bank," I suggested.

"Oh, no, no—not a bit of trouble!" he protested hastily. "Of course if you think the bank is more secure ——"

"Not at all," I said. "I simply didn't want to be a burden."

"That's all right," he smiled. "Just bring your gold here and I'll see that you get honest value for it."

In a week I visited him again. This time my gold bag contained about six ounces. Green could contain himself no longer.

"You've struck gold, have you?" he half whispered as he gave me a receipt for the precious stuff.

"Looks that way," I answered.

"Where?"

"Twelve miles out on Swamp Creek."

"Your own land?"

"Yep, bought it last month."

"Come into the office," he suggested suddenly. "I want to talk things over."

Mr. Green tried to get a deal of information out of me and I was willing within certain limits. We had struck gold in paying quantities, as he saw; only two of us were working; we were using the most primitive methods.

"Wouldn't you like to interest some capital, put in some modern machinery and get the gold out in a hurry?" he urged.

I was very wary. People who took capital into their mines usually got skinned. We were taking out eight ounces or so a week. In a year we'd have enough to make a payment on machinery. Then we'd have the whole thing to ourselves. I thanked him kindly, but felt I wanted to keep my gold claim for myself. But I did not neglect to invite Mr. Green out to see the property and promised him a chance to wash out gold with his own hands. He accepted almost feverishly and we set a date for his visit.

That night my confederate and I sat up very late loading shotgun shells with our loader. First the powder and a wad, and then gold; coarse dust and small nuggets of gold. It was no small job for a pair of tenderfeet to load a couple of dozen shells in this way, but it was worth the effort, fear not. At dawn we were astir. At intervals along the creek, where there were perpendicular banks of soil, we stood off a few feet and fired our golden shot into the loam and clay or into the sandy banks of the stream. It was raining slightly and the water obliterated all scars in the soil that might have betrayed the entering passage of the precious charges. Thus Nature assisted in the conspiracy.

Mr. Green came to visit us, driving a fine team and bringing with him some forbidden liquids. He looked over our sorry little camp with something of contempt. Then we led him out to get some gold. We explained that the gold had been deposited in earlier ages by the stream and that it must be sought in the marl and clay of the banks. If he would take his shovel and cut down a few feet of bank he might convince himself. Mr. Green went to work, cut down some of the soil where we indicated, scooped up a panful and was instructed in the art of panning. He learned quickly and soon delighted himself by washing out a pinch of gold dust. He tried another location and got even better results. He put in an hour till the sun got too ardent for him. Then he sat down under a great tree, uncorked a bottle and grew confidential.

It did him no good. We flatly refused to let him put any of his money into our enterprise. That, you may well imagine, was not our game.

Green went away disappointed and I saw nothing of him till the end of the week, when I again appeared and turned over a few ounces of dust. He asked me then if I would object to showing the claim to one or two of his friends. I told him I didn't like the idea, and I really didn't, for the calling in of outsiders nearly always ruins even the best of schemes. But there was nothing to be done, so I had to let him bring two cronies. For their coming we again prepared the creek banks by the nimble assistance of our shotgun. In due season Green and his associates paid us their visit, panned out enough gold to make their eyes water, tried again to talk us into taking in a partner and went their way disappointed.

I saw that Green was hot if ever he would be and determined not to go near him till he sent for me. Ten days passed before I heard from him and then it was from an unexpected direction. I was suddenly notified in a letter from an attorney that a claimant had shown up to contest my title to my land. I was not slow to understand, you can imagine, and hurried to see the lawyer. He advised me that one Jack Seward had engaged him to bring suit for the recovery of the land which I had recently bought. My land, it was explained, had formerly belonged to Seward's family, but had been neglected and finally sold for the school taxes. The courts had frequently held titles invalid when it was shown that the land had been sold for taxes without the knowledge of the owners. It was alleged that this had happened in my case.

"Well, what do you intend to do?" I asked.

"First of all," said he, "we intend to enjoin you from removing any more gold from Mr. Seward's farm."

A Paltry Fifty Thousand

So, so! He knew about the gold! That meant only one thing to me—that Seward, whoever he might be, was merely a dummy employed by the cunning Mr. Green. Who else knew about the gold? The merchant had evidently abandoned hope of persuading me to his ends and was ready now to trick me out of my claim or to frighten me into a more reasonable frame of mind—probably the latter. I made what investigations I could and everything convinced me that my surmise was right. I decided that two could play at such a game, but I felt a bit uneasy. Green was the big man of the town and not so many years ago in the South local chieftains sometimes got away with murder. Nevertheless, I went back to my camp and let things develop. In a few days Green came out to see me. He didn't mention the fake claimant, but came to make us an offer. He made it and I laughed at him.

"Mr. Green," I told him, "I think this land is full of gold and I expect to get rich out of it. I don't want to sell, and I wouldn't dream of dividing with anyone. But since you're so anxious I'll make you a proposition. I'll sell you the claim and quit the country for two hundred thousand dollars. If the land is what I think you'll make a tremendous profit."

Green sat for a time whistling and thinking. Then he made up his mind.

"That might be all right," said he, "if you had a clear title."

"My title's as clear as any in this God-forsaken country," I spat at him, "and your fake claimant doesn't cloud it any."

Green grew voluble with denials and protestations. I sneered at him and walked away. Three mornings later I appeared at his store and passed another bag of gold dust over the counter. He seized the opportunity to resume negotiation. That was what I'd wanted. We talked for an hour and I reluctantly came down to one hundred thousand dollars in my demand. But we could not agree, quite as I had foreseen. For the next week there were almost daily consultations between us. I saw that the old man was more anxious than ever, and I was honestly getting more and more nervous about his fake claimant and the outcome of any contest in the courts. Besides, I couldn't afford to stay in North Carolina and keep salting my claim perpetually. With a gesture of weariness and disgust I laid my final offer on the table—fifty thousand dollars cash for the claim or an end to parleying.

"Too much," said Green tersely.

"Very well," said I, "then we're done. I'm going to wire my attorney in New York to-night and get him down here."

I went out, crossed the street to the telegraph office and wired my attorney. I had previously written him all necessary details and he knew what to expect. In answer to my wire came a night letter asking me to hold off a few days as he was dickering with "some interested parties." I knew that Green would see these messages.

Green Sees Some Telegrams

Meantime I went back to my claim and spent a few days fishing. The following Monday morning, however, I appeared in Green's store with a bag containing more than twenty ounces of gold—by far the largest haul I had brought to his counter. He stared and wanted to renew negotiations. I told him curtly that we had closed that matter.

While he watched me I again crossed the street to the telegraph office and sent my attorney in New York this message:

"Bessie W. gained twenty ounces in two days. Ready talk business and show goods if your people are in earnest. Wire time of your arrival here. Have local nibble."

Early the next morning came this answer:

"Leave New York to-night eleven-forty-five. Arrive Thursday four."

As I left the telegraph office Green, who had seen both messages, I felt certain, stopped me in the street, dragged me into his office and stormed in this wise:

"If you want to get anything out of your claim you and I have got to do business, that's all. I want to be fair with you, but refuse to let you skin me. I'll give forty thousand for your whole shooting match and not a cent more. Take it or leave it."

"I'll take forty thousand and my expenses," said I carelessly.

"How much is that?"

"The trip, my equipment, the trip home, the land and all the rest stand me about three thousand."

"Take it and be damned!"

We went to an attorney and drew up papers which were signed and witnessed.

The formalities over, we went to the bank. There wasn't enough paper money on hand to pay me, but a messenger brought it from a near-by larger city by afternoon and I was paid off. I packed the bank notes awkwardly into my valise like any rude prospector and went back to camp to pack up. That night my pal and I departed for New York, leaving forever in our wake the Carolinian land of gold.

All of which goes to show that claims are still being salted in this vastly enlightened twentieth century.

And so, my good Colonel Novena, the traffic keeps up. Strange tides have washed up marvelous flotsam on the shores of hazard since your time. Wondrous birds have left your nest. We are not so beautiful as you in these days, and Fifth Avenue is strangely cold. Still we have accomplishments of a sort, and perhaps even some graces which you lacked.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by W. C. Crosby and Edward H. Smith. The next will appear in an early issue.

GLOBE CORDS
GUARANTEED 8000 MILES
FABRIC TIRES 6000 MILES

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The tire that gives you the most miles for your money is the tire that costs you the least in the end by cutting down your replacement bills. Globe Tires—Cord or Fabric—cost about 10% more to make than ordinary tires, but they give you about 50% more miles. That's because mileage is built into Globe Tires slowly and carefully by hand. Experienced motorists will tell you they're the most economical tires you can buy.

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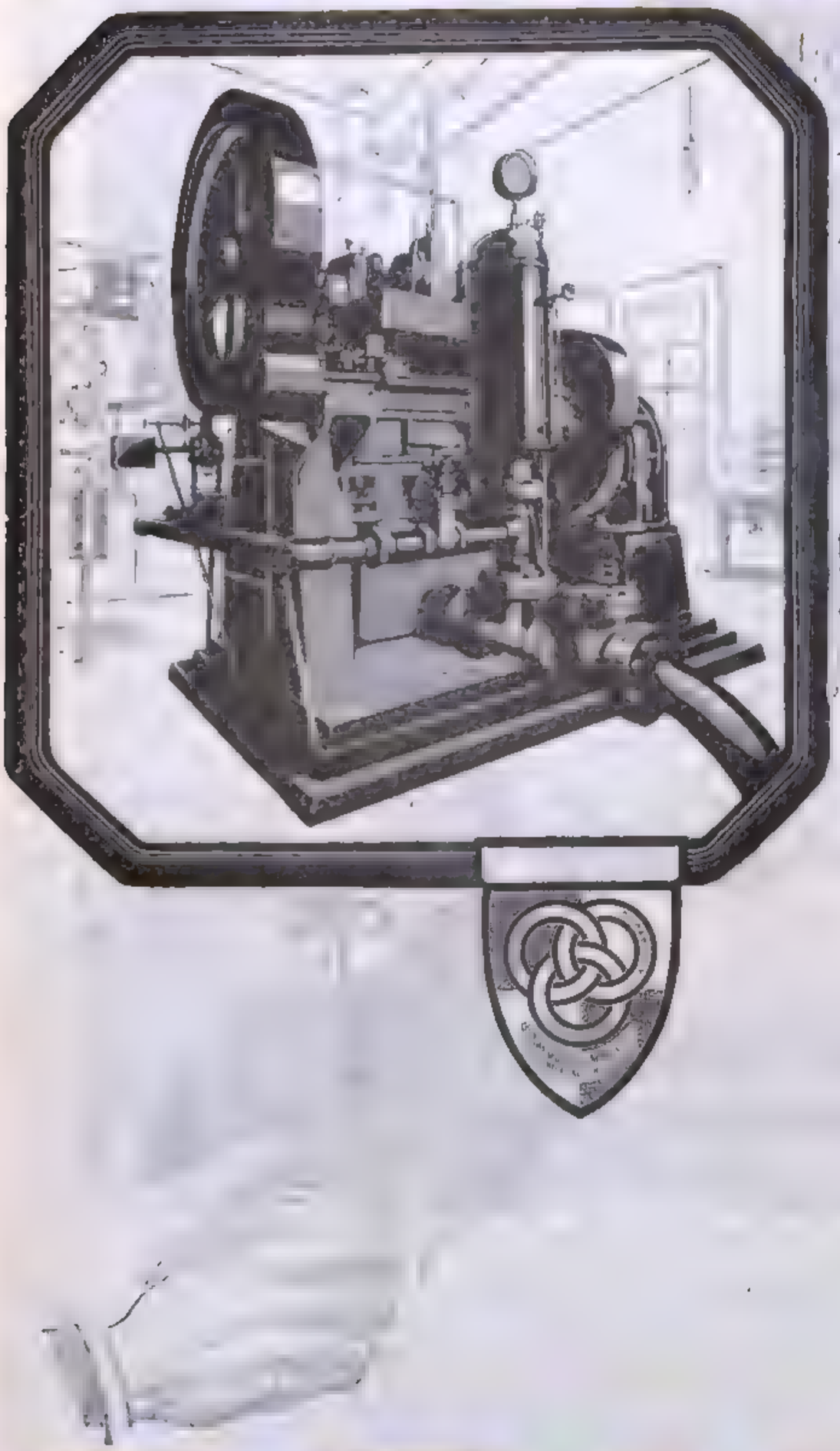
PUMPS

FOR EVERY SERVICE



IF all the Goulds Pumps at work should stop tonight, and could not be replaced, engineers would tell you that the country would suffer greater hardship than from any strike we have ever had.

Most people naturally associate pumps with water. Yet, vital as it is to the world, pumping water is only one of the many duties Goulds Pumps are called upon to discharge.

Goulds Pumps perform indispensably in every industry. They serve every pumping need—they pump oil through miles of pipe lines; they pump hot tar, molasses, paraffin, paper pulp, freezing brine, mud, bilge-water, milk and every other kind of liquid and semi-liquid.

Goulds Pumps are at work the world over—in Peru, in China, in Suez and Singapore. They are used in cottages and palaces, in deep mines and tall office buildings. Manufacturers, farmers, engineers, home-builders, have been coming to Goulds for pumps since 1848. Goulds Pumps are built into the very foundations of our modern life.

Many pumping problems are simple; some are baffling—Goulds engineers invite them all.

THE GOULDS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK

Boston, Atlanta, New York, Houston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Detroit

GOULDS

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 21)

"That's a pretty dangerous doctrine," reflected Mr. Tutt. "For everybody would be free to make himself the judge of when he ought to respect the law and when he oughtn't. We can easily imagine that the law would come out at the small end of the horn."

"In matters of conscience—which, I take it, is the same thing as one's sense of honor—one has got to be one's own judge," declared Miss Wiggin firmly.

"The simplest way," announced Tutt, "is to take the position that the law should always be obeyed and that the most honorable man is he who respects it the most."

"Yes, the safest and also the most cowardly!" retorted Miss Wiggin. "Supposing the law required you to do something which you personally regarded not only as morally wrong but detestable, would you do it?"

"It wouldn't!" protested Tutt with a grimace. "The law is the perfection of reason."

"But I am entitled, am I not, to suppose, for purposes of argument, that it might?" she inquired caustically. "And I say that our sense of honor is the most precious thing we've got. It's our duty to respect our institutions and obey the law whether we like it or not, unless it conflicts with our conscience, in which case we ought to defy it and take the consequences!"

"Dear me!" mocked Tutt. "And be burned at the stake?"

"If necessary; yes!"

"I don't rightly get all this!" remarked Bonnie. "Me for the lee side of the law, every time!"

"It's highly theoretical," commented Tutt. "As usual with our discussions."

"Not so theoretical as you might think!" interrupted his senior, hastening to reënforce Miss Wiggin. "Nobody can deny that to be true to oneself is the highest principle of human conduct, and that 'tis man's perdition to be safe when for the truth he ought to die.' That's why we reverence the early Christian martyrs. But when it comes to choosing between what we loosely call honor and what the law requires ——"

"But I thought the law embodied our ideas of honor!" replied Tutt. "Didn't you say so—a few hours earlier in this conversation? As our highest duty is to the state, it is a mere play on words, in my humble opinion, to speak of honor as distinguished from law or the obligation of one's oath in a court of justice. I bet I can find plenty of authorities to that effect in the library!"

"Of course you can," countered Miss Wiggin. "You can find an authority on any side of any proposition you want to look for. That's why one's own sense of honor is so much more reliable than the law. What is the law, anyhow? It's what some judge says is the law—until he's reversed. Do you suppose I'd surrender my own private ideas of honor to a casual ruling from a judge who very likely hadn't the remotest idea of what I think is honorable?"

"You'll be jailed for contempt before you get through!" Tutt warned her.

"The fact of the matter is," concluded Mr. Tutt, "that honor and law haven't anything to do with one another. The courts have constantly pointed that out from the earliest days, though judges like, when they can, to make the two seem one and the same. Chief Baron Bowes, I remember, said in some case in 1743, 'The court can't determine what is honor.' No, no; the two are different, and that difference will always make trouble. Isn't it nearly tea time?"

Miss Beekman was just stepping off the elevator on the first floor of the Tombs the next afternoon on one of her weekly visits when she came face to face with Mr. Tutt.

"Why, how do you do!" she greeted him cordially, for she had taken rather a fancy to the shabby old man, drawn to him, in spite of her natural aversion to all members of the criminal bar, by the gentle refinement of his weather-beaten face. "I hope you have had a successful day."

The lawyer shook his head in a pseudo-melancholy manner.

"Unfortunately, I have not," he answered whimsically. "My only client refuses to speak to me! Perhaps you could get something out of him for me."

"Oh, they all talk to me readily enough!" she replied. "I fancy they know I'm harmless. What is his name?"

"Shane O'Connell."

"What is his offense?"

"He is charged with murder."

"Oh!"

Miss Althea recoiled. Her charitable impulses did not extend to defendants charged with homicide. There was too much notoriety connected with them, for one thing; there was nothing she hated so much as notoriety.

"Seriously," he went on with earnestness, "I wish you'd have a word with him. It's pretty hard to have to defend a man and not to know a thing about his side of the case. It's almost your duty, don't you think?"

Miss Althea hesitated, and was lost.

"Very well," she answered reluctantly, "I'll see what I can do. Perhaps he needs some medicine or letter paper or something. I'll get an order from the warden and go right back and see him."

Twenty minutes later Shane O'Connell faced Miss Beekman sullenly across the deal table of the counsel room. A ray of late sunshine fell through the high grating of the heavily barred window upon a face quite different from those which Miss Althea was accustomed to encounter in these surroundings, for it showed no touch of depravity or evil habits, and confinement had not yet deprived its cheeks of their rugged mantle of crimson or its eyes of their bold gleam.

He was little more than a boy, this murderer, as handsome a lad as ever swaggered out of County Kerry.

"An' what may it be that leads you to send for such as me, Miss Beekman!" he demanded, glowering at her.

She felt suddenly unnerved, startled and rather shocked at his use of her name. Where could he have discovered it? From the keeper, probably, she decided. All her usual composure, her quiet self-possession, her aloof and slightly condescending sweetness—had deserted her.

"I thought," she stammered "I might—possibly—be of help to you."

"'Tis too late to make up for the harm ye've done!" His coal-black eyes reached into her shrinking body as if to tear out her heart.

"I!" she gasped. "I—do harm! What do you mean?"

"Did not my sister Katie work for yez?" he asked, and his words leaped and curled about her like hissing flames. "Did you see after her or watch her comings and goings, as she saw after you—she a mere lass of sixteen? Arrah! No!"

With a sensation of horror Miss Althea realized that at last she was in a murder case in spite of herself! This lad, the brother of Katie, the waitress whom she had discharged! How curious! And how unfortunate! His charge was preposterous; nevertheless a faint blush stole to her cheek and she looked away.

"How ridiculous!" she managed to say. "It was no part of my obligation to look after her! How could I?"

His hawk's eyes watched her every tremor.

"Did ye not lock her out the night of the ball when she went wid McGurk?"

"I—how absurd!"

Suddenly she faltered. An indistinct accusing recollection turned her faint—of the housekeeper having told her that one of the girls insisted on going to a dance on an evening not hers by arrangement, and how she had given orders that the house should be closed the same as usual at ten o'clock for the night. If the girl couldn't abide by the rules of the Beekman ménage she could sleep somewhere else. What of it? Supposing she had done so? She could not be held responsible for remote, unreasonable and discreditable consequences!

And then by chance Shane O'Connell made use of a phrase that indirectly saved his life, a phrase curiously like the one used on a former occasion by Dawkins to Miss Althea:

"Katie was a member of your household; ye might have had a bit of thought for her!" he asserted bitterly.

Dawkins had said: "You'd think a girl would have some consideration for her employer, if nothing else. In a sense she is a guest in the house and should behave herself as such."

There was no sense in it! There was no parallel, no analogy. There was no obligation to treat the girl as a guest, even though the girl should have acted like one. Miss Beekman knew it. And yet there was—something! Didn't she owe some sort of duty at any rate toward those in her employment—those who slept under her roof?

"'Twould have been better to have been kind to her then than to be kind to me now!" said he with sad conviction.

The proud Miss Althea Beekman, the dignified descendant of a long line of ancestors, turned a deep red. Heretofore, serenely confident of her own personal virtue and her own artificial standards of democracy, she now found herself humiliated and chagrined before this rough young criminal.

"You—are—quite right!" she confessed, eyes smarting with sudden tears. "My position is quite—quite illogical. But of course I had no idea! Please, please let me try to help you—if I can—and Katie, too—if it isn't too late."

Shane O'Connell experienced contrition. After all it was not seemly that the likes of him should be dictating to the likes of her. And he could never abide seeing a woman—particularly a pretty woman—cry.

"Forgive me, madam!" he begged, lowering his head.

"You were quite justified in all you said!" she assured him. "Please tell me everything that has happened. I have influence with the district attorney and—in other places. No doubt I can be of assistance to you. Of course you can absolutely trust me!"

Shane O'Connell looking into her honest gray eyes knew that he could trust her. Slowly—brokenly—tensely, he told her how he had killed Red McGurk, and why.

(Continued on Page 130)

Shane O'Connell Knew That He Could Trust Her. Slowly—Brokenly—Tensely, He Told Her How He Had Killed Red McGurk, and Why

"Mister, see why they dry"

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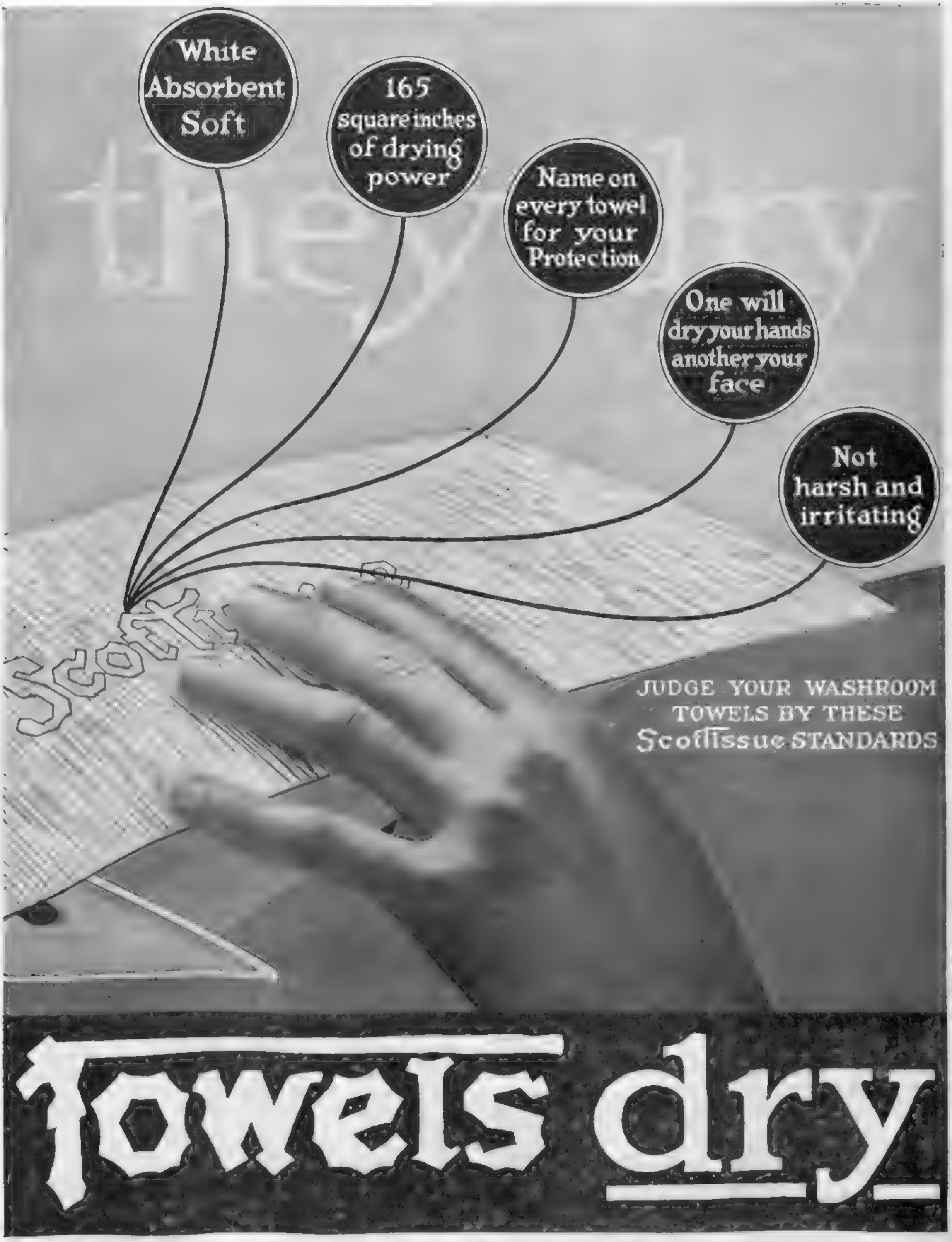
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165 square inches of drying power
Name on every towel for your Protection
One will dry your hands another your face
Not harsh and irritating
JUDGE YOUR WASHROOM TOWELS BY THESE ScotTissue STANDARDS
Towels dry

(Continued from Page 127)

The corridors were full of shadows when Althea Beekman put her hands on Shane O'Connell's shoulders and bade him good night. Though she abominated his crime and loathed him for having committed it she felt in some way partially responsible, and she also perceived that, by the code of the O'Connells, Shane had done what he believed to be right. He had taken the law into his own hands and he was ready to pay the necessary penalty. He would have done the same thing all over again. To this extent at least he had her respect.

She found Mr. Tutt waiting for her on the bench by the warden's office.

"Well?" he asked with a smile, rising to greet her and tossing away his stogy.

"I haven't very good news for you," she answered regretfully. "He's confessed to me—told me everything—why he shot him and where he bought the pistol. He's a brave boy, though! It's a sad case! But what can you do with people who believe themselves justified in doing things like that?"

She did not notice Detective Eddie Conroy, of the D. A.'s office, standing behind an adjacent pillar, ostentatiously lighting a cigar; nor see him smile as he slowly walked away.

"Talk about luck!" exulted O'Brien, the yellow dog of the district attorney's office, an hour later to his chief. "What do you think, boss? Eddie Conroy heard Miss Beekman telling old man Tutt over in the Tombs that O'Connell had confessed to her! Say, how's that? Some evidence—what?"

"What good will that do us?" asked Peckham, glancing up with a scowl from his desk. "She won't testify for us."

"But she'll have to testify if we call her, won't she?" demanded his assistant.

The district attorney drummed on the polished surface before him.

"We—ell, I suppose so," he admitted hesitatingly. "But you can't just subpœna a woman like that without any warning and put her on the stand and make her testify. It would be too rough!"

"It's the only way to do it!" retorted O'Brien with a sly grin. "If she knew in advance that we were thinking of calling her she'd beat it out of town."

"That's true," agreed his chief. "That's as far as she'd go, too, in defying the law. But I don't much like it. Those Beekmans have a lot of influence, and if she got sore she could make us a heap of trouble! Besides it's sort of a scaly trick making her give up on him like that."

O'Brien raised his brows.

"Scaly trick! He's a murderer, isn't he? And he'll get off if we don't call her. It's a matter of duty, as I see it."

"All the same, my son, your suggestion has a rotten smell to it. We may have to do it—I don't say we won't—but it's risky business!" replied Peckham dubiously.

"It's a good deal less risky than not doing it, so far as your candidacy next autumn is concerned!" retorted his assistant. "We won't let her suspect what we're goin' to do; and the last minute I'll call her to the stand and cinch the case! She won't even know who called her! Perhaps I can arrange with Judge Babson to call her on some other point and then sort of stumble onto the fact of the confession and examine her himself. That would let us out. I can smear it over somehow."

"You'd better," commented Peckham, "unless you want a howl from the papers! It would make quite a story if Miss Althea Beekman got on the rampage. She could have your scalp, my boy, if she wanted it!"

"And McGurk could have yours!" retorted O'Brien with the impudence born of knowledge.

The prosecution of Shane O'Connell, which otherwise might have slowly languished, and languishing died, took on new life owing to the evidence thus innocently delivered into the hands of the district attorney; in fact it became a *cause célèbre*. The essential elements to convict were now all there—the *corpus delicti*, evidence of threats on the part of the defendant, of motive, of opportunity, and his confession. The law which provides that the statement of an accused "is not sufficient to warrant his conviction without additional proof that the crime charged has been committed" would be abundantly satisfied—though without his confession there would have been no proof whatever that the crime charged had been committed by him.

Thus, without her knowing it, Miss Beekman was an essential witness and, in fact, the pivot upon which the entire case turned.

The day of the great sporting event came. With it arrived in full panoply the McGurks, their relatives and followers. All Cherry Hill seemed to have packed itself into Part I of the Supreme Court. There was an atmosphere somehow suggestive of the races or a prize fight. But it was a sporting event which savored of a sure thing—really more like a hanging. They were there to make holiday over the law's revenge for the killing of the darling of the Pearl Button Kids. Peckham personally assured McGurk that everything was copper-fastened.

"He's halfway up the river already!" he said jocularly.

And McGurk, swelling with importance and emotion, pulled a couple of cigars from his pocket and the two smoked the pipe of peace.

But the reader is not particularly concerned with the progress of the trial, for he has already attended many. It is enough to say that a jury with undershot jaws, who had proved by previous experience their indifference to capital punishment and to all human sympathy, were finally selected and that the witnesses were duly called, and testified to the usual facts, while the Pearl Button Kids and the rest, spitting surreptitiously beneath the benches, eagerly drank in every word. There was nothing for Mr. Tutt to do; nothing for him to deny. The case built itself up, brick by brick. And Shane O'Connell sat there unemotionally, hardly listening. There was nothing in the evidence to reflect in any way upon the honor of the O'Connells in general or in particular. He had done that which that honor demanded and he was ready to pay the penalty—if the law could get him. He assumed that it would get him. So did the Tutts.

But when toward the end of the third day nothing had yet been brought forward to connect him with the crime Tutt leaned over and whispered to Mr. Tutt, "D'ye know, I'm beginning to have a hunch there isn't any case!"

Mr. Tutt made an imperceptible gesture of assent.

"Looks that way," he answered out of the corner of his mouth. "Probably they'll spring the connecting evidence at the end and give us the *coup de grâce*."

At that moment a police witness was released from the stand and O'Brien stepped to the bench and whispered something to the judge, who glanced at the clock and nodded. It was twenty minutes of four, and the jury were already getting restless, for the trial had developed into a humdrum, cut-and-dried affair.

Miss Beekman sitting far back in the rear of the court room suddenly heard O'Brien call her name, and a quiver of apprehension passed through her body. She had never testified in any legal proceeding, and the idea of getting up before such a crowd of people and answering questions filled her with dismay. It was so public! Still, if it was going to help O'Connell ——"

"Althea Beekman," bellowed Cap. Phelan, "to the witness chair!"

Althea Beekman! The gentle lady felt as if she had been rudely stripped of all her protective clothing. Althea! Did not the law do her the courtesy of calling her even "Miss"? Nerving herself to the performance of her duty she falteringly made her way between the crowded benches, past the reporters' table, and round back of the jury box. The judge, apparently a pleasant-faced, rather elderly man, bowed gravely to her, indicated where she should sit and administered the oath to her himself, subtly dwelling upon the phrase "the whole truth," and raising his eyes heavenward as he solemnly pronounced the words "so help you God!"

"I do!" declared Miss Beekman primly but decidedly.

Behind her upon the court-room wall towered in its flowing draperies the majestic figure of the Goddess of the Law, blindfolded and holding aloft the scales of justice. Beside her sat in the silken robes of his sacred office a judge who cleverly administered that law to advance his own interests and those of his political associates. In front of her, treacherously smiling, stood the cynical, bullet-headed O'Brien. At a great distance Mr. Tutt leaned on his elbows at a table beside Shane O'Connell. To them she directed her gaze and faintly smiled.

"Miss Beekman," began O'Brien as courteously as he knew how, "you reside, do you not, at Number 1000 Fifth Avenue, in this city and county?"

"I do," she answered with resolution.

"Your family have always lived in New York, have they not?"

"Since 1630," she replied deprecatingly and with more confidence.

"You are prominent in various philanthropic, religious and civic activities?"

"Not prominent; interested," she corrected him.

"And you make a practice of visiting prisoners in the Tombs?"

She hesitated. What could this be leading to?

"Occasionally," she admitted.

"Do you know this defendant, Shane O'Connell?"

"Yes."

"Did you see him on the twenty-third day of last month?"

"I think so—if that was the day."

"What day do you refer to?"

"The day I had the talk with him."

"Oh, you had a talk with him?"

"Yes."

"Where did you have that talk with him?"

"In the counsel room of the Tombs."

O'Brien paused. Even his miserable soul revolted at what he was about to do.

"What did he say?" he asked, nervously looking away.

Something in his hangdog look warned Miss Beekman that she was being betrayed, but before she could answer Mr. Tutt was on his feet.

"One moment!" he cried. "May I ask a preliminary question?"

The court signified acquiescence.

"Was that conversation which you had with the defendant a confidential one?"

"I object to the question!" snapped O'Brien. "The law recognizes no confidential communications as privileged except those made to a priest, a physician or an attorney. The witness is none of these. The question is immaterial and irrelevant."

"That is the law," announced the judge, "but under all the circumstances I will permit the witness to answer."

Miss Beekman paused.

"Why," she began, "of course it was confidential, Mr. Tutt. O'Connell wouldn't have told me anything if he had supposed for one moment I was going to repeat what he said. Besides, I suggested that I might be able to help him. Yes, certainly our talk was confidential."

"I am sorry," gloated O'Brien, "but I shall have to ask you what it was."

"That is not a question," said Mr. Tutt calmly.

"What did the defendant say to you in the counsel room of the Tombs on the twenty-third of last month?" cautiously revised O'Brien.

"I object!" thundered Mr. Tutt, his form towering until seemingly it matched that of the blind goddess in height. "I object to the answer as requiring a breach of confidence which the law could not tolerate."

Judge Babson turned politely to Miss Beekman.

"I regret very much that I shall be obliged to ask you to state what the defendant said to you. You will recall that you yourself volunteered the information that you had had the talk in question. Otherwise"—he coughed and put up his hand—"we might possibly never have learned of it. A defendant cannot deprive the people of the right to prove what he may have divulged respecting his offense merely by claiming that it was in confidence. Public policy could never allow that. It may be unpleasant for you to answer the question but I must ask you to do so."

"But," she protested, "you certainly cannot expect me to betray a confidence! I asked O'Connell to tell me what he had done so that I could help him and he trusted me!"

"But you are not responsible for the law! He took his chance!" admonished the judge.

Slowly Miss Althea's indignation rose as she perceived the dastardly trick which O'Brien had played upon her. Already she suspected that the judge was only masquerading in the clothing of a gentleman. With a white face she turned to Mr. Tutt

"Does the law require me to answer, Mr Tutt?" she inquired.

"Do not ask questions—answer them," ordered Babson brusquely, feeling the change in her manner. "You are a witness for the people—not the defendant."

"I am not a witness against O'Connell!" she declared. "This man"—indicating O'Brien scornfully—"has in some way found out that I —— Oh, surely the law doesn't demand anything so base as that!"

There was silence. The wheels of justice hung on a dead center.

"Answer the question," remarked His Honor tartly.

All Miss Beekman's long line of ancestors turned in their graves. In her Beekman blood the chief justice, the ambassador, the great editor, the signer of the Declaration of Independence stirred, awoke, rubbed their eyes and sternly reared themselves. And that blood—blue though it was instead of scarlet like the O'Connells'—like theirs boiled in her veins and burned through the delicate tissue of her cheeks.

"My conscience will not permit me to betray a confidence!" she cried angrily.

"I direct you to answer!" ordered the judge.

"I object to the court's threatening the witness!" interjected Mr. Tutt. "I wish it to appear upon the record that the manner of the court is most unjudicial and damaging to the defendant."

"Take your seat, sir!" barked Babson, his features swelling with anger. "Your language is contemptuous!"

The jury were leaning forward intently. Trained militiamen of the gibbet, they nevertheless admired this little woman's fearlessness and the old lawyer's pugnacity. On the rear wall the yellow face of the old self-regulating clock, that had gayly ticked so many men into the electric chair, leered shamelessly across at the blind goddess.

"Answer the question, madam! If, as you claim, you are a patriotic citizen of this commonwealth, having due respect for its institutions and for the statutes, you will not set up your own ideas of what the law ought to be in defiance of the law as it stands. I order you to answer! If you do not I shall be obliged to take steps to compel you to do so."

In the dead silence that followed the stones in the edifice of Miss Beekman's inherited complacency, with each beat of the clock, fell one by one to the ground until it was entirely demolished. Vainly she struggled to test her conscience by her loyalty to her country's laws. But the task was beyond her.

Tightly compressing her lips she sat silent in the chair, while the delighted reporters scribbled furious messages to their city editors that Miss Althea Beekman, one of the Four Hundred, was defying Judge Babson, and to rush up a camera man right off in a taxi, and to look her up in the morgue for a front-page story. O'Brien glanced uneasily at Babson. Possible defiance on the part of this usually unassuming lady had not entered into his calculations. The judge took a new tack.

"You probably do not fully understand the situation in which you are placed," he explained. "You are not responsible for the law. Neither are you responsible in any way for the consequences to this defendant, whatever they may be. The matter is entirely out of your hands. You are compelled to do as the court orders. As a law-abiding citizen you have no choice in the matter."

Miss Althea's modest intellect reeled, but she stood her ground, the ghost of the Signer at her elbow.

"I am sorry," she replied, "but my own self-respect will not allow me to answer."

"In that case," declared Babson, playing his trump card, "it will be my unpleasant duty to commit you for contempt."

There was a bustle of excitement about the reporters' table. Here was a story!

"Very well," answered Miss Beekman proudly. "Do as you see fit, and as your own duty and conscience demand."

The judge could not conceal his annoyance. The last thing in the world that he wished to do was to send Miss Althea to jail. But having threatened her he must carry out his threat or forever lose face.

"I will give the witness until to-morrow morning at half after ten o'clock to make up her mind what she will do," he announced after a hurried conference with O'Brien. "Adjourn court!"

Miss Beekman did not go to bed at all that night. Until a late hour she conferred in the secrecy of her Fifth Avenue library with her gray-haired solicitor, who, in some mysterious way, merely over the telephone, managed to induce the newspapers to omit

(Concluded on Page 133)

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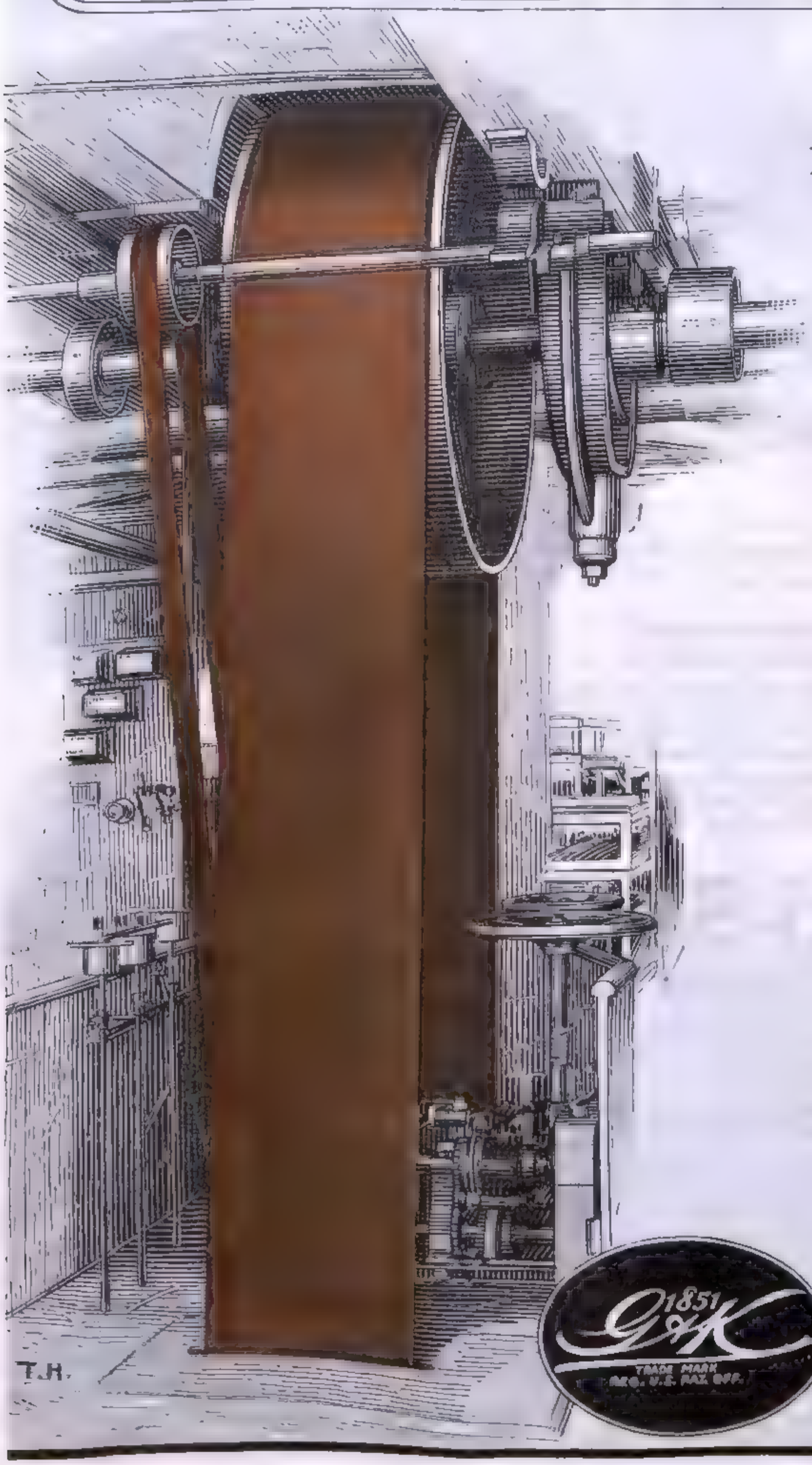

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"No matter how carefully and skillfully you drive when roads are wet and slippery, it is next to impossible to avoid skidding unless your tires are equipped with Anti-Skid Chains—such as Weed Chains."

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Weed Chains insure safety, economy and tire protection
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(Concluded from Page 130)

any reference to his client's contemptuous conduct in their morning editions.

"There's no way out of it, my dear," he said finally as he took his leave—he was her father's cousin and very fond of her—"this judge has the power to send you to jail if he wants to—and dares to! It's an even chance whether he will dare to or not. It depends on whether he prefers to stand well with the McGurks or with the general public. Of course I respect your attitude, but really I think you are a little quixotic. Points of honor are too ephemeral to be debated in courts of justice. To do so would be to open the door to all kinds of abuses. Dishonest witnesses would constantly avail themselves of the opportunity to avoid giving evidence."

"Dishonest witnesses would probably lie in the first place!" she quavered.

"True! I quite overlooked that!" he smiled, gazing down at her in an avuncular manner. "But to-day the question isn't open. It is settled, whether we like it or not. No pledge of privacy, no oath of secrecy—can avail against demand in a court of justice. Even confessions obtained by fraud are admissible—though we might wish otherwise."

Miss Beekman shrugged her shoulders.

"Nothing you have said seems to me to alter the situation."

"Very well," he replied. "I guess that settles it. Knowing you and the Beekman breed! There's one thing I must say," he added as he stood in the doorway after bidding her good night—"that old fellow Tutt has behaved pretty well, leaving you entirely alone this way. I always had an idea he was a sort of shyster. Most attorneys of that class would have been sitting on your doorstep all the evening trying to persuade you to stick to your resolution not to give their client away, and to do the square thing. But he's done nothing of the sort. Rather decent on the whole!"

"Perhaps he recognizes a woman of honor when he sees one!" she retorted.

"Honor!" he muttered as he closed the door. "What crimes are sometimes committed in thy name!"

But on the steps he stopped and looked back affectionately at the library window.

"After all, Althea's a good sport!" he remarked to himself.

At or about the same moment a quite dissimilar conference was being held between Judge Babson and Assistant District Attorney O'Brien in the café of the Passamaquoddy Club.

"She'll cave!" declared O'Brien, draining his glass. "Holy Mike! No woman like her is going to stay in jail! Besides, if you don't commit her everybody will say that you were scared to—yielded to influence. You're in the right and it will be a big card for you to show that you aren't afraid of anybody!"

Babson pulled nervously on his cigar.

"Maybe that's so," he said, "but I don't much fancy an appellate court sustaining me on the law and at the same time roasting hell out of me as a man!"

"Oh, they won't do that!" protested O'Brien. "How could they? All they're interested in is the law!"

"I've known those fellows to do queer things sometimes," answered the learned judge. "And the Beekmans are pretty powerful people."

"Well, so are the McGurks!" warned O'Brien.

"Now, Miss Beekman," said Judge Babson most genially the next morning, after that lady had taken her seat in the witness chair and the jury had answered to their names, "I hope you feel differently to-day about giving your testimony. Don't you think that after all it would be more fitting if you answered the question?"

Miss Althea firmly compressed her lips.

"At least let me read you some of the law on the subject," continued His Honor patiently. "Originally many people, like yourself, had the mistaken idea that what they called their honor should be allowed to intervene between them and their duty. And even the courts sometimes so held. But that was long ago—in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. To-day the law wisely recognizes no such thing. Let me read you what Baron Hotham said, in Hill's Trial in 1777, respecting the testimony of a witness who very properly told the court what the accused had said to him. It is very clearly put:

"'The defendant certainly thought him his friend, and he'—the defendant—'therefore did disclose all this to him. Gentlemen, one has only to say further that if this point of honor was to be so sacred as that a man who comes by knowledge of this sort from an offender was not to be at liberty to disclose it the most atrocious criminals would every day escape punishment; and therefore it is that the wisdom of the law knows nothing of that point of honor.'"

Miss Beekman listened politely.

"I am sorry," she replied with dignity. "I shall not change my mind. I refuse to answer the question, and—and you can do whatever you like with me."

"Do you understand that you are in contempt of this court? Do you intend to show contempt for this court?" he demanded wrathfully.

"I do," answered Miss Althea. "I have contempt for this court."

A titter danced along the benches and some fool in the back of the room clapped his hands.

Judge Babson's face grew hard and his eyes narrowed to steel points.

"The witness stands committed for contempt," he announced bitingly. "I direct that she be confined in the city prison for thirty days and pay a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars. Madam, you will go with the officer."

Miss Althea rose while the ghost of the Signer encircled her with his arm.

Mr. Tutt was already upon his feet. He knew that the ghost of the Signer was there.

"May I ask the court if the witness, having been committed for the contemptuous conduct of which she is obviously guilty, may remain in your chambers until adjournment, in order that she may arrange her private affairs?"

"I will grant her that privilege," agreed Judge Babson with internal relief. "The request is quite reasonable. Captain Phelan, you may take the witness into my robing room and keep her there for the present."

With her small head erect, her narrow shoulders thrown back, and with a resolute step as befitted the descendant of a long line of ancestors Miss Althea passed behind the jury box and disappeared.

The twelve looked at one another dubiously. Both Babson and O'Brien seemed nervous and undecided.

"Well, call your next witness," remarked the judge finally.

"But I haven't any more witnesses!" growled O'Brien. "And you know it almighty well, you idiot!" he muttered under his breath.

"If that is the people's case I move for the defendant's immediate discharge," cried Mr. Tutt, jumping to his feet. "There is no evidence connecting him with the crime."

McGurk, furious, sprang toward the bar.

"See here! Wait a minute! Hold on, judge! I can get a hundred witnesses ——"

"Sit down!" shouted one of the officers thrusting him back. "Keep quiet!"

Babson looked at O'Brien and elevated his forehead. Then as O'Brien gave a shrug the judge turned to the expectant jury and said in apologetic tones:

"Gentlemen of the jury, where the people have failed to prove the defendant's guilt beyond a reasonable doubt it is the duty of the court to direct a verdict. In this case, though by inference the testimony points strongly toward the prisoner, there is no direct proof against him and I am accordingly constrained—much as I regret it—to instruct you to return a verdict of not guilty."

In the confusion which followed the rendition of the verdict a messenger entered breathlessly and forcing his way through the crowd delivered a folded paper to Mr. Tutt, who immediately rose and handed it to the clerk; and that official, having hurriedly perused it and pursed his lips in surprise, passed it over the top of the bench to the judge.

"What's this?" demanded Babson. "Don't bother me now with trifles!"

"But it's a writ of habeas corpus, Your Honor, signed by Judge Winthrop, requiring the warden to produce Miss Beekman in Part I of the Supreme Court, and returnable forthwith," whispered Mr. McGuire in an awe-stricken voice. "I can't disregard that, you know!"

"What!" cried Babson. "How on earth could he have issued a writ in this space of time? The thing's impossible!"

"If Your Honor please," urbanely explained Mr. Tutt, "as—having known Miss Beekman's father—I anticipated that the witness would pursue the course of conduct which, in fact, she has, I prepared the necessary papers early this morning and as soon as you ordered her into custody my partner, who was waiting in Judge Winthrop's chambers, presented them to His Honor, secured his signature and brought the writ here in a taxicab."

Nobody seemed to be any longer interested in O'Connell. The reporters had left their places and pushed their way into the inclosure before the dais. In the rear of the room O'Brien was vainly engaged in trying to placate the Pearl Button Kids, who were loudly swearing vengeance upon both him and Peckham. It was a scene as nearly turbulent as the old yellow clock had ever witnessed. Even the court officers abandoned any effort to maintain order and joined the excited group about Mr. Tutt before the bench.

"Does Your Honor desire that this matter be argued before the Supreme Court?" inquired Mr. Tutt suavely. "If so I will ask that the prisoner be paroled in my custody. Judge Winthrop is waiting."

Babson had turned pale. Facing a dozen newspaper men, pencils in hand, he quailed. To hell with "face." Why, if he went on any longer with the farce the papers would roast the life out of him. With an apology for a smile, that was, in fact, a ghastly grin, he addressed himself to the waiting group of jurymen, lawyers and reporters.

"Of course, gentlemen," he said, "I never had any real intention of dealing harshly with Miss Beekman. Undoubtedly she acted quite honestly and according to her best light. She is a very estimable member of society. It will be unnecessary, Mr. Tutt, for you to argue the writ before Judge Winthrop. The relator, Althea Beekman, is discharged."

"Thank you, Your Honor!" returned Mr. Tutt, bowing profoundly, and lowering an eyelid in the direction of the gentlemen of the press. "You are indeed a wise and upright judge!"

The wise and upright judge rose grandly and gathered his robes about the judicial legs.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he remarked from his altitude to the reporters.

"Good morning, judge," they replied in chorus. "May we say anything about the writ?"

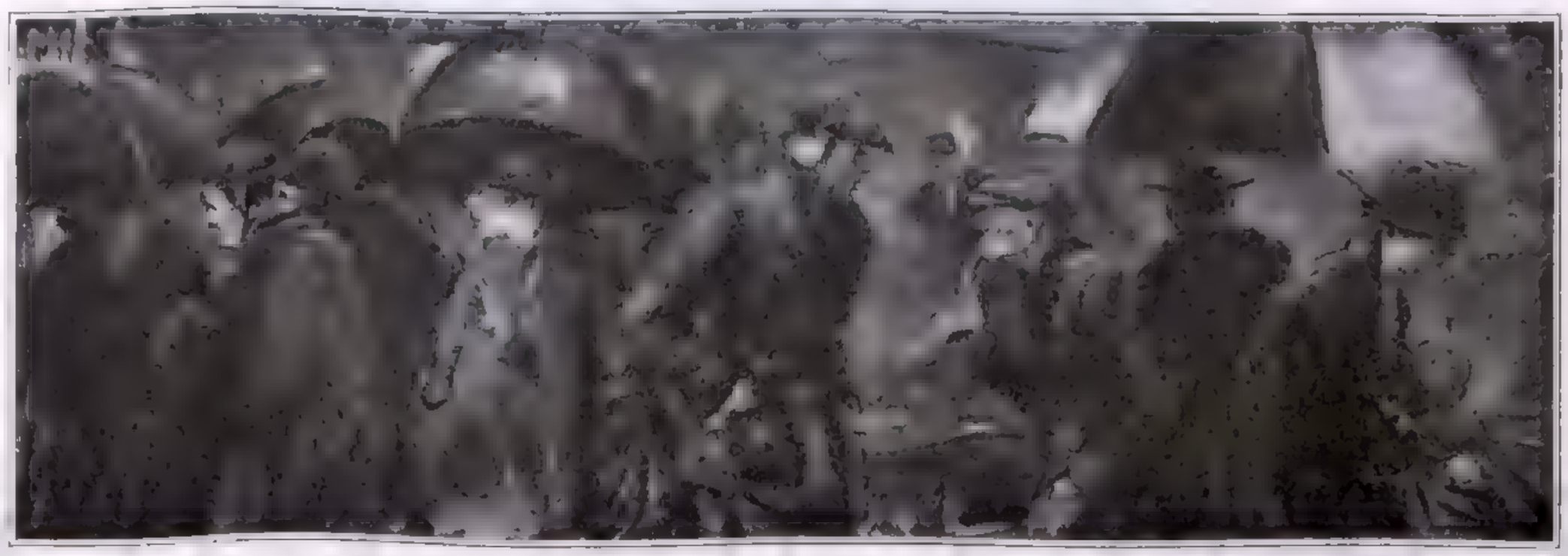
Judge Babson paused momentarily in his flight.

"Oh! Perhaps you might as well let the whole thing go," he answered carelessly.

As they fought their way out of the doorway Charley Still, of the Sun, grinned at "Deacon" Terry, of the Tribune, and jocosely inquired: "Say, Deac., did you ever think why one calls a judge 'Your Honor'?"

The Deacon momentarily removed his elbow from the abdomen of the gentleman beside him and replied sincerely though breathlessly, "No! You can search me!"

And "Cap." Phelan, who happened to be setting his watch at just that instant, affirms that he will make affidavit that the old yellow clock winked across the room at the Goddess of Justice, and that beneath her bandages she unmistakably smiled.



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It has just closed the most colossal year in all of its long and honorable history.

Nearly half a century ago it signalized the close of *another* great European war—the Franco-Prussian—by contributing to the arts of peace, industry, and progress, *the first practical typewriting machine the world had ever seen.*

As America found then, in the Remington Typewriter, a new and wonderful means of business expansion, so the *whole world today,* eager to resume its peace activities, is turning to it as the indispensable instrument of speedy and accurate commercial communication.

This, if you please, is not an advertisement. It is a summing up; an accounting of our stewardship; a statement of Remington status after forty-six years of rebuilding the world's business.

Where does the Remington stand in the world, today?

Both in number and in service, Remington stands first, in its contribution to the development of the world's business.

That is the simple and the literal truth.

But we are not disposed to stress the world-wide volume, so much as we are the world-wide honor in which the Remington is held.

Here is one American business name that has carried with it respect and regard, to the farthest reaches of the earth.

To the polyglot peoples of Europe, Asia and Africa, Remington actually means typewriter, and typewriter means Remington.

Its greatest sphere and its greatest prestige are Anglo-Saxon, of course.

In Great Britain, as in the United States, the most accurate typists have always recognized the greater speed and productivity of the Remington.

But today the Remington Typewriter impresses on paper 156 different languages — transacts, in their own tongues, the business dealings of the peoples of every clime, every nation, and the islands of all the Seven Seas.

Writing recently of a memorable trip into the interior of Central Africa, which included two weeks of river travel and compelled the cutting of a trail through the jungle, an American Minister said:

"We went where neither consul nor diplomat had ever set foot before; but, wherever we went, we had been preceded by three great American business names—Singer, Standard Oil, and Remington Typewriter."

This is only the merest flash of a pencil, the merest passing paragraph, in the splendid story of the world-wide distribution of Remington Typewriters.

Some of that world-wide Remington success is, of course, the reward of the pioneer.

But more of it is the result of the long succession of fundamental improvements introduced by Remington which have made the product more and more worthy of its great name.

How Remington service has been able to help reduce correspondence costs and improve business methods, you will find interestingly told on the opposite page.

No. 10
Self-Starting
Remington

Remington

The Right Hand of Industry At Home

Probably no other name is so closely linked as Remington with the world's advanced business interests.

For Remington has built more typewriters, and modernized more business correspondence, both at home and abroad, than any other institution.

In 1874, Remington gave the world its first practical typewriter. For nearly half a century, it has continued to lead.

Its prestige reaches out from America to every country in the world.

Thank Remington Workmen For Lower Typing Costs

The greater speed, and the greater production, which accurate typists say they get from the Remington, are no accident.

Remington time-saving features are built into the machine itself.

We knew that the fundamental principles on which the Remington Typewriter was constructed would reduce the cost of correspondence.

And when we set the Remington standards, which Remington workmen have followed for 46 years, we knew American business men would find this machine sturdy and enduring.

So the business world has bought more Remingtons than any other make of typewriter.

An Average of 40 Seconds Saved on Every Letter

Due to its record, Remington is today the leader in basic time-saving improvements of the writing machine.

The five red keys of the Self-Starting Remington strike directly at correspondence costs.

Remington invented the Self-Starter to eliminate 12 hand operations on each letter.

This saves an average of 40 seconds per letter—time-saving which has been tested and proved by the watch.

All indenting — for paragraphs, for name, address, salutation and signature—is now done by a single tap on one of five red keys. Slow hand shifting is done away with.

Remington Places 75,000 Typists Per Year

Each year Remington furnishes 75,000 typewriter operators to American business. They are trained to reduce your correspondence costs.

These typists are supplied through the Remington Employment Bureaus, now located in over 100 cities.

There is a Remington Bureau near your office—it is a part of the 46-year-old Remington service. Through this service more than 2,000,000 American women have found profitable business careers. Through it, American business has found more than 2,000,000 aids to reduce the costs of clerical work.

You Simply Can't Escape Remington Superiority

For every class of typewriting there is a Remington which saves time and reduces costs.

For correspondence, accurate operators get greater speed on the Self-Starting Remington.

The Tabulating Remington, with the almost magic set-key, handles all forms with instantaneous accuracy.

For billing, ledger posting, and all other accounting tasks, the Remington Accounting Machine (Wahl Mechanism) has an unequalled record as an error eliminator and a labor and expense reducer.

You have not yet reached the lowest cost level of typing in your business, unless you use all of these efficient Remington helpers.

Let a Remington representative advise you on your problems.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO.
Incorporated
374 Broadway, New York, *Branches Everywhere*

No. 11
Key-set
Tabulating
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Typewriters

COMMONWEALTH FOUR-FORTY

Four-Forty Five Passenger 1920 Model f. o. b. Factory $1395

Built in America Girdles the World

The 1920 Model at the 1920 Shows

At the New York Show; in France, England, Italy or elsewhere abroad, wherever you have seen the Commonwealth Four-Forty—you have realized that this car compels attention.

From outward inspection you have glimpsed something of the worth that has made the Commonwealth a famed traveler of the world's highways.

In every detail—from the frame foundation up and thru-out, the Commonwealth is built for continuous service. Great base strength supplies a sturdiness that lessens wear on all major units. It is "The Car with the Foundation."

Measure the Commonwealth by its record for gas-economy—durability—big-tire-mileage—and low-operating cost. Test it by enjoying its riding comfort; drive it to know its flexibility and ease of handling. So will you settle any question as to whether or not you should own a Commonwealth Four-Forty. Write for illustrated Booklet.

DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS:

There are many unusual points about the Commonwealth—and an unusual record to back it up. Thousands of prospective motor car buyers are learning these facts thru a policy of consistent advertising. We will be glad to tell you the whole story—or see you at our Display at the Chicago or other Motor Shows. Ask us if you are in open territory.

COMMONWEALTH MOTORS COMPANY

General Offices: CHICAGO, U.S.A. Factories: JOLIET, ILL., U.S.A.

Makers also of the Thorobred—America's Pedigreed Tractor and The Quayle Oil Burning Engine. Ask for Descriptive Folders.

"The Car With the Foundation"

ELEPHANT ACQUAINTANCES

(Continued from Page 25)

When I went to California the first time with Cole he had a little elephant that he called Tom Thumb. He was a bright, good-natured youngster, but small—so small that Mrs. Cole had made a big tick and had it stuffed with straw, which we fastened under his blanket when on parade to increase his apparent size. It worked all right if it stayed tight, but sometimes the fastenings would work loose and then the pad got out of place and made the elephant look lopsided.

Cole had advertised in San Francisco that he would exhibit a trained elephant. As a matter of fact he did not have one, but he thought if we just walked an elephant round the ring the public would be satisfied.

We showed in Woodward's Garden and when I saw the great amphitheater crowded to its limit I realized that it was going to hurt the show if we did not put up some kind of a bluff for a trained elephant and determined to see if I could not make one that would get by. I had little Tom Thumb all brushed up and I told one of my men—John Hadley, a red-headed Irishman from Pennsylvania—to get ready to go into the ring with me. John had no idea what I wanted and when our turn came to go in he went along quite willingly. I walked Tom Thumb round the ring a couple of times and into it. Then I told John to lie down and taking the elephant by the ear and trunk I walked him over the man two or three times lengthwise and crosswise. It satisfied the crowd, but Hadley was an awful scared man and swore roundly after we got out of the ring and declared to me: "I sweat blood, Mr. Conklin. I'm sure I did."

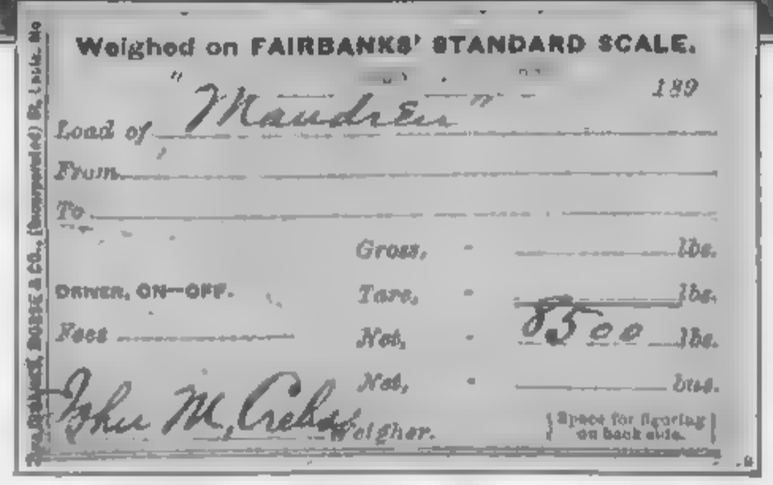
In teaching elephants to do various tricks and acts the first and principal thing to accomplish is to make them understand clearly what you want and to associate that particular action with a certain command or cue. Once the big fellows grasp your meaning it is seldom that they will deliberately refuse to do what you wish them to. In fact, the more intelligent ones seem to take a certain pride in doing their stunts. It will be readily seen, however, that it is a problem not entirely free from perplexities to discover ways to make an elephant understand what you are talking about when, for instance, you ask him to stand on his head.

The Best Way to Kill Elephants

My method of doing this was to stand him facing a high, strong brick wall with his front feet securely fastened to a couple of stakes driven in the ground. A heavy rope sling was put round his hindquarters and from this a rope was run up to and over a pulley high above him on the wall, then down through a snatch block near the ground and the end fastened to a harness on another elephant. When all was ready I would take my place by him, strike him in the flank and say, "Stand on your head." At the same time an assistant would start up the other elephant and draw the pupil's hindquarters up until he stood squarely on his head. The wall kept him from going over forward. After a moment or two I would tell him to get down. The assistant would slack off on the rope and let him settle back onto his feet. Then I would give him a carrot, or something of the kind. I did this two or three times every morning and afternoon and it was not long before it was possible to do away with the rigging and at the word of command he would put his head down and throw his hindquarters into the air. Of course the longer he practiced the more easily and surely he did it.

To teach an elephant to lie down, which one would expect to be an easy matter, is in fact one of the most difficult things for a trainer to accomplish. It is usually necessary to fasten the animal's feet to stakes and pull him over on his side with tackle, at the same time giving him the proper command, and repeat the lesson many times before he is ready to do it without help when he is told.

Sometimes I used to arrange so an elephant could learn certain things by himself. I used this method in teaching them to let my horses alone. I always kept my horse in the menagerie, saddled and ready in case I needed it suddenly for anything. Every time I had a new horse I had to get it and the elephants acquainted with each other and teach the elephants to leave the horse alone.



Certificate of Mandarin's Weight. Above—Mandarin, 1890

The first few days I tied the horse in front of the elephants, but just out of their reach. Then I lengthened his hitch so the elephant could just touch him with the end of his trunk and after a day or two so he could feel the horse over. When he began to do this the horse would usually kick and bite him. In this way the elephant found out that it was better to leave the horse alone and the horse discovered that he could master the elephant. It did not take the horse long to learn to bite the elephant if he interfered with him and it was possible then to put the horse alongside of the elephant. After being together for a month or two the elephant and horse would become the best of friends.

One winter in Utica I broke four elephants to do a military drill—march, halt, wheel and a few things of that sort. In teaching them the meaning of the different commands I had a driver by each one at first who made them go and stop as I gave the commands. After a while the elephants began to understand what was wanted and the drivers had to guide them less and less until all they had to do was to walk behind them and prod them when they did not do their part promptly, and then finally they were not needed at all.

While with the Cole show I taught one of his elephants to sit at a table and do an act. Before I went into the ring with him for the act there was placed in it a table. On the table was a fan and a bell and beside it were two heavy chairs. When we reached the table the elephant would sit on one of the chairs, pick up the bell and ring it and then fan himself until a clown dressed as a waiter appeared. I would explain to the waiter that the elephant wanted a drink and he would go for it. While the waiter was gone the elephant would ring again impatiently. The clown would come back with a big bottle made of tin and weighted so it would always stand up. This was filled with molasses and water and the elephant would take it up and pour the contents into his mouth. He was always eager for this part of the act as he liked the sweet water.

After he had emptied the bottle he always rang again vigorously and I would get up and explain to him that there was no more. As I did so I took off my tall hat and put it on my chair. Then I moved round the table with my back toward the elephant. This was his cue to get up quickly and sit on my chair, crushing my hat, which always brought down the house.

In teaching this act I first got the elephant to sit in the chair. This was done by placing the chair next the side of the building, backing the animal up to it and fastening his hind feet and then working him down into the chair with a hook. After he found the chair was solid he willingly settled his weight into it. After a few times he found out what I wanted and then by rewarding him each time with a carrot or a lump of sugar it was easy to get him to practice until he was perfect. All that was needed to teach him to ring the bell was to place it in his trunk and shake it. This he learned in three lessons, but the complete act took an entire winter's training.

We had an elephant with the O'Brien show called Don who would run at the drop of a hat. I was taking the menagerie from the train to the show grounds in Albany once and in some way Don found an opportunity to bolt and started off down a road which led to a rolling mill. A big gang of half-naked men were busy rolling out and handling great bars of white-hot iron and a lot of red-hot bars lay scattered round the floor. Seeing an elephant coming toward them on the run, they simply dropped everything and got out. Don was not fazed in the least by having the mill left to himself, nor did he stop running, but went in one end, came out the other and kept going. We found him later on back in the yards hanging round the animal cars, and the singular thing was that in going through the rolling mill among so much hot iron he had not so much as singed a toe.

This same elephant was a part of the Barnum & Bailey show when it went to England. Over there he had several ugly turns and Mr. Bailey, who never was inclined to take any chances, ordered him killed in Stoke-upon-Trent. This I did by choking him. I had found this to be the easiest and most humane way to bring about the death of one of the big animals.

In my first attempt to kill an elephant I tried poison, but he simply ran his trunk down his throat and pumped the poison all out and that was all there was to it.

In an open field I had two strong stakes driven firmly into the ground. To these I securely fastened Don's front feet. Three or four rods away on either side of him I had another stake driven. Then my men brought a couple of ropes an inch and a half in diameter. On one end of each of them I had made a strong slip noose and thoroughly soaped it so it worked freely and easily. These nooses I put round the elephant's throat and carried the ends of the ropes to the stakes at either side of him. The one on the left I put round the stake, drew up snugly and fastened. On the right I secured a snatch block to the stake and passing the rope through the block carried the end back to where I had another elephant waiting and fastened the rope to his harness. When all was ready I gave the word and the elephant began to pull on the rope, which caused both nooses to close round Don's throat with tremendous force. As he felt the ropes tighten instead of trying to pull away he threw the whole of his weight against them. There was nothing to indicate that the sensation was even disagreeable to him and in a few minutes, with no struggle or apparent suffering, he gently settled down into a big heap and it was all over.

Putting Fritz in Chains

When I went to the Barnum & Bailey show they had a very intelligent elephant by the name of Fritz. He was the largest in the country at the time and weighed five tons. I won a bet by teaching him in three teaching periods to sit up, hold up his forelegs and stretch his trunk straight up in the air, let me climb up his back, stand on his head and hold on to his trunk.

One of my most popular acts was with this elephant. He had a leading part with some other elephants in a waltz and some pedestal work, after which I lined them all up behind him. Then the one next behind Fritz would put his front feet on Fritz's hips. The next one would place his front feet on that one's back and so on until each elephant except Fritz had its front feet on another elephant. When they were all in position I would speak to Fritz. He then put his head down for me to step on his tusks and when he had straightened up again I gave the word and the whole line traveled to the exit where all went out except Fritz. He and I would start round the ring again and every little way I would stop, lift my hat to the spectators in acknowledgment of the applause, at the same time saying "down" to Fritz, who would lower his head and raise it again, making it seem as though we were both bowing to the crowd.

Fritz had the principal part in several acts and I used to ride out of the ring on his tusks. One night in Madison Square Garden I had got the rest of the elephants in line and was going to give Fritz the word to lower his head for me to get on his tusks when I noticed that he was about to go for me. I did not wait a second, but dodged between all four of his legs and made my way out of the ring. My helper, who was beside the row of elephants to keep them in line, saw that something was wrong, came up to Fritz, started the line in motion and marched them out of the ring to their quarters without anything happening. So quick had I been in dodging between Fritz's legs and so prompt was the helper in marching the rest of the elephants out that no one outside the show people suspected that anything was wrong. The next day while he was tied up I gave Fritz a good punishing and for a long while he behaved.

A few years later, however, he displayed his temper in such a way that he got his death warrant. It happened in Tours, France. The evening show had commenced and I was getting the menagerie down to the train. We had at the time some two dozen elephants and I was sending them down chained together in twos and threes. Fritz was in the lead, with Babe and Columbia chained on either side of him and in charge of driver George Bates. I was on my horse just behind the elephants and in front of the line of cage wagons.

We were about halfway to the railroad and just passing through a little park with everything going nicely when all of a sudden Fritz made for Bates as best he could with the other two elephants hitched to him. At once the whole band of elephants were in a mix-up. The road was more than full and the whole outfit came to a stop. Bates ran for his life. There were a half dozen other men with the elephants, but at the first indication of trouble they all disappeared, each looking for a hole. The only man who stayed by me was a fellow known about the show as Deafy. I rode up in front of Fritz as quickly as I could and tried to calm him down, but I saw at

(Continued on Page 141)

THE MODERN NOTE
In Truck and Tractor Design

—is the Jaw Clutch Transmission which eliminates gear shifting, for gears are always in mesh. This principle has been conclusively demonstrated by service in 40,000 trucks and tractors. Because of this *basic idea* COTTA Transmissions are guaranteed against gear stripping. Speed changes are made through engagement of Jaw Clutches on the sides of the gears. Note the enlarged view of Jaw Clutches on opposite page. Even inexperienced drivers can change speeds easily, smoothly, and accurately, without the danger of gear stripping. In winter a saving in fuel of 3% to 5% is effected, for the reason that in direct speed all gears are idle, eliminating the loss of power due to gears churning through cold-stiffened grease or oil.

COTTA Transmissions have been adopted as standard equipment in many leading trucks and tractors. Made in 3 and 4 speeds for trucks and 2 and 3 speeds for tractors—every model patented. Can be equipped with COTTA Power take-off for hoist and winch; pneumatic tire pump can also be applied to either side.

Write for complete catalog and blue prints and names of COTTA-equipped trucks and tractors

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TRANSMISSIONS

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Better than ten men to watch our furnaces is our electric control that holds our heat at the same point and charts the full proof of uniform tempering for our works manager to see. It adds the last link in the chain of evidence that proves that the Star finished product is right when it gets into the user's hands.

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No wonder Star Blades cut faster, cut longer and at a lower cost. No wonder they can be standardized in a few sizes and pitches to do the widest range of work. The 10 tooth, 18 gauge Star power blade, for instance, will do all the sawing that most plants encounter.

And behind every Star Blade stands the Star Service that helps you work out your special hack sawing problems. Often our service suggestions cut down sawing costs 25 to 30%.

Star Service men in all the chief cities are at your call. Address our office at Millers Falls, Mass.

Star Hack Saws are sold by leading supply houses, hardware jobbers and retailers everywhere.

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(Continued from Page 137)

once it was no use, so I told Deafy to get some chains and be quick about it.

The chains we wanted were under some other stuff which had to be unloaded to get at them, so it was quite a few minutes before he came back with them. Meanwhile I was doing what I could to keep Fritz from bolting. I had done a good deal of work with one of the elephants chained to him, called Babe, and she would do anything I told her. So keeping Fritz's attention on trying to get me, I had Babe pull round in the opposite direction and in this way hampered him and took up his attention until Deafy came with the chains.

Then by the same methods I worked Fritz round near a tree and gave Deafy a chance to get a chain round his hind leg and a tree. The tree was some inches in diameter, but Fritz snapped it off the first thing and I had to work him round to a larger one. Deafy managed to get a hitch round this and it held. With one leg fast, it was a simple matter to fasten the other one. As soon as Fritz's hind feet were fastened the men began to appear from various directions and I had plenty of help. Still keeping Fritz's attention directed to me, I had Deafy, with some of those who were now willing to help him, get chains on Fritz's front feet and unfasten and take away Babe and Columbia. Then with tackle I pulled him to the ground.

By this time word had reached Mr. Bailey of the trouble with Fritz and he ordered him killed. I tried to convince McCaddon, one of the directors, who had brought the word from Mr. Bailey, that it was unnecessary and begged him to leave the elephant to me. I told him that now I had him down I could punish and regain control of him and would guarantee to have him on board the train before the show was ready to start away in the morning. But McCaddon insisted that Fritz be killed where he lay.

As there was no choice in the matter, I went about preparing nooses. I had considerable difficulty in getting them round the animal's neck, but after a while I got them properly placed. By this time everyone had plenty of courage and it was no trouble to get upward of a hundred men to pull on the rope with all their strength and in less than fifteen minutes after I gave the word poor Fritz was dead.

Mr. Bailey made a present of Fritz's body to a scientific society of Tours. It sent men to take charge as soon as he was dead. The body was carefully skinned and afterward the skin was stuffed and placed in the local museum. I suppose it is still there.

Fritz's tusks grew very rapidly and I cut about six inches off them each year. A tuba player in the band wanted me to give him a piece of one of them out of which to have a couple of mouthpieces turned for his instrument as the brass ones he used made his mouth sore. I gave him enough on condition that he would have an elephant carved for me, and I still have the little ivory image, three or four inches high, cut from a piece of Fritz's tusk.

Elephants Sometimes Forget

Not long before we came back to New York from England I was in the animal quarters of the Olympia in London talking with some carpenters who were eating their lunch when one of the elephant men we called Red came in and began to clean up round a big elephant named Mandarin. For some reason the elephant did not feel friendly toward him and suddenly struck him a blow with his trunk that sent him against the wall and before any of us could do anything had crushed the life out of the poor fellow with his great head. Mandarin was about forty-five years old, all of eight feet high and heavy in proportion. We brought him to New York in a big crate on the upper deck of the boat. On the way over Mr. Bailey decided to have him killed, so instead of unloading him onto the pier Mr. Bailey had a big seagoing tug come alongside, and the crate, elephant and all, was swung down to the deck of the tug, which then put out to sea. When far enough outside the crate was loaded down with pig iron, swung out over the water and let go. And so ended Mandarin.

Elephants can be taught useful tricks as well as others. I always had at least one which I could use for pushing wagons round and helping to lift them out of the mud, and when I was in Australia, where transportation conditions were bad, I used to hitch seven and eight wagons together, put a man on each to work the brake and then had three elephants broken to draw them and a fourth to help by pushing in the rear. I also used an elephant to move cars on the sidings in the yards of the Bridgeport winter quarters.

The elephant is the only animal that will make an effort by itself to learn a trick. I have often noticed after I had been showing an intelligent elephant a new trick and he thought he was alone that he would keep trying it and seemed really pleased if he mastered it.

Most of the various harnesses, hobbles, tackle and so on used in the handling and training of elephants are either inventions of mine or adaptations of them.

An elephant lives to a great age and comes to maturity slowly, not being full grown until from thirty-five to forty years old. It is a mistake to think an elephant is clumsy because he looks so. In proportion to its size an elephant is much lighter on its feet than a horse and can outrun most horses for a short distance, and there is no one of an elephant's four feet that he cannot strike or kick quickly and accurately with. An easy rule to remember to get an elephant's height is that twice the circumference of his front foot at the ground equals his height at the shoulder.

An elephant can stand considerable cold if he is kept moving. I have taken elephants in Bridgeport, fitted bags over their ears and tails and worked them up to their bellies in the snow pushing cars without its doing them any harm. On the other hand, I lost a fine elephant once as a result of exposure to the cold. It happened with the Cole show. We were in the West near Denver and had to go over the mountains on a narrow-gauge road over which we could not run our elephant car. Cole had us take one of the narrow-gauge flat cars, put stakes up round the sides and stretch canvas on them. Onto this car we put Pete and another elephant. During the night, while we were in the mountains, there came on a very sudden and unusual storm of rain, hail and snow. There was no cover over the top of the car to shield the animals and we were delayed and did not get to our destination as soon by several hours as we expected to. In the morning when we were able to take Pete off the car he was so cold and stiff that he could hardly move, and in spite of all we could do he died almost immediately, but strange to say the other one did not seem to mind it.

The elephant is the most affectionate of animals and will watch over and protect a favorite keeper, and he will also hold a grudge against one for some time, watching for an opportunity to get even with him. But I do not believe those popular stories of elephants that have remembered being cheated by strangers and squirted water over them when they had an opportunity after the lapse of years.

An angry elephant, however, is a dangerous thing and an elephant keeper who is rough is always running a risk. A cross elephant is usually made so by the keeper. Some men are naturally cruel and are willing to do anything to satisfy their desire to show off. This is apt to be a fault of new men round elephants. They disobey instructions and if nothing worse happens are quite likely in a short time to get a blow from some elephant's trunk that bowls them along the ground and calls their attention pretty forcibly to their bad manners. Quite often they do not get off so easily. I knew of the case of a fellow called Bayou Bill, who was with the Jerry Mabie show. An elephant put her trunk round his shoulders, pulled him off his horse and before anyone could prevent she put one of her feet on his legs, pulled him in two and threw the pieces over her back. I have also known many instances of men being squeezed to death between a wall and an elephant's head or under its foot. But from a keeper or trainer who treats them properly an elephant will accept punishment and when it has given in the man can do anything with it and the animal will not lay it up against him.

In spite of his great size the elephant is quite timid. A strange animal or an unfamiliar noise will start him in a panic. Once Tody Hamilton, the Barnum & Bailey press agent, had me demonstrate to a group of New York reporters how easy it was to frighten an elephant. It was at the winter quarters in Bridgeport. We had at the time some two or three dozen elephants and I let a pig loose among them. There was a commotion at once. They snorted and squealed and kicked—and by the way they can use their hind legs like Gatling guns. I also put some rats in among them and they were just as afraid of them. If they had not all been well chained the whole bunch of them would have run away.

Fritz Dressed and Ready for Parade. Above—Certificate of Fritz's Weight

Abe Goes Taxi-Riding

Elephants are driven from the near, or left, side like oxen. The driver tells them to shy when he wants them to go to the right and says "come in" to bring them toward him. "Mile" means to go fast, "mule up" to trot, and when he wants them to stop the driver calls out "tut."

In driving elephants on the road it is very necessary to look out for their feet or they will get sore. If the roads are very soft and sandy the driver is sometimes compelled to put boots on them, otherwise the motion of the foot on the sand with the pressure from the great weight of the animal would soon grind through the skin.

The careful keeper will also lay the elephant down on its side twice a year and with a great drawing knife cut the toenails. Each spring, too, he gives the elephant a thick coat of neat's-foot oil. This keeps the skin in good shape and if there are any lice on the animal it kills them as well. An elephant louse is a very tiny thing, much smaller than those which sometimes get on humans, and they live in the cracks and crevices of the skin round the elephant's ears. They are red in color. Imported elephants are almost always lousy, but those in this country are usually almost or entirely free from them.

Elephants are now fed nothing but hay. In the old days, when they were driven from town to town, they were fed grain in addition to the hay. The ordinary elephant will eat about a hundred and fifty pounds of hay a day. Each Sunday I used to give my elephants a bran mash, using about five sacks of bran to each dozen elephants.

It has always been a popular and paying thing for a circus to advertise the birth of a baby elephant in its quarters, and later on when the show went on the road the little elephant was always a drawing card, but as a matter of fact, while there have been plenty of very young elephants exhibited, there were never but two actually born in the United States. The first one was born in Philadelphia and belonged to the Cooper & Bailey show. It was named Columbia and its mother was Babe. The mother is still alive and owned by the Ringling Brothers. The father was Mandarin. The keepers became afraid of Columbia and she was killed in Bridgeport in 1907. The other young elephant was born at the quarters of the Barnum show in Bridgeport.

During the last year I was with the Barnum & Bailey show some New York animal dealer brought over from the other side a baby elephant and sold it to the show. It was smuggled up to Bridgeport and then it was announced in the papers that it had been born there. When the show went down to Madison Square Garden in New York a few weeks later for its opening we took the youngster along. He was still being fed on milk and I could pick him up in my arms. He was not more than thirty inches high. We had named him Abe.

One day I got orders to take him over to St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, in West Thirty-fourth Street, so I put Abe in a taxi and over we went. When we got there I helped him out onto the street, and then taking him by the trunk and ear led him up the long flight of steps into the

(Continued on Page 145)

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building and then into the wards and up and down between the rows of beds, stopping a moment beside each one. Those of the youngsters who were able to reached out and touched the little fellow and then followed him with their eyes as he went down the ward. From St. Mary's we took him up to the New York Orthopedic Hospital in East Fifty-ninth Street and led him through the wards there before we took him back to the Garden.

In all my experience I do not remember a more touching sight than the wonder and happiness on the faces of the two hundred children in those hospitals as they watched that little elephant.

During my forty years in charge of circus menageries I have handled more so-called bad elephants than any man in the United States and have killed five of them. However, in my opinion it is a mistake to kill them, for the bad elephant is only bad for a few weeks in a year and a clever keeper can detect the change in the animal's manner soon enough to make it possible to confine him by himself until he is good-natured again. As a usual thing elephants do not have bad spells before they are twenty-five or thirty years old. The elephant that is bad first, last and all the time exists only in fiction.

The liveliest and most serious time I ever had with an elephant occurred in Hailey, Idaho. He was named Samson, and Cole had bought him from a New York animal dealer in the fall before we went into winter quarters at Utica. We had to have a special car made for him in order to get him up to Utica. There during the winter I got acquainted with him, taught him some new tricks and broke in a fellow to drive him. As near as we could make out he was between forty and fifty years old at the time Cole bought him, and he weighed almost five tons. Previous to his purchase by Cole he had been at Coney Island carrying children on his back. His owners for some reason had become afraid of him and sold him.

Samson on the Rampage

At that time Barnum had a big elephant which he called Jumbo and was billing extensively as the largest elephant in the world. As soon as Cole bought Samson he at once began to bill him as the largest one in existence. I think probably Cole's statement came nearer the truth, for while Barnum's elephant may have measured a little more in height and had larger ears, Cole's had by far the greater bulk and weight. In addition he was much more intelligent, being an Indian elephant, than the Barnum elephant, which was African. Some years later he became a part of the Barnum show, Cole having bought an interest in it.

Jack Shoemaker was Samson's driver and I always had Jack follow in the parade directly behind the cage of lions in which I rode so I might keep an eye on the elephant and tell Jack what to do if anything happened, or even get out and help him if it was necessary. We had had no trouble with him and this day in Hailey we had put fifteen or twenty of the children of the place on Samson's back and taken them round on the parade. Just on the outskirts of the town we had stopped and taken the children off.

The parade had reached the show grounds and was breaking up. The other cages of animals had been driven under the canvas ahead of mine, but the horses had not been taken away. My cage had no more than stopped and I jumped out than Samson reached under it and threw it over on its side. Jack tried to get him away, but I saw at once that he had lost control of him. Samson turned from the cage to the horses and knocked over four of them. To save the horses I seized a pitchfork and began jabbing the elephant in the hind legs.

Jumbo and "Old Scott"

He immediately turned on me and to save myself I dodged behind a cage. He threw this into the air with no apparent effort and I realized that he must be got outside at once or he would wreck the whole menagerie.

I shouted to Cole, the owner of the show, who was trying to help, to get me my horse and gun. He was only a few moments doing it, but in the meantime Samson had thrown over twelve cages trying to get me. I jumped on the broncho and started out of the door and the elephant followed me, just as I wanted him to do.

A few rods from the tent was a blacksmith shop and standing in front of it, waiting to be repaired, was one of the huge gondola wagons used in that section to haul ore in. Samson stopped long enough to give this a shove, which sent one end of it crashing through the side of the shop, and then he turned and followed me. I headed for the open fields and as soon as I got away from the horses and crowd I turned in my saddle and opened fire on him with charges of buckshot. I hit him square in the trunk five or six times, but he paid no more attention to it than he would to so many raindrops. Two or three cowboys came following on and fired at him with their rifles, but all they succeeded in doing was to make a slight flesh wound in his back.

I have often laughed when I have thought of the spectacle we must have made. I was dressed in a suit of tights covered with shining spangles, had a great leopard skin round my waist and hips and was mounted on a broncho with a Mexican saddle and bridle elaborately ornamented. The elephant had on all his parade trappings and great saddle and as he ran the colored velvet blanket blew out from both his sides like huge wings.

The broncho was going his best, but the elephant was close behind and I knew that he would be able to overtake us if we kept the race up much of a distance. When I found that he paid no attention to the buckshot I began to look round for some means of cornering him. Off across the field, something less than a mile away, was the freight yard, and the possibility of stopping him among the cars suggested itself to me and I headed for them. By the side of the yard was a large water tank on top of which were a number of people who had been watching the parade. As soon as they saw Samson and me turn and come toward them they climbed down and ran faster than I ever saw anyone run in my life.

As I got near the yard I noticed a lot of cars heavily loaded with ore standing on two tracks which met in a V-shape at one end. Both tracks were full of cars, but at the point of the V the cars did not quite meet. I made for this opening with Samson right after me. As I had hoped, the broncho and I just squeezed through, but there was not room enough for Samson.

An elephant never goes round anything. He simply tries to push aside or crush whatever gets in his way, and so Samson threw all his weight and strength against the cars in an effort to crowd through the opening and get at me, but the load of ore was so heavy and the cars stood at such an angle to his pressure that they held and he was blocked. I let him struggle away for a few minutes and then I began to talk to him. After a little he gave up his efforts and began to calm down. Then I told him to back up and lie down, both of which he did. Finding he would obey me once more, I rode round the cars to where he was and after making sure I could manage him drove him back to the tent and tied him up.

Cole was very much disturbed over the matter and wanted the animal punished. I remonstrated with him, telling him that it was not necessary, that the elephant had given in and was behaving himself and that it would do no good. But Cole thought he must be punished until he squealed. It was too near time for the afternoon performance to do anything about it then, so we tied him securely and went on with the show. After that was over I had another talk with Cole and tried to get him to change his mind, but he insisted that the elephant must be punished, so there was nothing left for me to do but go about it.

A Fire in Winter Quarters

I had my men drive stout stakes in two rows and made Samson lie down between them. Then with a quantity of inch-and-a-half rope I bound him down to the stakes, passing the rope back and forth over his body so many times that he resembled the picture of Gulliver on the old thread boxes. When at last he was secured I put several men to belaboring him with tent stakes. But though they winded themselves and others took their places Samson showed no signs of squealing. I went and heated some large bars of iron red hot and held them within reach of his trunk to see if he was still mad. He reached out and took them, put them into his mouth and tried to chew them up. After about half an hour of this sort of treatment I was able to convince Cole that the elephant would let us kill him before he would squeal and Cole gave his consent for us to stop.

When we unfastened the rope it was a pretty thoroughly done-up elephant we had. He could hardly stand. His tongue hung out of his mouth like a panting dog's and he could not bend his trunk. For more than a week we had to feed him by hand and give him water with a force pump. I dressed and cared for the buckshot wounds and the burns on his trunk and the cut on his back where the cowboys had wounded him. They all healed rapidly and it was not long before he was as good as ever again. I never had any more trouble with him after that, but he always wanted to get out of my way if possible. He used to have spells of wanting to chase his driver, however, and once when he tried to do it during the next summer he tipped over a load of hay.

After Samson went on his rampage I got a couple of dogs, one a white bull and the other a big fellow, a cross between a St. Bernard and an Irish setter, and broke them to stay right round him and keep everyone but myself and the keeper away.

Samson lost his life in the fire that burned the Barnum & Bailey winter quarters in Bridgeport. I was away at the time of the fire and there was no one else who could unchain him and get him out of the building, so all they could do was let him burn. After the fire his bones were recovered and mounted and are now on exhibition in the Natural History Museum, in New York City.

I had another lively experience with an elephant in Madison Square Garden in New York City. We called him

(Concluded on Page 149)

Fritz as He Lay Dead in Tours, France

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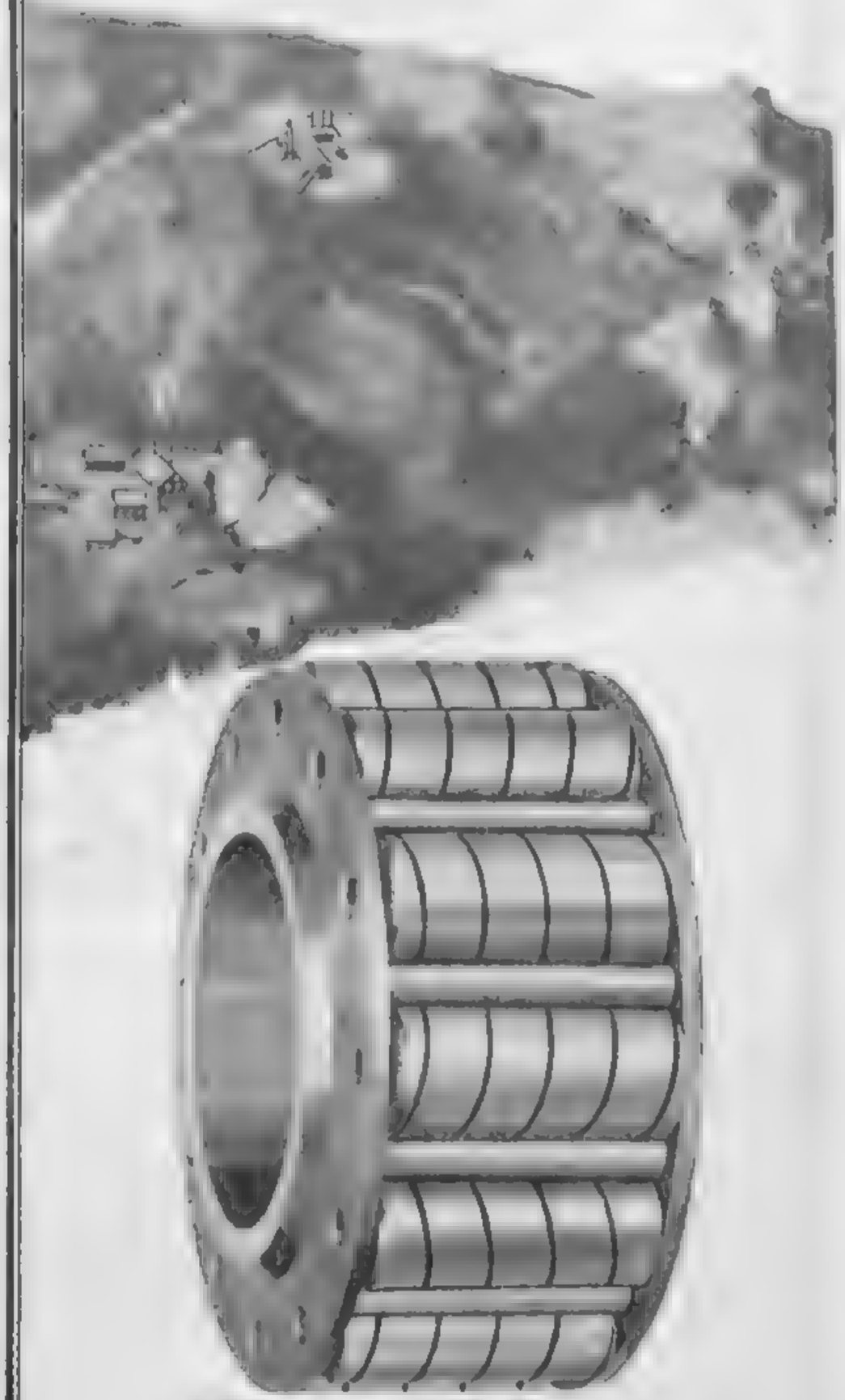

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(Concluded from Page 145)

Tom Thumb. He was young at the time, probably not more than eight years old, and was not very large. During the winter at the quarters in Bridgeport I had been teaching him to walk on a row of big wooden bottles. Toward spring a clown by the name of Reynolds was assigned to work Tom Thumb in the ring and he used to come up to Bridgeport from New York every day to go through the act with the elephant.

One day after he had been coming up for some time I said to him: "Reynolds, look out you don't get too fresh with that elephant the way you give him orders. If you do when you get down in the Garden he'll knock you out. You won't have all these men sitting round then. It will be new surroundings and he will be excitable."

"You leave that to me," he replied. "I know what I am doing. I've got candy in my pocket and he likes me fust-rate."

I said no more to him about it. When we got down to the Garden and ready to open up there was a rehearsal for the benefit of the reporters and a few others. Reynolds went into the ring to do his act with Tom Thumb, but had hardly more than commenced when the elephant hit him a blow that knocked him clear outside the ring. If it had not been for the ring bank he would have been killed. That prevented the elephant from reaching him and crushing him before he got on his feet. Of course Reynolds would have nothing more to do with the act and it was arranged that another clown, by the name of Billy Burke, should take his place.

Burke was a sort of barroom clown—that is, he was a good deal funnier in a barroom than he was in the ring, but he had unlimited self-confidence. The show was to open to the public the next day and I took Burke to one side and cautioned him about the elephant, but he paid no attention and told me contemptuously that he could handle him. When it came time for the act I put Tom Thumb's caretaker, Otto Mopus, in the ring, thinking it would help to keep the animal easy.

Tom Thumb Goes Wild

I watched just outside and it was well I did, for the elephant had hardly got in the ring before he turned on the two men and if I had not rushed in and caught him by the ear with my hook he would have killed both of them. He was so excited that instead of allowing me either to put him through his act or to take him out he simply bolted and, while I hung to his ear with my hook, dragged me into the aisle and, before the spectators had time to be frightened, up two flights of stairs and out onto Twenty-sixth Street. There I regained control of him and took him down into the cellar and chained him up.

Later Mr. Bailey came down and told me to chain him to an old elephant and take him up to Central Park—that he was going to make the city a present of him. So that night I fastened him to one of the old elephants and took him up to the park and delivered him over to Bill Snyder, the head keeper of the park zoo. Snyder had been connected with a show once and he used to take Tom Thumb out and perform him for the benefit of the crowds on Sunday afternoons, but in a few years the elephant grew so ugly that it was thought best to kill him.

It is not at all unusual for elephants to break away from their keepers. The longest chase I ever had was after three elephants that ran away from the Cole Show near Green River in Wyoming. We had to move the show a matter of twelve miles and the railroad wanted a thousand dollars just to carry the animals. Cole told the officials that he did not want to buy their road—he simply wanted to use it—but they would not give him any better rate, so he decided to send all the animals he could on foot and by wagon.

Chasing the Runaways

I got them off as early as I could, sending the elephants in charge of a man by the name of Printer, who rode a calico horse. Three of the elephants were fastened together by chains and neck straps. When about half the way the performing stallions came up behind them and commenced to make a lot of noise. The elephants became frightened and in spite of anything Printer could do they bolted to one side of the road. He was able to follow them for only a short distance, for in going through the brush they very soon broke their fastenings and disappeared completely.

I had stayed with the train and the first I knew of it was when Cole came into the car where I was sleeping, woke me up and told me the elephants had run away and that I would have to go and find them. I pulled on my clothes as quickly as possible and started.

The first thing I did was to engage a couple of men who knew the country to go with me as guides. One of these traveled on foot, while the other one and myself were mounted. They would agree to meet at a certain point at a certain time. The one on foot would start off in one direction and his mounted partner and myself in the opposite and just at the agreed time we would all come together. I could not understand at the time and have never since understood how they did it.

Though we scoured over quite a large region the first day, we found no tracks or any person who had seen an elephant. We passed through a number of camps of Digger Indians. The guides knew their language and asked them for news of the elephants, but they knew nothing of them. On the second day we came on their tracks and from then on followed them, but we could find no one who had seen them, which led us to conclude that they must be staying quietly in some out-of-the-way spot days and roaming round nights.

The next day after they escaped Cole offered a thousand dollars reward for their capture, so we saw plenty who were out looking for them, even if we could not find anyone who had seen them. Many or, in fact, most of the searchers had a lot of apples in their wagons or in bags across their horses. It seemed to be the general impression that if the elephants were found they could be coaxed to follow with the apples. But the joke of the matter was that none of the people could tell the heel from the toe in the tracks of the elephants and most of them were painstakingly following the tracks backward.

We came to places where they had slid down the sides of the gulches into the streams and played in the mud before going on, but still we could not find anyone who had seen them. About five or six o'clock one morning we found where they had gone through the garden back of a little cabin and broken down the fence. We wanted to find out if possible how long it had been since they had passed, so we pounded on the door and after a little a big colored fellow opened it and we asked him if he had seen any elephants go past.

"Massa, dey ain't no sech thing roun' in dese yere parts no more," he told us.

"But what's the matter with your fence?" we asked him.

He looked at it in amazement and at the great tracks through his garden, which evidently had not been there the night before, and with a frightened look exclaimed: "Mah Lawd, man! They is somethin' like that roun' here!"

Jimmie Caught at Last

It had been nearly a week now that we had been on their trail without seeming to come any closer to them and I had made up my mind that I would go back that night and tell Cole it was no use. During the forenoon we came to a steep hillside covered with manzanita bushes on which I saw bits of fresh mud clinging where it had been scraped off the elephants as they made their way through. This gave me new courage. We found the only way in which we could get past the dense bushes was to crawl under them on our hands and knees, which we did, and got considerably scratched and torn doing it. But when we finally got out on the farther side we saw a large clear space, in the center of which was a burying ground, and standing in the burying ground were the elephants.

They heard us working our way under the bushes and were just on the point of bolting again when I called them by name. They pricked up their ears and stopped and by working carefully and talking to them I finally got up to them and fastened them together again. We found a trail leading away from the burying ground and after a while got down and out on a road once more. Here Jimmie tried to bolt again and nearly got away from me. I had my hands full for a time to keep him from acting badly.

When I reached the railroad with them I was a week behind the show and anxious to get them into a car and started, but the agent refused to do anything about it unless I paid the freight in advance. I had left the show in such a hurry that I did not get any money and all I had was a few cents in change. The two guides had been furnishing money all the week to buy food and trusting to my honesty to get it back. But I could do nothing with the freight agent, so I had to get in touch with Cole by telegraph and he had to take the matter up with the superintendent of the road, who sent the agent orders to accept the elephants for shipment, so finally I got under way with them and overtook the show. But I found that even then my troubles were not over, for I had poisoned myself with poison oak and it gave me a lot of trouble until finally, after I had spent fifty or sixty dollars on doctors and treatments, I found a salve which cured it.

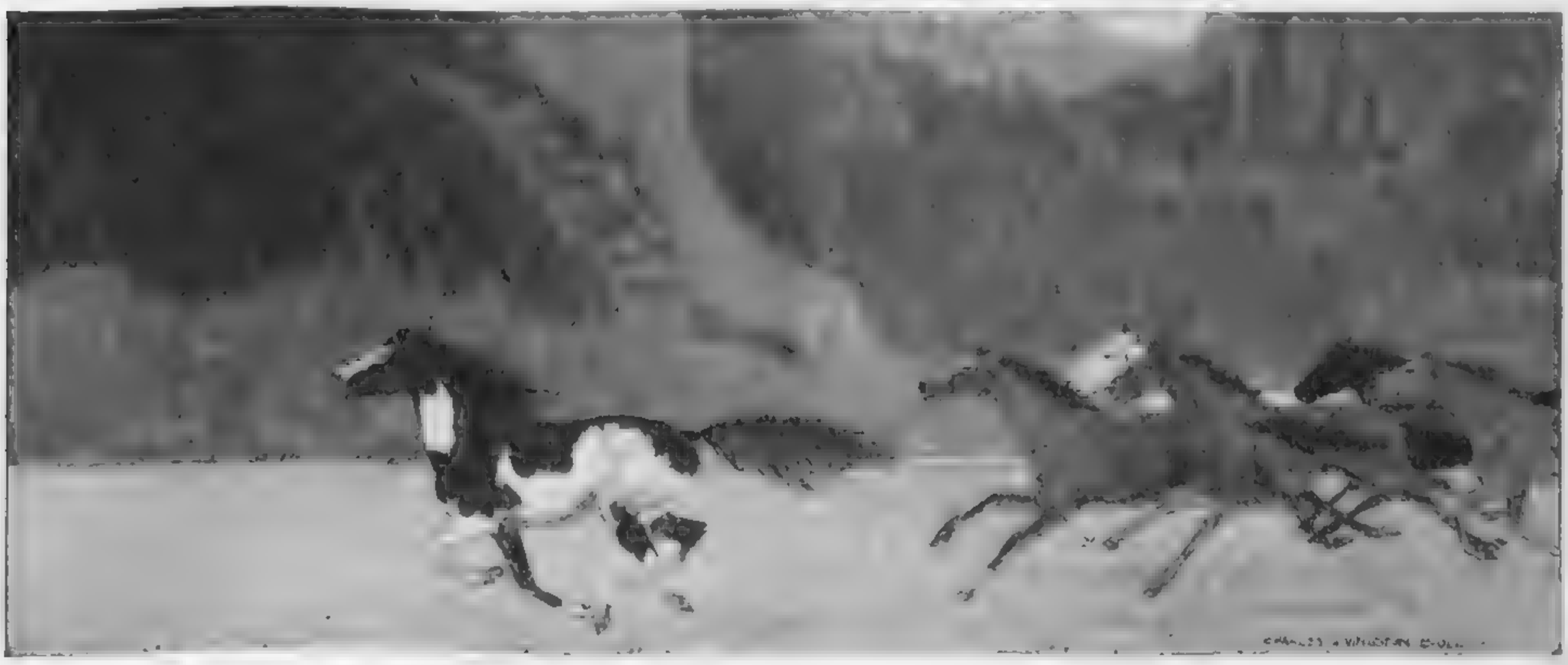
Elephants in the Cellar

I was on my way to the train in Denver one night with a small elephant we called Pete. I was riding a pony by his side. Of a sudden something—a dog, a noise, a blowing paper possibly, I never knew what—frightened him and he bolted across an open lot. I was riding after him as fast as I could when suddenly something lifted me off my pony and dropped me on the ground. I got up quickly and on looking round found that it was a Chinaman's clothesline that had unhorsed me.

By the time I caught my pony and got mounted again the little elephant had disappeared and it was two hours before I found him standing in an old opening in the side of a hill where earth and stone had been taken out.

About the middle of the season one year while I was with the Barnum & Bailey show, when we were at Somerville, New Jersey, there came up a sudden and very hard thunderstorm. There was little or no rain but a great deal of thunder and lightning. It got very dark and all at once the wind began to blow a gale and the top of the menagerie tent puffed up and down. There were twenty-two elephants in the tent at the time, eight of them young ones, and as soon as they saw the tent poles begin to dance they all pulled their stakes, ran out on the grounds and began to race round and trumpet loudly. They had hardly got outside the tent before it came down. As quickly as they could my men gathered stakes, drove them down outside and as fast as possible caught the elephants and chained them again. We got all we could see and were still two short. We could hear them trumpeting, but were at a loss to know what had become of them. Finally, after a good deal of searching, we traced their cries and found that in their fright they had tumbled into a new cellar and could not get out. We had to build up an inclined plane for them to get out on.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Conklin. The last will appear in an early issue.



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THE FIGHTING SPIRIT

(Continued from Page 11)

splendor of fur lining. Butch, having advanced into the light-heavyweight class successfully, was now doing a little in the managerial line. Him Spike morosely panhandled for the price.

"Nix!" retorted Butch. "Nix, Spike! I'd sooner give it to the barkeep di-rect."

"I'm hungry, Butch," pleaded the down-and-outer. "Honest, I am."

The other looked him over.

"Want a bout?" he inquired.

"If it ain't too hard," whined Spike.

"Turnin' yellow, heh? Well, they're after a choppin' block for a young guy that's been puttin' 'em away at the local club down at Scituate. Six rounds. Day after to-morrow evenin'. A amachoor. On?"

The "amachoor" fell gratefully on Spike's ear. But the date—day after to-morrow.

"Nothin' doin'."

"Got a date with yer broker, I suppose," said Butch with sardonic intent.

"I gotta go to a funeral."

Enlightenment shone in Butch O'Kane's piggy little eyes, tempered with a touch of sympathy.

"Old Jawn L.," said he. "I seen it in the paper. Got that bug yet, have yeh?"

Gillig nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

"Then wy doncha do like he done and cut the hooch?"

Receiving no answer to this pertinent query, the successful pugilist reflected.

"But yeh can take in the funeral all right and get to Scituate with a coupla hours to spare. Can yeh stand up to a stiff wallop? That's wot I wanta know."

"Gimme a good feed and a night's rest and I'll show up any amachoor goin'."

Fed, comforted and enwrapped in an old coat of the lordly O'Kane's, Spike wept his way to and from the grave of his patron saint, taking a long ale each way. Two—no more—for he realized that he must make sufficient showing to avoid being thrown out of the ring rewardless by the referee for too consistent stalling, an experience by no means alien to his latter career. He sorely needed that twenty-five dollars premium, even though it might be—as Butch had brutally suggested—more than his present worth.

Two men back of him in the smoker going down discussed the evening's entertainment with special reference to Mike the Mosser, his prospective opponent. The Mosser, he gathered, was a violent two-handed rusher with a knock-out in either fist, strong and quick, but without experience or science. Local pride expressed itself to the effect that the guy from South Boston—meaning himself—would be a push-over for Mike. Spike, differently minded, was staging a come-back in his own fervid imagination when the conversation in the rear took a different turn.

"So old John L. is gone," remarked one of the citizens.

"A grand old boy!" declared the other. "Trained for the Ryan fight right here."

"No! Did he? I never heard that."

"Sure! At Hiram Hooker's cottage over to Highcliff. Had a regular ring set out on the lawn facing the ocean."

"Betcha Hiram'll tack that onto next year's rent for some seasoner. Probably have the old boy's ghost come back to ha'nt the spot as special inducement. Boom for local real estate."

Spike turned in his seat.

"How would I go to get there, gents?" he asked politely.

They gave exact directions, nudging each other to call attention to his battle-scarred face.

Having invested his last remaining capital in a brace of sandwiches, Spike set out at a trot for Highcliff. An on-shore wind had cleared the sky for a blazing moon in whose radiance he had no difficulty in identifying the shrine of his pilgrimage. A lamp shone in the rear of the cottage. There was no other sign of life. On the side lawn screened by a board fence was a square of sward so even as to suggest artificial leveling. Never did Crusader step upon the soil of Jerusalem with more of piety than glowed in the soul of the has-been as he lightly trod that sacred spot, rising on his toes and with revolving hands performing a professional caper or two. A soft but peremptory voice interrupted the rite.

"Who might you be and what'll you be doin' here?"

Whirling and lowering his guard, he faced a fairy creature in a long cloak, who regarded him with interrogative eyes.

"No harm, miss," he said quietly. "I came to see the place where John L. Sullivan, the greatest man in the world, trained for the championship."

"He was that!" confirmed the girl. "Well my father knew him. Your feet are on the very ground where he did his practicin'."

"Are you livin' here, miss?" asked Spike respectfully, drinking in the fresh and fearless sweetness of the young face.

"Caretaker," she returned. "Me and my aunt. And you?"

"Just a fightin' man come to take luck from the spot."

She contemplated him with quickened interest. The kindly enchantment of the moonlight had softened and smoothed the bloat of dissipation from Spike's features. He was straight and broad and supple, and if his face was hard his speech was gentle. The girl—hero worshiper with a touch of the barbaric, as is every true woman of her race—approved him.

"You'll be the Boston professional that's fightin' Mike the Mosser this evenin'," she surmised.

"Joey Gillig, miss. That's me."

Not for a long time had he used the old name.

"He's turrible strong," said the girl dubiously.

"You know him?" demanded Spike—and there was a touch of a jealous snarl in his tone that both amused and attracted the girl.

"He's bigger by half than you. Yes, I know him well."

"Then you'll not be wishin' me the luck."

She gave him a glance, half shy, half provocative.

"I've not said it. And you needn't to bite me, annyways."

"If I had your good wish now ——"

She tossed her pretty head.

"There's but the one good wish I'd have for any fightin' man. Why aren't you gahn to the wa-ar?"

"Would you want me to?"

"If you was brother o' mine ——"

"Don't think it!" broke in Spike softly and boldly. "I'd be no brother to you, miss."

"Would you go if I bid you?" she challenged.

"To-morra!"

"Then you're a better man than Mike the Mosser. Almost I'm believin' you, fightin' man." Her eyes danced at him. She fumbled at a pocket of the cloak. "Take this, then," said she, holding out a small hand to him. The moon glistened upon something small and round and shiny held in her fingers.

Stricken with the shame of the penniless, he shrank back.

"I've gone bad," said he hoarsely, "but I've not yet taken money from livin' woman."

"D'you think I'd be offerin' it? 'Tis a lucky bit with more hole in it than silver."

Jubilant, he pocketed the token.

"Mosser Mike'll think it's a length of lead pipe when he gets my left with the silver held in it," said he. "What name'll I thank you by?"

"Katie Hanneran's the way I was christened," she tossed him over her shoulder. "The luck go with you—all the way to the wa-ar."

"But I'll come back to see you first," Spike called after her, "when I've licked the Mosser."

All that human flesh softened by bad hours and mixed drinks could do to make good on this plan Spike did. Throughout the first round he punched and jabbed and shouldered the alarmed neophyte round the ring, never giving him a moment's opportunity to get set for a punishing blow. By the middle of the second he was panting from his own exertions and the highly amateurish Mosser was in a state of panic.

Now if there is one thing more tricky in a fight than expert footwork it is panic, as many a swiftly turned battle has proved. By sheer wild chance Mike met his opponent's well-intentioned rush with an aimless slam that landed square. Too late Spike saw it coming. Bang! Plop! Sparks of light behind Spike's dazzled eyes. Whizzing wheels within his thunderstruck brain. A vision of Mosser Mike, swollen to giant proportions, dancing grotesquely across the ring into the embraces of his howling attendants. The sound of a great multitude yelling while somebody counted fateful numbers—dimness—the dark.

III

MUCH can happen, as that experienced scholiast of the ring, Andy Dunne, has pointed out, in ten seconds of coma superinduced by a glove to the jaw; more, in fact, than is dreamed of in Andy's somewhat matter-of-fact philosophy. According as you are a scorner or a member of the Society of Psychical Research, you may regard the following account of the second meeting between Spike Gillig and John L. Sullivan—also at catchweights—as a figment in the mind of Spike—and one other—or an actual and significant event occurring in the fourth or some even more impressive dimension.

Upon rising from the canvas after the knock-out our hero hustled his street costume on over his fighting togs and, still clutching the silver piece in his loyal grasp, set out for the cottage on Highcliff to proffer his excuses to his lady. An air of fantasy is lent to the opening of his great adventure by the fact that he did not even pause to collect the premium due him, which is professionally improbable in a high degree. As he trotted through the moonlight, his heart sore with regrets, he fashioned explanations for his defeat and resolutions for the future. What scornful thing would sweet Katie Hanneran find to say to him, returning a loser with her lucky bit in his possession? Would she come out to him as she had before? Or must he experiment with a pebble to the window? Debating these matters, he vaulted the fence to the patch of hallowed greensward and looked for the light in the window.

"Young fellar, wot're yah doin' here?"

The deep bass, rumbling growl was unmistakable. A huge figure, gray and wavery, interposing itself between him and the uncertain light, materialized into the formidable presentment of the big feller himself. He was in full fighting costume, green tights with an American flag at the belt. His mien was appalling. So might Jove have frowned upon some blameworthy demigod caught in the flagrant act of one of those many unedifying performances with which mythology is richly strewn. No demigod was poor Spike; only a beaten and discredited mixed-ale scrapper at the end of his rope. He shivered in the presence.

"They gimme a raw deal over at the club," he whined piteously, the familiar excuse coming most readily to his lips.

"Yah lie! Yah're givin' yerself the rawr deal," thundered the big feller. "Strip! I'll learn yah."

(Continued on Page 154)

"I've Gone Bad," Said He Hoarsely, "But I've Not Yet Taken Money From Livin' Woman"

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(Continued from Page 152)

"W-w-wot?" gasped Spike in stupefaction.

"Put 'em up!"

Glory flooded the soul of Spike Gillig. To him, habitant of the limbo of unpaid try-outs, of cheap preliminaries, of the mixed-aler, the has-been, the down-and-outer, was accorded the unthinkable boon of a bout with the king of them all! It was too splendid to be true; it couldn't be true. And yet—there was the big feller poising that hamlike right of his. Spike, thrilling to the end of every separate nerve, cast off coat and shirt.

"All right, sir," said he reverently.

"Time!" called the mighty one, and the strangely matched pair touched hands.

At that contact virtue and valor flowed in waves of living fire through the alcohol-soaked veins of Spike Gillig. He felt an invincible vigor animate his sodden muscles and in his heart a lightness and freshness and gusto such as he had not known since the early untainted years of his career. That he was in for an inevitable thrashing at the terrible hands of one to whom he was giving sixty pounds in weight and still greater odds in condition mattered nothing compared to the splendor of the opportunity. This, as he at once realized, was not the John L. whom as a boy he had seen, lumbering, pursy, and triple of chin and paunch, but the hardest-hitting warrior of history in the pink of training, as he was when on that very strip of springy turf he had prepared for the fight that made him champion. What was Spike Gillig's chance against him? Just once to land flush on that Gibraltar of a chin. Or, before he died—and probably immediately before—to raise a mouse over one of those lowering eyes. Or—epic and impossible hope—to find the vulnerable spot at the angle and score a knockdown. Should luck attend him thus far ——

He slipped a rush like that of a bull elephant and landed hard on the ear, only to feel his own shoulder all but dislocated by the attempt and to find the great bulk bearing down upon him anew. Again he slipped and again was almost cornered. Astonishing how swiftly and lightly the vast form of the big feller moved! Duck, dodge, sidestep and swerve as Spike might, all his newly returned skill and spring barely saved him time and again from the pile-driver blows that split the quivering air about his head. And though he put all his own rejuvenated powers into his counters, they signally failed to count.

His mind was growing bewildered when there shot through it the luminous idea that this was a spirit, immune to ordinary blows, that he was fighting. How could he hope to so much as mark it with his poor flesh-and-blood hands? Wait! What was it he had heard about the proper counter for ghosts? Silver! That was it! Katie Hanneran's lucky piece. Bounding away, he whipped it from his pocket, stowed it in his left and waited. The big feller rushed once more. Ducking spirally from a battering-ram drive, Spike came round with a tremendous swing, landing the silver-enforced left fairly up under the jaw.

Then he stood, shaking, mazed and doubting his glorified eyes. The foremost warrior of time lay humped and rocking on his spine on the ground before him. An invisible referee was counting: "One! Two! Thur-ree! Fo ——"

"Lemme attum!"

With an explosive roar the big feller was on his feet again. Fearless, furious and wide open, he charged. Spike met him, right and left, both unavailing, and hugged into a defensive clinch. As he was violently thrust back he saw across the huge-muscled shoulder a face in the cottage window, a girlish face, its beauty stricken into distortions of terror. The sight unnerved him at a moment when he needed all his faculties. He side-stepped the awful left that whirred past his chin, saw the following right, sought to duck and half blocked the drive—but only half. Down he went in a helpless heap from the impact of the remaining half.

Above him the big feller solemnly pump-handled off the seconds, for some occult reason beginning where the invisible referee had left off.

"Fo-wer! Five! Six! Sev-vun! Eigh-ut! Nine! And ten!"

"You won, sir," said Spike Gillig gaspily. "But I put you down."

"Young feller," rumbled the victor musically, "yah got the makin's of a champ. Go straight an' you'll go far an' you'll go fast. Flag the booze. Cut out the gyurrls. Put yer trust in yer right an' yer left to the bread basket. I'll back yah. Yours truly, John L. Sullivan, champion of the world."

Clang-g-g-g-g-g! The bell seemed interminably resounding within Spike's ringing head. He opened his heavy eyes—not to the peaceful moonlight of Highcliff but to the smoky glare of the Scituate Club's arena. In the corner Mike the Mosser was grinning happily. The referee boosted Spike to his wabbly feet.

"Yer out!" said he.

Breaking loose, Spike waved him away and staggered to the ropes to which he clung, swaying uncertainly.

"Gents and sports," he croaked.

"Speech!" yelled the crowd derisively.

"Hear! Hear!"

"Give'm a show!"

"Say it, cully!"

"This guy over in the corner thinks he put me away," announced Spike earnestly. "It wasn't him put me away. It took a bigger man than he'll ever be. It took the greatest fighter that ever lived, John L. Sullivan, to knock me out to-night, and at that I put him down!"

A pause of uncomprehending silence was followed by a roar of ridicule, topped by a strident voice proclaiming: "Wy, you big hick! John L. was buried to-day."

"But his soul goes marching on," chanted the bedazzled Spike ecstatically.

"Ah, go take a run!"

"Chase the nut!"

"Give'm the hook!"

"Go fight a bottle of booze!"

The final adjuration struck into Spike's buzzing brain as he climbed through the ropes.

"Never again!" he breathed. "So help me John L. Sullivan, never again!"

Stern, harsh and sacrificial is the upgrade which the has-been in the fighting game must climb ere he reaches the first step of a come-back. Everything was against Spike Gillig. To make worse his past well-earned disrepute, a humoristic highbrow reporter had contrived a story for the Boston papers out of the John L. Sullivan knock-out and Spike found himself laughed out of court as a nut. No manager would look at him. No club would give him even a four-round chance to redeem himself. He hung about a third-rate stable of boxers, working out ambitious youngsters in the hope of an occasional meal, and boxing feebly, for he was hungry much of the time. Twenty dollars of the Scituate purse had gone to redeem the big feller's autograph from the grasping barkeep. With that and gray-eyed Katie's lucky bit for talismans Spike undertook to keep the faith and shame the devil, at what agony of defied cravings only he who has crossed rainy streets to avoid the warm, luring odors from saloon doors can appreciate. Finally he enlisted.

Private Joseph Gillig did not return from the war a hero. He did return a man. Like some hundreds of thousands of other mute, inglorious young Americans, he simply did his duty as well as he could, which was wholly satisfactory to his superiors and, feeding well and regularly on Uncle Sam's excellent rations, he took on weight to such good purpose that first every middleweight and subsequently every heavyweight in his division fell before him. Extracts to this effect from the Stars and Stripes he occasionally mailed to Miss Katie Hanneran, from whom came no direct reply. The faithful and fanatic Spike, however, chose to believe that the various feminine packages which from time to time reached him through war agencies, derived from Highcliff, Scituate. And he could and did prove upon the bodies of all comers that her lucky silver in his glove rendered him invincible.

Though honoring him with official fervor as a military warrior, Boston gave him no welcome as a professional. The old fighting haunts received him coldly. He was still "Gilly the Nut," "Spike the Ghost Fighter," "John L., Junior." Nobody would give him a show. Hard as nails and fit as a wild cat though he was, the promoters could see in him only a has-been.

"They never come back," is the deepest-rooted fetish in the whole cult of the ring.

Spike had to come back. He had to come back in the ring so that he might come back to Katie Hanneran out on Highcliff. Some inner faith in himself assured him that she would be waiting. John L. would be watching over her, too, in the rôle of guardian angel, as he had watched over Spike's

(Continued on Page 157)

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The position we hold today in our field is due to Specialization. The forward steps we expect to make in the future will be due also to Specialization. At all times we keep before us a single goal—the production of Axles which show the highest possible standards.

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Only through Specialization came the Columbia One-Piece Housing. This one step increased the torsional strength of our product over 50%.

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We invite correspondence with Manufacturers, Dealers or Motorists who wish Specialists' advice about Motor Car Axles.

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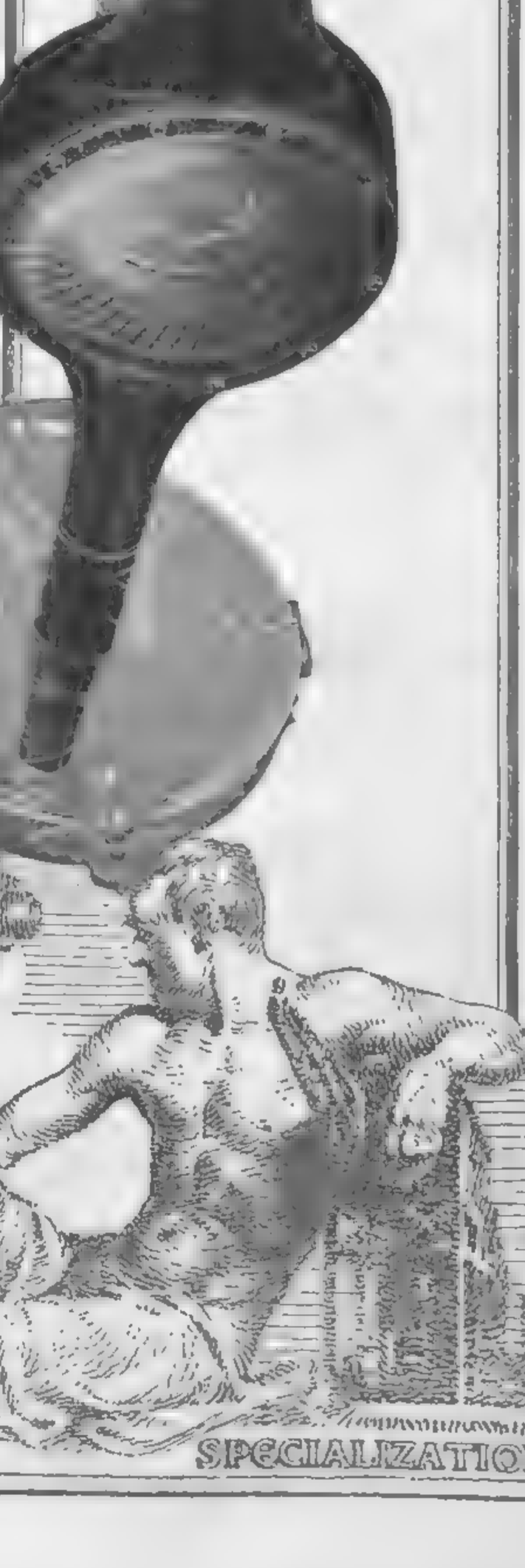

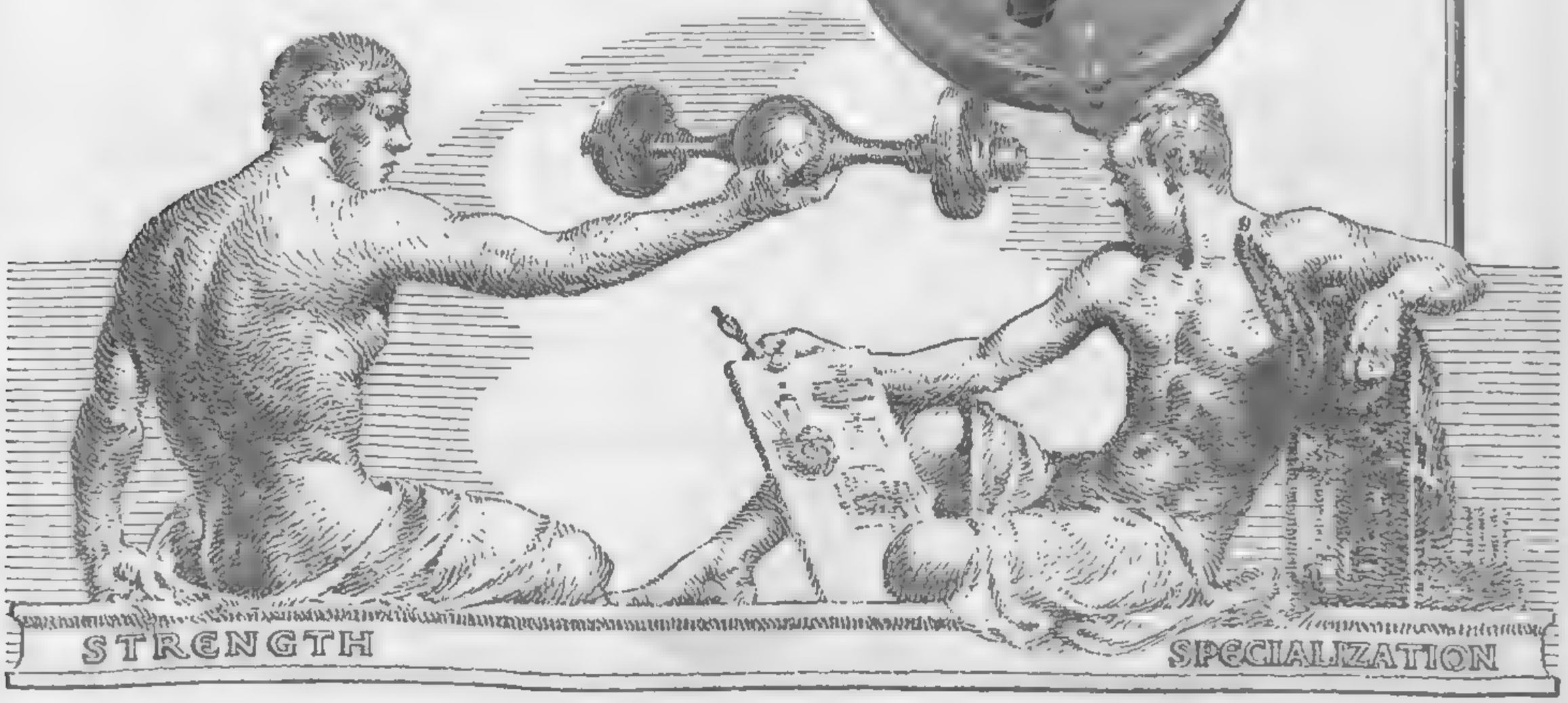

The History of the Piano

The principal stages in the development of the piano are illustrated here:

The CLAVICHORD

is one of the earliest forms of keyed instruments; it was developed early in the 14th century in Italy. Later it became the favorite instrument of Bach and Mozart. It was a small box-like instrument without legs, of limited range and soft tone.

The HARPSICHORD

was a larger form of Spinnet. It was perfected by Hans Ruckers & Sons, of Antwerp, in 1590. Ruckers Harpsichords had both wire and catgut strings, and an extra keyboard similar to an organ. Handel had a Harpsichord.

The FIRST SUCCESSFUL UPRIGHT PIANO

with an upright action was invented by William Southwell, of England, in 1807. Previous to this several attempts had been made to set a grand on end.

The VIRGINAL

developed early in the 16th century was the next step. It differed from the Clavichord principally in the method of striking the wires—this was the favorite instrument of Queen Elizabeth.

The PIANOFORTE

The modern hammer action was invented by Bartolommeo Cristofori, of Italy, about 1709. Heretofore the strings had been picked by a quill or struck by a tiny brass hammer. Cristofori called his instrument the Pianoforte—because the player could play either piano (soft) or forte (loud).

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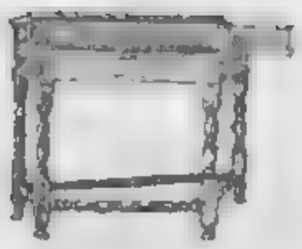
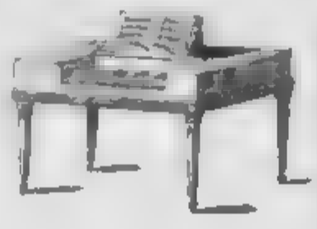
The SPINNET



was originated in Venice in 1503. It was named after its designer, Joannes Spinetus. It differed from the Virginal principally in that it had a larger and harp shaped body and was mounted on legs.

The SQUARE PIANOFORTE



is accredited to Christian Ernest Frederici, of Saxony, in 1750. Frederici was a pupil of Silbermann, a pianoforte maker of great repute. This was a revolutionary change, making the pianoforte convenient in size and shape.

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(Continued from Page 154

victorious fights in the A. E. F. But he could not return to her otherwise than as a laureled victor. So he sedulously attended upon the side doors of the boxing clubs, hopeful of an ultimate chance.

Once again Butch O'Kane played the part of Fate's agent. Wasting no time on an unprofitable war, Butch had stuck to his trade and advanced in it. Like Jeshurun, he waxed fat, and also like Jeshurun, he developed a kick, in his case proper to either hand and of sufficient caliber to entitle him, together with his increased weight, to respect in the heavyweight class. Indeed, touring the West he had worked well up in that division and was now back home to give his admiring fellow townsmen opportunity of testifying to their admiration in the form of a fat purse for an easy contest. The other party to the ceremony, a New Yorker of mediocre talents, was intended to play the rôle of fatted calf. Unfortunately he telegraphed at the last moment, to the dismay of the club management, that he was incapacitated by an attack of flu. At high noon of the appointed day it looked as if the club would have to violate that fundamental precept of the boxing game which reads: "Never give 'em their money back."

While they were in debate over this painful probability Spike Gillig appeared on his daily rounds.

"Any opening for me to-day, gents?" he asked patiently.

The officials stared at Spike and then at each other. Dared they risk it? Or would the crowd at sight of such a substitute as Gillig wreck the place? Well, anything was better than a refund

"Whaddye weigh?" growled the matchmaker.

"Hundred and seventy-four."

"Are ye fit?"

For answer Spike stripped to the waist. The management went into secret conclave. Presently they announced their august decision. They'd give him a try. But—not a cent unless he lasted at least three rounds. In that case fifty dollars, which was more than he deserved.

"And what if I put Butch away?" inquired Spike composedly.

"Don't git fresh wit' us, bo!" growled the matchmaker, and the proceedings terminated.

General and strident was the disapprobation of the many-headed when with cunningly worded apologies the referee announced the substitution of Spike Gillig to fight the redoubtable O'Kane. That hero grinned contemptuously at Spike, who came over to shake his hand.

"I'll let you stay the three and get your dough if you're nice about it," said Butch condescendingly.

"I got nothing against you, Butch," replied the serious Spike, "but look out for yourself, for I'm going to put you away."

"Just for that," snarled Butch, "I'll knock you cold in the first."

With which destructive intent he put in motion what had come to be known in sporting circles as the O'Kane avalanche. To the paralyzed surprise of the assembled club members the has-been not only stood up to the onslaught but met it with as lively a burst of fighting as had been seen for many a day. By the third round Butch was tiring. Before the end of the fifth he knew himself beaten hopelessly.

Clinging limpet-close in a clinch, he panted into his opponent's ear: "Spike—ugh! Lemme stay—ugh—the limit!"

It was a surrender, but a surrender on dishonorable terms.

"Go on and fight!" said Spike.

"Break away!" ordered the referee.

On the break Butch took a jolt on the jaw, and hugged again.

"Don't—ugh—put me away, Spike!" he pleaded jerkily. "Remember—ugh—how I—ugh—staked you—ugh-h-h-h-h—down an' out!"

Spike remembered. And his purpose softened at the memory.

"All right," he whispered. "Make the best showing you can. I'll pull my punches."

Seeing him slow up, the crowd concluded that Spike had shot his bolt and was tiring. Perhaps Butch O'Kane deluded himself with some such hope also, for in the final round he devised a scheme to double cross his generous opponent with a right he had been saving for the jaw. It missed by inches. And the now-alarmed Butch spent the rest of the bout emulating the startled fawn to avoid imminent slaughter at the hands of the angry Spike.

As to the merits of the contest there could be no question. Spike was the winner by a huge margin.

True to the tenets of the game, Butch announced the next day that he had been caught out of condition—hadn't trained—cold in the head—sprained wrist—all the rest of the time-honored, made-to-order excuses which the newspapers obligingly publish and nobody believes. His imaginative efforts received the usual consideration. But the miraculous come-back of Spike Gillig headlined every sporting page in Boston.

Swollen with the pride of many clippings, Spike took the afternoon train for Scituate, arriving just before dusk, and ran all the way to Highcliff. But it was not so much the exertion that made his veins pound as the sight of the girl of his heart sitting at the window beyond the ring where he had fought John L.

"Katie Hanneran," said he softly, "I've come back."

The girl rose slowly to her feet, fearful-eyed. Her cheeks were milky pale. She thrust out her hands, not to welcome but to ward him off.

"Go your ways and leave me be!" she wailed.

Spike stopped, utterly discomfited.

"Is that the word you have for me after all my waitin' and wantin'?" asked he sorrowfully.

"Saints preserve us from all evil!" she whispered. "When was you kilt?"

"Killed!" said he in amazement. "Who told you I was killed?"

Suddenly he laughed, and the human hearty sound of it put courage in her and a touch of the rose to her cheek.

"Then it's not a spirrut you are?"

"Why would I be a spirit?"

"'Twas so I saw you before."

"Some other lad," said Spike positively. "I've been alive all the time."

"Would I mistake you, is it likely? 'Twas you, you, you, in the spirrut, Joe Gillig, on the bit of lahn where you stand now—the evenin' of the very day you was here in the flesh!"

Spike's battleship jaw drooped.

"You saw me?" he said in awed accents. "What was I doin'?"

"Fightin' with another ghost. And you at the very minute of it bein' knocked out by Mosser Mike over in the village! Go your way, won't you kindly? I'm afeared of you."

A brilliant and persuasive idea came to the puzzled mind of Spike Gillig.

"Listen, Katie Hanneran," he pleaded. "If I was a spirit could I be doin' with good silver?" He drew forth her lucky bit. "There it is and it's been with me ever since. And Mosser Mike'll never put me away again, nor any other man. Look at these if you don't believe it's me in the flesh."

He tossed the handful of clippings into her lap.

She glanced at the headlines and raised her soft eyes to his face.

"I'll believe you," said she. "But did you go to the wa-ar?"

"I did. And brought back nothin' but a whole skin and a honorable discharge."

"I'm content," said Katie Hanneran.

"Will you say you're glad I'm no spirit?" he wheedled.

The color on her cheek glowed a little brighter.

"It's a good fighter your spirrut was, though."

"Who did I fight?"

"A turrible big frownin' man."

"John L. Sullivan!"

"I thought it was him a-ahl the time. Spirrut to spirrut, you knocked him flat."

"Glory be to hallelujah!" cried Spike, paraphrasing somewhat roughly the Salvation Army praise. "I knew I did it! You're witness to it!"

"And he lep up and bate you down and waved his ar-rm over you."

"No shame to be put away by him. But it's a wonderful thing you saw it."

She lifted grave wondering eyes and parted lips to him with the question: "What would it mean, us two seein' it together—like that?"

Slipping a swift and supple arm across her shoulders, he bent to the eyes that faltered and the lips that trembled.

"It'll mean this, Katie Hanneran, girl."

Katie Hanneran sighed.

"I'll be hopin' so," she said softly. A moment later she added: "But I think it's your spirrut I fell fond of first, Joe Gillig. Have you ever seen him again?"

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3 Bake in steam ovens so the beans remain whole.
4 Bake in sealed containers so flavor can't escape.
5 Bake the sauce with them.
6 Bake them so they easily digest.

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By the Van Camp Domestic Science Expert

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The baking is done in steam ovens. In this way high heat can be applied correctly for hours so beans are fitted to digest.

The beans are sealed before baking. The choicest flavor will escape without that.

The sauce they use is a many-year development. It is perfect in its tang and zest. And they bake it with the beans.

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They cost you less than home-baked beans. They are ever-ready to serve hot or cold. And no such beans were ever baked outside the Van Camp kitchens. Go find them out.

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A new flavor due to blended nuts, toasted exactly right. No skins, no germs.

"He's been in my corner secondin' me," replied her lover in matter-of-fact tones, "every fight I've fought since."

IV

SUCH is the romance detailed to me by my friend, Andy Dunne, as we waited on the lordly pleasure of Butch O'Kane. He added generously that I could take it or leave it as I chose in so far as its authenticity went, but wait till I saw Spike in action.

That pleasure was now to be mine, as a roar from the impatient crowd signalizing the arrival of the tardy Butch apprised me. He shouldered his way to the ring, but gave no greeting to his opponent, who stared past him stonily. The attempted double cross at their last meeting had left bad blood.

"Ten rounds of boxing," announced the sonorous referee, "between Butch O'Kane, one hundred and ninety-two pounds, challenger for the national heavyweight championship, in this corner; and Spike Gillig, one hundred and seventy-six pounds, the Boston comeback over there."

Whatever may have been the justice of Butch's former excuse on the ground of condition, it certainly would not hold now. He was a picture of silky skin and rippling muscles. So marked was his superiority in weight, size and reach that Gillig—sitting there in his corner, serene, thoughtful, heedful of nothing about him—appeared wholly overmatched. To my unpracticed eye the disparity seemed from the first sound of the gong to be reflected in the action to the disadvantage of the smaller man. Moving like a panther, ever wary of that spiky left of his foe, O'Kane pressed him close, raining such a storm of blows in the infighting as it seemed would bring down a bullock. Yet at the close of each rally Gillig was up on his toes, alert, watchful, unshaken and confident. I turned to my mentor for elucidation.

"None of those punches is landin' solid," said he. "Spike's either blockin' 'em or he's goin' backward when they land. He ain't even jarred."

By the yelling of the multitude it was evident that Butch's forcing tactics were confirming him as the favorite. Once, using his superior strength, he wrestled Spike to the floor and was warned.

"Too strong for him, isn't he?" I hazarded to Andy.

"I've got a thousand pinned to Spike and I ain't worryin'," was the calm reply. "Look at Butch's feet when he comes up."

In truth something of the spring seemed to have gone out of the pillared legs. Also there were significant bellowslike movements of the stomach muscles. Between the sixth and the seventh rounds there took place in the O'Kane corner a hasty conference, plainly audible in our box.

"Somebody's telegraphin' my punches," complained the anxious Butch. "He's stoppin' everything before I get it started."

"Yer telegraphin' 'em yerself," retorted his worried second. "Feint him out more."

"Watch his corner," adjured the pugilist. "He's gettin' tips from it. I see him lookin' round for 'em."

"That'll mean about curtains for Mr. Butch," observed Andy Dunne.

The curtains fell with sensational suddenness. Fighting himself resolutely out of a clinch, Spike maneuvered at long range until he was directly facing his own corner. His eyes, with an expectant expression, were gazing past his opponent into what to my straining vision was certainly vacancy. I saw him nod almost imperceptibly as if in acceptance of a signal. His feet shifted and, as O'Kane led, his left came up in the deadly half circle to the chin point. Down went the Butch in a heap.

Spike Gillig, not even troubling to watch the referee in his imitation of Fate counting the moments of human existence, climbed through the ropes. It was all over. His next fight would be for the championship.

"Did you pipe his look for the big feller's signal?" asked Andy Dunne as we made our way out.

"I noticed that he didn't seem to be watching O'Kane at all just before the knock-out."

"Well, whaddyou think?"

"I don't know. What do you?"

"Come and see Spike."

We intercepted the victor at an obscure side door, whither he had gone to escape the swarm of sycophants that press about every winner.

"This is a friend of mine, Spike, me boy," said the professor. "Show'm where the big feller landed on yeh."

Gravely acknowledging the introduction, the fighter thrust forth the left side of his massive jaw. On the angle of it was a whitey-gray spot as big as a half dollar.

"That's it," said he reverently. "Right-arm jolt. Didn't travel a foot."

A little car drew up at the curb and a charming Irish-eyed face appeared at its door. With a nod to us the pugilist climbed in. I heard a soft voice with its brogue expanded by a Down-East drawl to the vowels ask: "Did he ha-arrm ye, dear?"

"How could he harm me, honey?"

"I know, but my heart's always feared for you. Was he in your corner again?"

"Sure! At the end of the seventh he tipped me: 'Give'm the full left, young fellar.' And I let him have it."

"So that's the girl," I remarked as the little car drew away.

"Kate Hanneran Gillig, a good wife for a comin' champion."

"She's got her work cut out for her," I surmised, recalling the glittering but not precisely reassuring careers of other title holders.

"Don't worry for her. She can handle him. Anyway, he's goin' to retire undefeated as soon as he wins the belt."

"Like Willard and Johnson and Corbett and all the rest," I suggested sardonically.

"On the advice of the big feller," retorted Andy with conviction. "He'll do it too. He and little Katie have got their little game all mapped out."

"Vaudeville?" I inquired.

"Nothin' so common," grinned Andy. "Here it is—if you're interested in the highbrow game."

He handed me a neatly conceived card carrying the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. J. Gillig would be happy to see their professional and other friends at their high-class training establishment in New York City—summer address, Highcliff, Scituate, Massachusetts—also at their séances especially conducted for boxers in need of the higher advice and counsel. Across the foot of the card in bold italics ran the legend: "Spirit control, John L. Sullivan, champion of the world."

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WHEN phonograph advances appeared to be at a stand-still, it rested with the House of Brunswick to come out with something new.

This, as you remember, created a sensation several years ago. Since that time thousands and thousands of music lovers the nation over have Brunswicks in their homes. There is no doubt but that Brunswicks have set new standards.

First, The Brunswick introduced the Ultona. Of the major phonographs it was the first thereby to offer an instrument which played *all* records.

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Music lovers everywhere hailed the idea of an all-record Brunswick. This meant that every artist could be heard without restriction.

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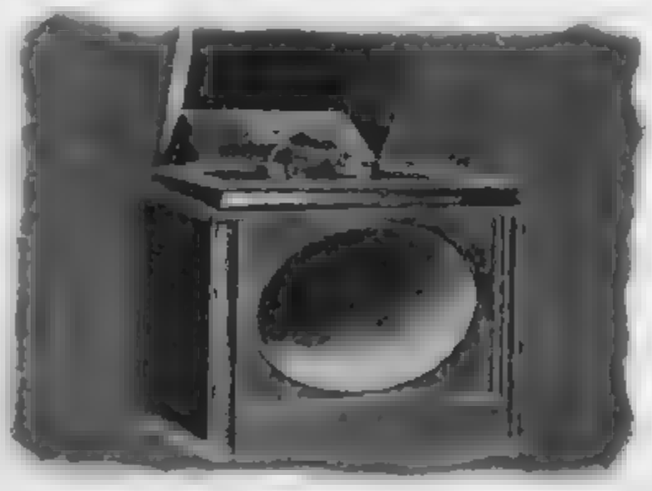
Then came as a second advancement the Brunswick Tone Amplifier.

The Ultona

This overcame problems which had worried acousticians for years. We abandoned all use of metal in the throat of the Brunswick Phonograph. We moulded rare woods and thus by adopting the violin principle, tone waves could vibrate scientifically without the restrictions of a cast-metal throat.

This was a master stroke. It brought tone qualities hitherto lost. It brought surprises to everyone who heard The Brunswick.

Our favorite method of selling Brunswicks, as it is today, was to let the hearer decide for himself. Any ear—not necessarily musically trained—can detect the superiority of The Brunswick.



The Tone Amplifier

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is appreciated everywhere. In four years, The Brunswick has taken a position all its own. And all because we invite people to decide by comparison.

A Triumph in Records

After long preparation, we announce Brunswick Records. With our history, you may take it for granted that they would not follow the ordinary

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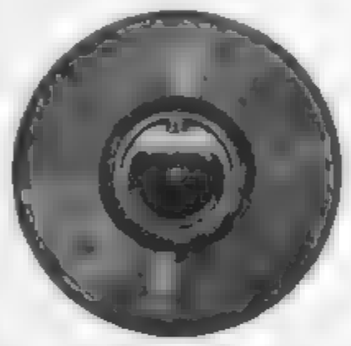

Brunswick Records —a Third Triumph

It brings a new guiding hand into record making, and everyone who has heard Brunswick Records notes the improvement.

We want you to judge Brunswick Records just as you have judged Brunswick Phonographs. We invite comparisons. Hear your favorite selection on a Brunswick Record and compare it with what you have heard before. See if you agree that we have brought you something better.

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THE INCOMPATIBLE HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 15)

Rosedale Manor is a young kind of place. It makes me feel as if I were beginning life, like most of my neighbors. We live in little brick bungalows, each with its five rooms in exactly the same layout, but each tricked up differently outside. They are very young houses. And young skinny trees have been planted in straight rows along the streets, one to each house. Each of us has his grass plot in front, and his back yard, and vegetable gardening is a local pastime.

Nearly all the people here are young too. They grade from twenty-five years down to the infant class, which is numerous. Every evening there is a scurrying of children down the street toward the car line to meet papa coming home from work. Sometimes papa comes back in overalls, with a dinner pail in his hand; and sometimes he is a white-collar fellow of the small-clerk type; but he always looks happy and seems to believe that he is going to rise in the world. I feel as if I were young with them. It's a curious mood. I should get melancholy and wish that I were papa returning from toil to be met with a merry clamor of kids and a cheerful whoop from mother, frying steak in the kitchen—but I don't. I just enjoy them.

Oh, we have class all right. The main street that leads into the place has an entrance of pressed-brick pillars like an English country estate, and on the lawn beside them the name of Rosedale Manor is lettered out in white stones. We boast of a kind of public square with a foolish fountain in it, too, and we'll probably have fireworks there on the Fourth of July.

Yes, Rosedale Manor is young. There are youth and hope and simplicity here. I hope it will never get old, and that these children and trees will never grow up, and that these young wives and husbands will never get gray and worried and despairing, and that these nice red-brick bungalows will never turn dingy and weather-beaten. They will, of course. The old age of Rosedale Manor will probably be a tragedy, but I shall not be here to see it.

Dear Antoinette: I saw in the society column of my newspaper that you have moved into the Wavecrest apartment hotel. Well, you ought to feel at home there. I remember having heard in my career as a Gold Coaster that the Wavecrest was very smart. Also, the art editor of the same newspaper announces that you have gone in for interior decorating—in a purely amateur and society way, of course!—and have opened up a shop—or is it called a studio?—in the Crafts and Grafts Building. So that is what you meant in your brief note saying that you would soon be self-supporting. But do you really think you can clean up ten thousand dollars a year at that game? Well, good luck, old dear. You certainly are game. I'll keep on sending the check for fifteen dollars every week just the same.

Listen, Toinette: Perhaps you would like to know how I spend my time, even if you refuse to write to me. I thought I would get bored without you, doing nothing at all but loaf and invite my soul, but I really am enjoying it. I don't mean to say I haven't missed you, but I am managing to occupy myself pleasantly.

Rosedale Manor is almost next door to a public golf course. That's one reason why I selected the place as fit for a retired capitalist to live in. It's a good course, eighteen holes, and it isn't overcrowded. Every morning I go out and play a round, by myself or with friends I have made out here. There is, for instance, a spinster school-teacher, aged forty-five, whom I meet occasionally for a twosome. She is very thin, almost a skeleton, and she plays a rattling good game. I suspect her to be trying to improve my mind. I am regarded as a great man by the local golfers, for I hold the course's record—seventy-four. I am not boasting: it is an easy course. I think I am working off my high blood pressure by this steady exercise. Sometimes I begin to suspect that it is down to normal.

In the afternoons I wander away to rediscover this city, which I thought I knew so well and which I find I didn't know at all. It offers many pleasures that can be had for nothing. Sometime you might even see me at the Art Institute, on a free day, if that museum isn't too old-fashioned for your tastes.

I have become a library hound too, and am much better educated than when you knew me. I am now working on my family tree in the genealogical department of the Newberry. This I find is the favorite diversion of hundreds of retired capitalists, male and female. Often they are rather frowsy capitalists, and I suspect that some of them, like myself, are crazy. One of them jumped up from his desk beside me a few days ago, with a wild yell of triumph, and proclaimed to the world that he had just pieced together the link that hooked him up with Alexander the Great. I am doing something like that for the Judsons, and am making a chart, a copy of which I shall send you if I ever get it finished. Wonderful family, the Judsons.

When I exhaust the city I shall take to travel. Oh, yes, I can travel extensively on my income. I can go to Springfield, where they buried Lincoln; Milwaukee, where they buried beer; Peoria, to see the ruins of the whisky traffic; Indianapolis, to see the soldiers and sailors' monument; Kokomo, the native city of Booth Tarkington's Man From Home; and many other much visited shrines of the Middle West. I might even manage a trip to St. Louis, to see if I can find as many Southerners there as in a Chicago cabaret when the band plays Dixie. But wherever I go I shall always be glad to get back to Rosedale Manor.

Why not answer my letters? You're not sick, I hope?

My dear Wife: I have received notice in proper legal form that you have filed suit for divorce, alleging desertion, nonsupport and incompatibility. I shall not defend the case, except in the matter of alimony. It's possible that you might be able to persuade some fool judge to nick me for alimony in an amount that would wreck my happy home in Rosedale Manor.

It occurs to me, however, that you may have difficulty in proving that I have deserted you or have refused to support you or have done anything to indicate that I am an incompatible husband. I shall be glad to give you a divorce, since you wish it, with the least possible trouble, but my obliging nature will not lead me so far as to permit you to catch me in the embarrassing situation legally known as *in flagrante delicto*. I have too much respect for you and myself to suggest so sordid a conspiracy.

But an idea has come to me. Read the three letters which I inclose and show them to your attorney. They were written to me by a foolish little stenographer, very young and sentimental, for whom I had to find another job because she could not make her eyes behave during business hours. She wrote these letters after she left the office, to reëstablish herself in my good graces. Why did I keep them? Masculine vanity, I suppose. It is flattering to have someone tell you, in this romantic way, that she only wants to be near you and work for you and help you. I have cut off the signatures so her name cannot get into the record. I believe that the tone of these letters, which are so harmless but which, in what they do not say, give the legal imagination an opportunity to think the worst, will be enough to complete your case. Please understand that I shall not permit the so-called statutory charge to be based upon these letters, but if they are used as auxiliary to your present allegations they should win you a decree.

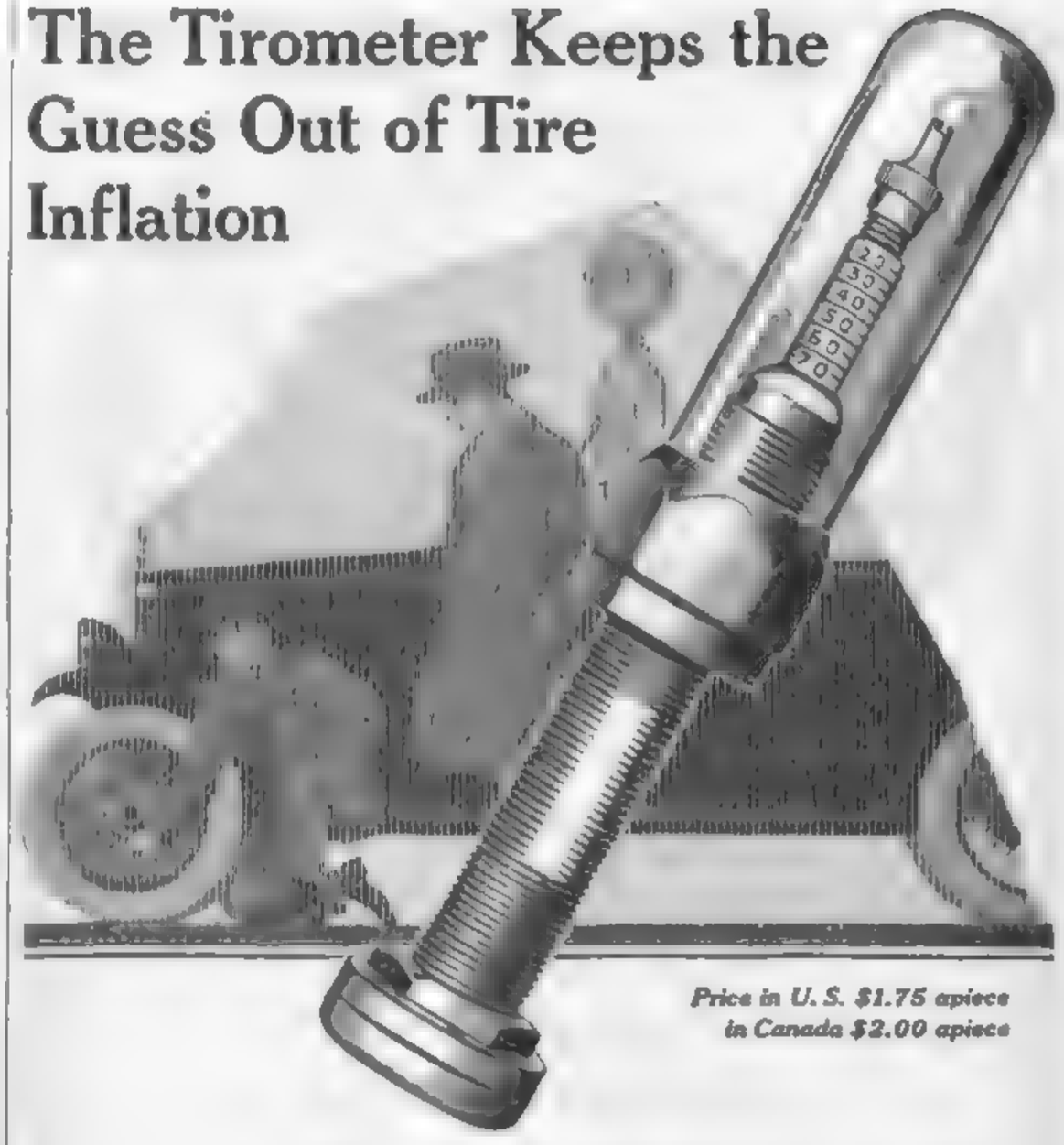
It's lucky I kept them, isn't it? I had forgotten all about them until I received this notice from the court, and then I dug them up out of that François the Steenth desk of mine. Good-by and the best of luck.

III

WITH this letter Sylvester Judson's communiqués to his wife ended. Further negotiations between them were carried on, with much diplomacy, by their attorneys.

At the hearing of the divorce suit Antoinette, looking the prominent North Side society woman that the newspapers said she was, saw Sylvester for the first time since their separation. She was annoyed to find him improved by what she called his life of degradation at Rosedale Manor. His clothes were obviously ready-made; he wore an old golf cap and a soft collar; but his lower middle-class style was rather

The Tirometer Keeps the Guess Out of Tire Inflation



Price in U. S. $1.75 apiece
in Canada $2.00 apiece

ASK any tire manufacturer, any tire dealer, any auto repair man and he'll tell you why tires so seldom live up to their guaranteed mileage. It's not because of defects, or misalignment, or poor roads. It's due in most cases to *your* failure to keep as much air in your tires as you should. You cannot tell by merely glancing at your tire (except when it is exceptionally deflated) whether it has enough air to prevent fabric strain. You must actually apply a pressure gauge to *know*.

PULVERMAN
TIROMETER
"adds miles to tire life"
VALVE

It tells at a glance just what your air pressure is. It saves you the trouble of unscrewing the dust cap, removing the valve cap and applying a pressure gauge—a precaution you seldom take because—oh, well, because it is too much trouble. It adds many miles to the life of your tire and saves many hours of time and trouble in a season. It eliminates the need of a hand gauge.

The Pulverman Tirometer Valve is an air pressure gauge and valve stem combined, taking the place of your present valve stem. It indicates at all times the number of pounds of air pressure your tire is carrying. A transparent dust cap makes the reading possible at a glance. Tirometer Valves can be placed in your present Inner Tubes—simply remove present valve stem and insert Tirometers.

While thoroughly tested, the Pulverman Tirometer Valve is new on the market. Every dealer will carry it, but if yours has not yet ordered a supply, we will gladly fill your order from the factory. In ordering, specify whether wire or wood wheels.

To Dealers:—
If the jobber in your territory cannot yet supply you, write to the factory for full details.

TIROMETER VALVE CORPORATION
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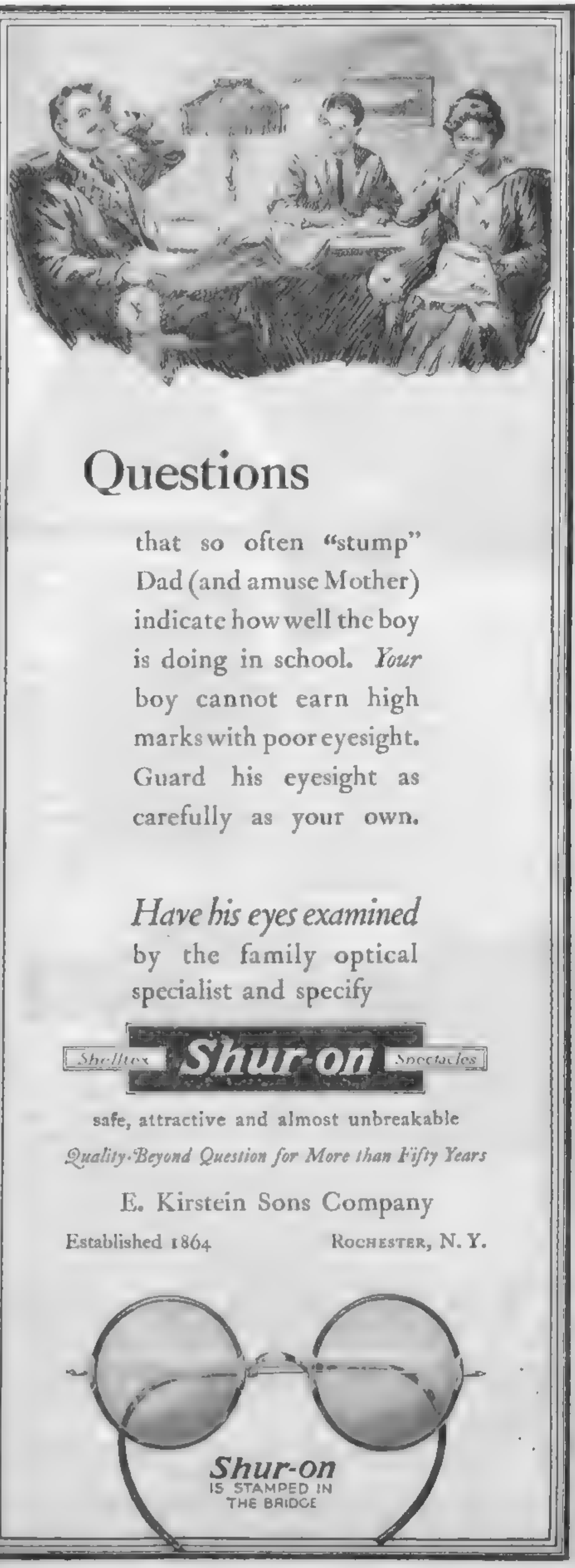
CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA



Questions

that so often "stump" Dad (and amuse Mother) indicate how well the boy is doing in school. *Your* boy cannot earn high marks with poor eyesight. Guard his eyesight as carefully as your own.

Have his eyes examined by the family optical specialist and specify

Shellex Shur-on Spectacles

safe, attractive and almost unbreakable

Quality·Beyond Question for More than Fifty Years

E. Kirstein Sons Company

Established 1864 Rochester, N. Y.

effective. He seemed years younger, too, while she—well, she had found another gray hair and a new wrinkle the night before. He spoke to her cordially, but she cut him dead.

Antoinette won a decree of absolute divorce. The letters of the romantic stenographer turned the trick for her, as Sylvester had foretold. They were introduced into the hearing by agreement between the attorneys as a sort of confidential affair—a stage whisper to the judge, who read them with sage nods of suspicious comprehension and consented to their withdrawal from the court records. Antoinette asked for two hundred dollars a week alimony, stating that Sylvester was capable of earning twenty thousand dollars a year, but maliciously refused to do so.

Whereupon Sylvester, the picture of health, blithely submitted medical certificates stating that he was suffering from arteriosclerosis, incipient fatty degeneration of the heart, potential neurasthenia, writer's cramp and astigmatism, and so was incapable of steady employment. The judge allowed Antoinette alimony of eighteen dollars a week and called the next case.

Months passed; snow closed the golf season; and Sylvester, having traced the family tree of the Judsons back to Edward the Confessor, and having read all of Macaulay, Hume, Grote, Gibbon, Plutarch's Lives, Bulwer Lytton and Balzac, yearned to widen his experience of life. Antoinette's alimony prevented him from saving any money, and he needed a new winter overcoat, so he decided that a few weeks of work would be both recreative and useful.

He wanted a job where he could study his species and observe the passing throng without responsibility; a job that he could quit when he got tired of it without any reproaches from his employer. After conferring with an inhabitant of Rosedale Manor who sold haberdashery he went downtown and offered himself as an extra clerk in a State Street department store during the period of Christmas shopping. He was received as manna from heaven and immediately put to work.

They started him in on furniture, where the pace of buying would not be too swift for a novice. This did not please him; it was too quiet among the long dim rows of tables, chairs and beds; the thrill and flash of jewelry would have been more to his adventurous taste. But he showed signs of being able to discriminate between Heppelwhite and Adam, between Sheraton and Louis Quatorze, and the head of the department regarded him as promising material.

In the afternoon of his first day, as he presided impressively over a mass meeting of beds, closely coupled together head and foot for exhibition purposes, a familiar voice spoke sharply in his ear:

"I should like to see the latest thing in dining-room suites, if you please."

He turned to find Antoinette fixing him with glittering eyes—a changed Antoinette, too much made up and not well enough dressed, smart and sleek no longer, with hard and bitter lines round the mouth that he had once thought so delicately and prettily drawn.

He impulsively held out his hand in greeting and exclaimed: "Hello, stranger!"

"What are you doing here?" she gasped.

"Working to keep down the high cost of alimony, Antoinette."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. A man like you! But I forgot. I'm not speaking to you. Still, if you are a clerk you can serve me. Show me something novel in dining-room suites."

"As you please," he grinned. "If madam would kindly give me an idea of the price ——"

"The best you have."

"Very well. We are wearing our dining-room tables round this season, I believe. Now here is something fresh from the studios of"—he consulted the tag—"of Weinstein & Kaplan, Milwaukee. Substantial and chic. Solid mahogany—I hope. Six chairs to match. One hundred and eighty-five dollars."

"Atrocious!" she snapped. "The new style is not round, but oblong, with rounded ends. Show me an Adam piece."

He solemnly rolled out a Louis Quatorze and reeled off this song:

"Dining-room suite, eight-foot extension with aprons on two sides, five chairs and one armchair to match, with upholstered back and seat in poplin, seven pieces in all; two hundred and forty-five dollars."

"But it isn't Adam! Don't you know anything about your stock?"

He led her to something in walnut, Italian Renaissance.

"This should please madam. It is being bought by our best people; three hundred and thirty dollars."

"That is a table for a living room, not a dining room. And it isn't in the period I asked for."

"But it is just as good, I assure you. We happen to be out of Adam to-day. Perhaps something in Eve might appeal to you?"

She stared him down and insisted on Adam. He produced everything but Adam and everything but a dining-room table—console tables, hall tables, writing tables, dressing tables. She was relentless; he was inventive in dodging the issue of Adam.

Finally, after she had kept him on the jump for half an hour, commanding and contemptuous, she said: "That table over there is exactly what I want, you idiot! You should learn something about your wares. How much for the suite?"

"Seven pieces; three hundred and twelve dollars."

"Put it aside for me."

"Name please, madam."

"Mrs. R. J. Macpherson, 6790 Sheridan Road."

He looked up from his order book in amazement.

"So you're married again, Antoinette?"

"No—I mean, none of your business!"

"Charge—of course?" This with sly irony.

"Certainly. Do not have delivery made until I advise you. I may change my mind."

She hurried away with the Christmas shopper's excited swish, and he stared after her, perplexed and curious. Why was Antoinette buying furniture under a name not her own? This question kept his imagination busy all the way to Rosedale Manor and troubled the tranquillity of his evening.

The next morning the head of his department, with a frowning brow, had something to say to Sylvester.

"I've got an unfavorable report on you, Judson—something more serious than the average Christmas shopper's kick." He consulted a slip of paper. "You are impertinent and manifest a frivolous attitude toward your work. You don't know the stock. Your ideas on furniture are definitely middle class. In the matter of periods you are hopelessly at sea. And so forth, for several pages. There is only one good point in your favor." He looked at the paper again. "You are personally attractive. Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," answered Sylvester serenely. "It's all true; particularly the last line. Am I fired?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that."

"You'd better fire me, Mr. Brown," Sylvester urged. "When it comes to furniture I am very old school."

The head of the department hemmed and hawed, and then arranged to have Sylvester transferred to the men's underwear and hosiery counter. There he did a rushing business in silk socks and union suits for several hours, and was polite to so many women that he came to realize with disgust that he was beginning to speak with a lisp.

Along toward noon Nemesis stepped out of the crowd and confronted him. It was Antoinette, of course, embracing many bundles, and looking like an antique mask of tragedy, except that she was tight-lipped instead of open-mouthed.

"Have you the Apollo Belvedere brand?"

"Yes, lady. Silk or soiesette?"

"Silk. Do you recommend this brand?"

"Vehemently! Very smart union suits. Very intriguing union suits. Very amusing union suits. Wear 'em myself. What size, please?"

"Twelve."

"That's mine too. What a coincidence!"

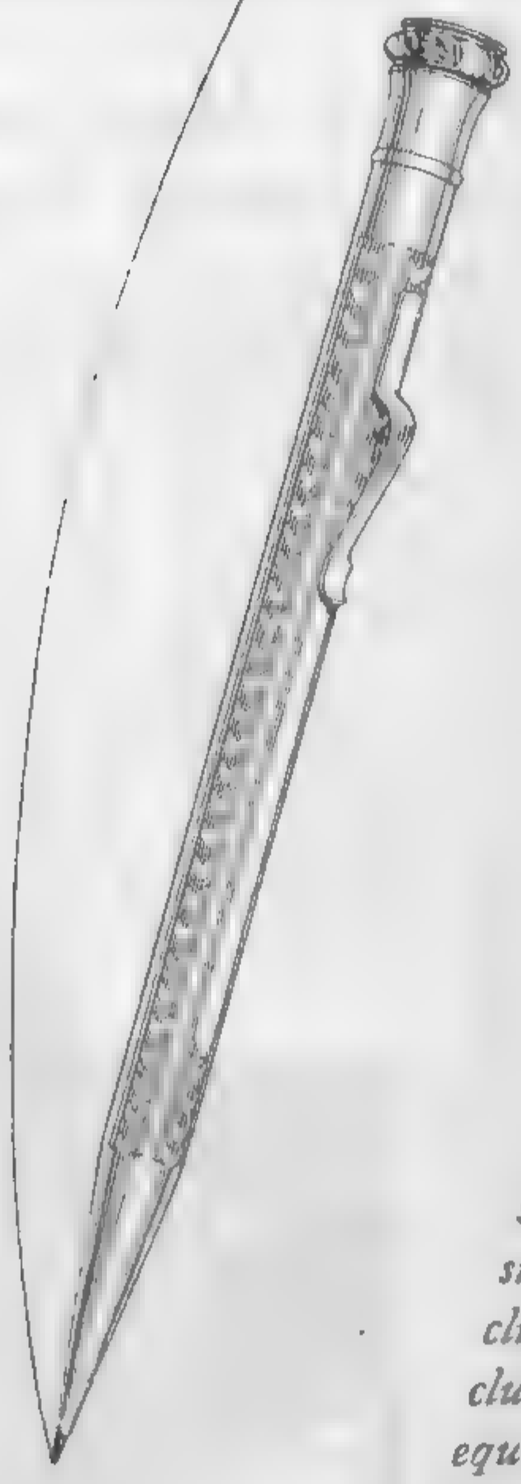
"These intimate details about yourself do not interest me, sir."

"Beg pardon, lady. How many suits would you like?" Then in a hoarse accusing whisper: "Who are they for, Antoinette?"

She ignored the question and ordered half a dozen suits. Then she selected three suits of Hercules, extra-heavy woolen. She next took up the matter of silk socks and bought several dozen pairs to a variegated color scheme. Sylvester kept up his line of brash professional patter, expatiating upon

(Concluded on Page 165)

Everyone



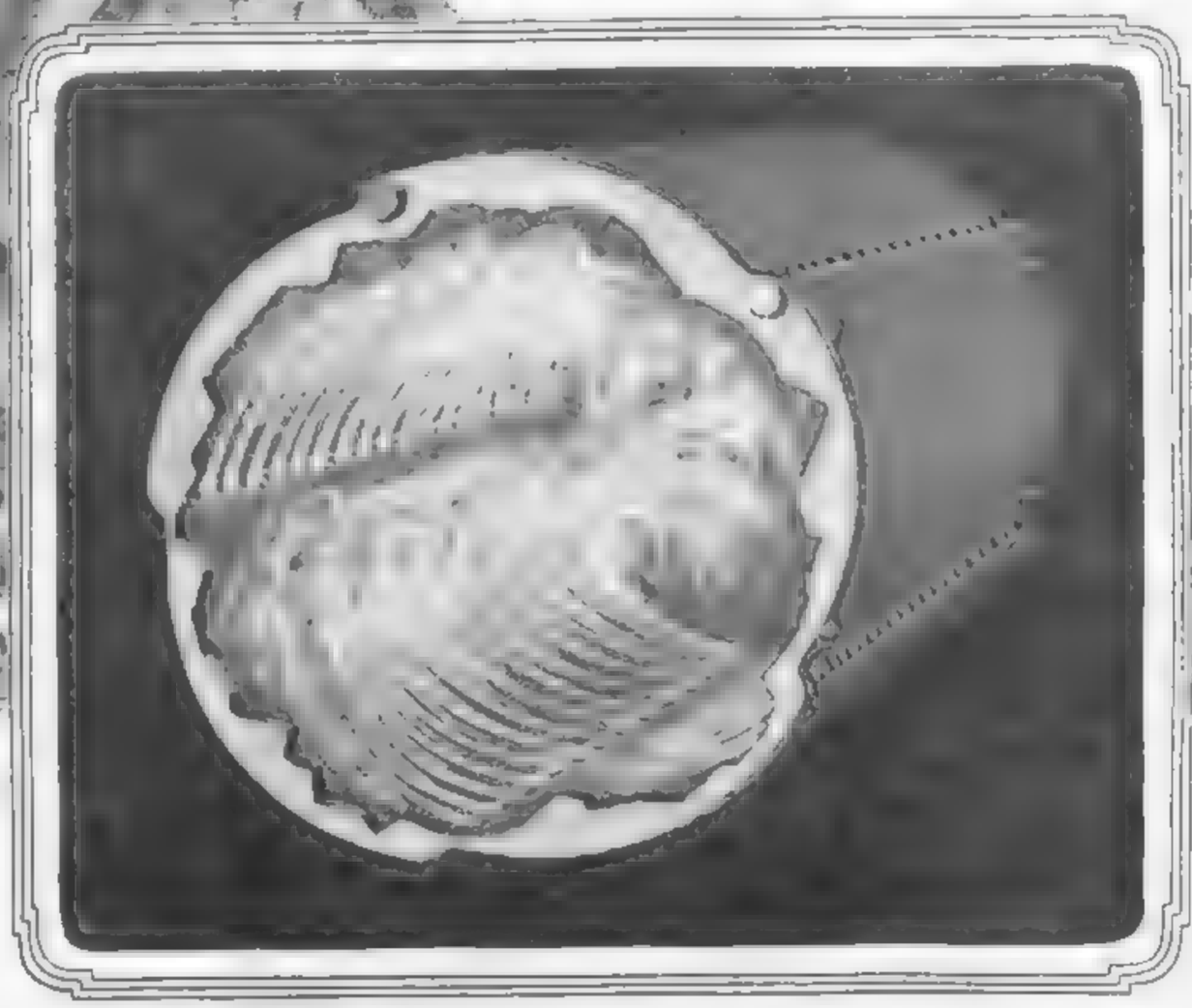
EVERYONE who reads can write; all who write should have Eversharp—men, women, children. Eversharp writes 250,000 words with one filling—is ever handsome and ever economical of effort, time and lead—ever sharp and never sharpened. Smartly made in every appropriate style for everybody—with handy eraser and pocket clip or chain ring. Equally at home in an exclusive club or a busy office. The standard pencil equipment of nationally known companies. Prices, $1 and upward. Dealers everywhere.

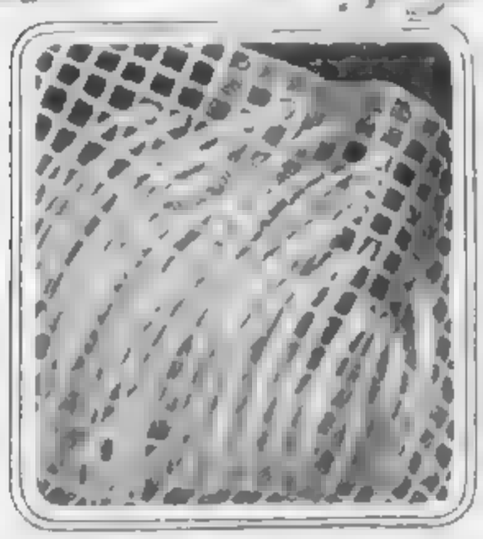
THE WAHL COMPANY, Chicago

Western Representatives: Bert M. Morris Co., 444 Market St., San Francisco

EVERSHARP

Please note the diagram below. It shows the inside of the Maytag cylinder with [illegible] It is [illegible] of the water — an exclusive Maytag [illegible] such remarkable results—yet never [illegible] fabrics.





All fabrics are water like a sieve. Most dirt clogs the meshes. The [illegible] ful action produced by the "millrace" principle flushes the dirt out of the meshes—the logical way.

Women are delighted with the results of this millrace principle. It gives one a new conception of what a mechanical device can do.

Why the Maytag Washes *Any* Fabric Perfectly

Unlike other washing machines, the cylinder of the Maytag has only five openings, each one constructed on the principle of the old-fashioned millrace. As the cylinder revolves, the hot, soapy water is forced through these openings. It breaks inside with a forceful action which thoroughly flushes the dirt out of the clothes. At least 5 times with each revolution of cylinder this flushing action takes place. Results are astonishing.

No hands could be more gentle than the smooth aluminum Maytag cylinder. Positively nothing touches the clothes except the sudsy water. It flushes *thru* the fabric, carrying the dirt with it and leaving spotless cleanliness. Dainty Georgette blouses, delicate frocks, lingerie, etc., are beautifully cleansed. Big washings, including sheets, spreads, heavy dresses and underwear, even drapes and cloth rugs, are handled with unusual speed.

Go see a Maytag demonstration at your local dealer's store. Note these points: Strong, all-metal construction; light, durable, cast aluminum cylinder; mechanism completely enclosed, quiet running; patented, all-metal, quick release, adjustable electric wringer. Note especially the wonderful action of the millrace principle. Then judge for yourself if without these features you could ever be fully satisfied. If you don't know the Maytag dealer in your town, write us at once for a free copy of our "Household Manual" and the dealer's name.

(2)

Maytag

Cabinet Electric Washer

The Maytag Co., Dept. 100, Newton, Iowa

Branches: Philadelphia, Pa.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Kansas City, Mo.; Atlanta, Ga.; Winnipeg, Man., Can.; Portland, Oreg.

(Concluded from Page 162)

the charm of the lavender Never-darns and the heliotrope Dancer's Delight, until Antoinette had run up a bill of fifty-four dollars and seventy-five cents.

Then he murmured as if to himself: "I wish you would report me again, Antoinette. I want to get out of this counter."

"Charge and send," she retorted. "Mrs. William O. Fairfield, 927 Ashland Boulevard."

Sylvester's astonishment shattered the point of his lead pencil.

"The plot thickens!" he growled. "How many homes and names have you got? Say, Toinette, it's twelve-thirty. I'll take you to lunch at the Blackstone if you promise to tell me all about it."

The topaz eyes transfixed him with an indignant glance. Then she was gone.

Sylvester found himself reported the next morning for insolence and flirtatious advances to customers, though recommended as a salesman of erudition in socks and union suits. He again volunteered to accept dismissal, but was transferred to the stickpin and cuff-button counter of the jewelry department.

The Battle of Christmas was being waged bitterly all along the jewelry sector, and at Sylvester's salient the carnage was dreadful. The women were piled up in close formations before the stickpins and cuff buttons, nudging and elbowing each other, exchanging glares, nagging clerks, dropping bundles.

Arguments between companion shoppers as to whether Henry would prefer the garnet horseshoe for his scarf or the gold links with invisible diamonds for his sleeves clattered in Sylvester's ears. He was seeing life in the raw at last, and it was worse than Balzac had described it. He was deeply sorry for these women's husbands, and greatly glad for the freedom of his hermitage at Rosedale Manor.

Presently there came a gap in the phalanx of customers. Some poor creature had probably been trampled underfoot, thought Sylvester, and the scrubwomen would find her mutilated remains when they cleaned up that night. But until then no identification would be possible, and perhaps for the present it was just as well to leave her there where she had fallen on the field of glory.

The next moment, however, these gloomy reflections faded out of his mind. The gap was filled by the quick charge of an impassioned shopper, and Antoinette met him face to face. She was pale and wild, a woman pursued by the Furies of the buying instinct.

"I know you!" exclaimed Sylvester. "You are Mrs. John C. Prendergast, 7119 Calumet Avenue. No? Then you are Mrs. Horace W. Higginson, 224 Lake Shore Drive. No? Then you are Mrs. Francis X. Guggenheimer, 1924 West Washington Boulevard."

Antoinette swiftly seized a tray of trinkets and with speed and precision, asking a question with every breath, she bought one hundred and seventy-five dollars' worth of mixed stickpins.

"Name, please?"

"Mrs. Rudolph T.——" said Antoinette and stopped. Then she sighed strangely, threw back her head and fainted.

She had hardly disappeared under the trampling high heels and suffocating short skirts when Sylvester was out from behind his counter. He acted with the alacrity of an old-time bartender emerging from his shelter to give battle or to stop a brawl, and he left behind him a small fortune in worthless Christmas presents to the mercy of a hundred hands.

"Go back to your counter!" shrieked a ladylike floorwalker. "We'll have a doctor down from the rest room directly!"

"You go to hell, sister!" Sylvester shouted as he plucked Antoinette from under the hoofs of the herd. "Get another boy! This woman is my—is a friend of mine! Hey, you, doorman! Grab a taxi for me, quick!"

And with the life-saver's clutch he bore her up and carried her away.

IV

ANTOINETTE came out of her swoon after a few blocks of taxi breeze, and then without saying a word passed off into peaceful slumber on Sylvester's shoulder. It was not until the taxi stopped and he helped her out that she asked the conventional question.

"Where am I?"

"You're at Rosedale Manor, my dear."

She did not faint again as she heard that ominous name. Fearing a relapse, however, he took her in his arms and carried her into the bungalow.

When she had been soothed with tea and warmed before a gas-log hearth and rested on an ugly but comfortable sofa she began to talk weakly.

"You see, Sylvester, I was a shopper."

"There, there! Try to be calm, Antoinette. Of course you were a shopper. You always have been a shopper."

"You don't understand. I'm in my right mind, Sylvester. Don't look so worried. I was a professional shopper. You see, I was a failure as an interior decorator. I had to close the studio; I was terribly in debt and I needed money. So I got work in the department stores. I didn't make real purchases. Nothing that I ordered was ever sent to any of those addresses. I just shopped and asked questions and pretended to buy, and then reported on the efficiency of the clerks. It's done more often than you would think. They pay well for it, too—fairly well."

"That's what I call a fine kind of job for a Southern gentlewoman and the belle of the Gold Coast!" observed Sylvester. "In other words—you were a spy."

"It's the only thing I could find to do. Sometimes, also, I would get orders to shop for lazy women with lots of money, and then I would receive a commission on the business I brought to the store."

"Graft," said Sylvester severely. "Lagniappe. Well, it's not so bad as I thought, at that. You certainly had me guessing. I began to think you were the queen of the shoplifters with a lot of aliases. I don't care much for your job, Antoinette, but you certainly followed your natural bent, like a good business woman.

"You were highly specialized as a shopper. I am willing to grant you the world's championship."

"And oh, I'm so sick of it!" she lamented. "Sick unto death, Sylvester. Please don't make fun of me. I am worn to a frazzle, and my feet hurt me, and my nerves are in tatters. I can't sleep; I can't eat; I can't do anything but cry. I never want to see a department store again! Oh, how I hate them! I loathe the Wavecrest Hotel, too, and I want a home."

"Good girl." He patted her on the shoulder affectionately. "Want to stay at Rosedale Manor with me?"

"Yes. For a while anyway."

"Do you think you could manage to live with my pictures?"

She glanced at his collection of Victorian abominations.

"I think they are sweet, Sylvester," she sighed.

"How about that one of the country doctor and the sick child? Is it the last word in human depravity?"

"It's a darling!"

"You're a lovely liar," he declared, "but you can stay as long as you like."

The next morning at breakfast she remembered something, blushed, and began to laugh hysterically.

"What's the matter, Antoinette? Is department storeitis coming on again? Or have the pictures driven you mad?"

"Good heavens, dear, I had forgotten! We aren't married! There is a scandal in Rosedale Manor."

"Yes, a great scandal," he agreed. "You have been untrue to art."

They corrected the scandal that afternoon with the aid of a Rosedale Manor clergyman, and then Sylvester went to interview the head of the Old Firm. He came back with his twenty-thousand-dollar job in his pocket. But he never told Antoinette, who wondered at this miracle, that his resignation had been merely a year's leave of absence, and she was sorry when the lease on the bungalow expired.

Getting Busy

OF LATE the telephone service in New York has not been all that it should be. During the recent annual meeting of all the baseball leagues Mark Roth, one of the club secretaries, had been assigned the unwelcome task of notifying all the news agencies and the various representatives of a sudden change in plans. It assumed proportions of an all-day task. After several failures at getting his connections Roth rested a few moments and again wearily picked up the receiver.

"Central," he said, "will you please give me Busy?"

If This Home Were Your Home—

YOU would be content because you would not only be living in a beautiful home, but in a home covered with a beautiful, reliable roof. You would *know* that your roofing would never fade, because it would be surfaced with Sta-so crushed slate.

Sta-so-surfaced roofing was used in 1919 on over 175,000 homes, homes whose owners now enjoy Sta-so's permanent, non-fading beauty. Sta-so's non-fading colors of rich Indian red or cool sage green, make painting or staining forever unnecessary. These colors, relieved by the rough granular texture of Sta-so Crushed Slate, make the Sta-so surfaced roof truly the roof beautiful and the roof durable.

Sta-so'd roofing is not only artistic but practical and economical. It is ideal for re-roofing because it lends itself to any style of architecture and is easy to lay, even on odd-shaped surfaces.

With all its beauty and adaptability the cost of Sta-so'd roofing is but a fraction of the cost of tile or of solid slate and is no greater than the cost of the best wood shingles.

STA-SO
NON FADING SLATE
ROOF SURFACE

The following manufacturers surface their asphalt roofing products with Sta-so crushed slate. Insist upon seeing the Sta-so label on the roofing products of these manufacturers. It is your guarantee that the roofing will never fade.

"SUMMER in WINTER"
in your home

Magic of the modern!

Summer brought into your home when the snows of winter are beating on the windows!

The whole house warm as June—and with ⅓ to ½ less fuel!

Magic?—Yes. The magic of Science. A CaloriC Pipeless Furnace—Nature's method of heating—is in the basement, and its purified, healthful heat is *circulating* into every nook and corner of every room in the home, upstairs and down.

FACTS ABOUT THE CALORIC

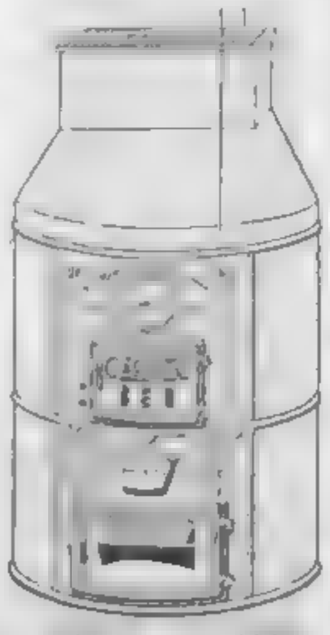
The CaloriC is the original pipeless furnace triple-casing patent. It heats homes of 18 rooms or less by *circulating warm air*.

The CaloriC is a proven product in use in over 75,000 buildings of every type, from Alaska to Florida and from Maine to California.

Installed in old homes or new, usually in a day. Installation does not interfere with present heating. No plumbing—no pipes to freeze—no alterations. Costs less than a number of stoves required to heat the same space. *Saves ⅓ to ½ the fuel.*

Temperature regulated from first floor as easily as pressing an electric button. Burns any fuel. Requires attention but twice a day. So simple a child can operate it. Sold on a Money-back Guarantee to heat the home to 70° temperature in coldest weather.

Decide for summer warmth "The CaloriC Way" *this winter*. See nearest CaloriC dealer or write today for CaloriC book and names of users in your locality.



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FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 9)

acquainted as yet even with the outlines of our instructions which Witte was to bring with him. But I ventured to controvert the view the President seemed to entertain as to the precarious character of our position on the theater of war and the consequent urgent necessity for us to conclude peace at any sacrifice. I said that as far as I could see we were quite willing to terminate an armed conflict that could not lead to any decisive result, but that this was not by any means a matter of imperious necessity for us; that in a military sense I could not consider our position on the theater of war as at all a hopeless one for the following reasons: First, that at the moment of speaking two army corps composed of some of our best troops drawn from the western frontier were on their way to the Far East, a serious increase of our fighting force which the Japanese would hardly be in a position to match; secondly, that since the Battle of Mukden the Japanese had not undertaken any serious advance, which, given the sufficiently demonstrated great ability and spirit of enterprise of their high command, could only mean that they did not dispose of forces sufficient for such an undertaking to be risked with any expectation of success; thirdly, that this surmise seemed to be fully confirmed by the fact that the Japanese had invaded Saghalin Island only after our consent to begin negotiations for peace had been secured, which plainly indicated that until then it had been impossible for them to divert from their fighting forces even the very small number of troops needed for occupying that quite defenseless island. All this, I said, appeared to me quite sufficient to prove that we were not by any means exposed to the danger of losing Vladivostok, let alone the whole Province of the Littoral, and that there was in the whole situation, military as well as political, nothing that could compel us to purchase peace at any price.

Here I must recall again what I have said already in a preceding chapter, that, not being in the possession of my papers, notes, and so on, I am obliged to rely entirely on my memory in relating the circumstances, conversations, and so on, concerning the peace negotiations. I am confident, however, that if any notes regarding his conversations with me should be found among the papers left by the late President Roosevelt it will be found that my brief references to these conversations are substantially correct.

If I remember rightly it was on this occasion, having been asked by the President to remain to luncheon, that I was introduced to Mr. Riddle, then Minister to Rumania, and later on Ambassador to Russia, who was one of the guests. Though being seated at the other end of the table and engaged in a lively conversation with Mrs. Roosevelt I could not help overhearing some of the remarks passing between the President and Mr. Riddle. I recollect distinctly how much I was struck by the President's evident familiarity with such an exotic subject as Rumanian literature. But then, I was not at that time, as I learned later, aware of the astounding universality of Colonel Roosevelt's interest in and knowledge of not only politics and literature but of everything else in the world that was worthy of arresting his attention.

After luncheon, when we were having our coffee and cigars on the lawn, Mr. Robert Bacon, who had just landed from his houseboat, joined our party, and the general conversation soon turned to American domestic politics in connection with some question in which at the time public opinion was much interested. Seeing my chance to take a hand in the conversation I ventured to make some remark on the subject under discussion, which caused the President to inquire how in the world I managed to know so much about it. I said that the explanation was simply that, having always been greatly interested in American affairs, I had for the last twenty-eight years been regularly taking in two of the leading American newspapers.

When he asked me what particular papers they were and I had told him, he laughed heartily and said: "Hello, the very ones that are always down on me."

To this I made reply that if I could have foreseen that some day I should have the honor to be accredited to him as President of the United States in the capacity of Ambassador from Russia I should certainly have exercised greater discretion in the choice of my American reading matter.

It was, I believe, on the same day that Mr. Bacon was offered by the President and accepted the post of first assistant Secretary of State. In this capacity he was brought into close contact with the diplomatic body, with whom he became extremely popular. His unfailing tact, genial disposition and kindly friendliness endeared him, I make bold to say, to all of us, and it was with sincere grief that I recently paid homage to the mortal remains of this distinguished statesman, whose untimely loss the nation has every reason to mourn.

After my second visit to Oyster Bay I returned to Manchester-by-the-Sea and rejoined my family, who by this time had become quite settled in Mr. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge's very comfortable cottage near Magnolia Beach. The house was large enough to put up our dear friend Prince Koudacheff, who had accompanied us from Russia as a voluntary attaché to the embassy, as well as the chancellerie with all its paraphernalia. Manchester being within easy motoring distance from Portsmouth I intended, leaving my family there, to take up my temporary quarters at the Hotel Wentworth at New Castle, New Hampshire, where the Government had reserved accommodations for the Russian as well as the Japanese delegations to the peace conference, as soon as the conference should have assembled. I would remark here incidentally that though the peace when concluded became officially known as the "Peace of Portsmouth" that town had in reality absolutely nothing to do with the peace conference, except that the inhabitants could see us twice a day pass through its streets in automobiles on our way between New Castle, where we were living, and Kittery Island, Maine, where the sittings of the conference were taking place in a vacant building of the navy yard, which had been admirably arranged and furnished by the Government for the accommodation of the delegations and their offices.

Having received information to the effect that Witte and his party had sailed from Cherbourg on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, due to arrive on August second, I left for New York in time to make all necessary arrangements for his arrival and to meet him on landing. The steamer arrived on time and when she had been made fast at the North German Lloyd's pier at Hoboken I went on board to welcome my future colleague at the peace conference.

Witte introduced to me such of the members of his party as I did not already know, and among them Mr. Shipoff, director of the Treasury Department, whose presence among Witte's specialist assistants, as well as that of a representative of the Chinese Eastern Railroad, may have seemed to lend color to the expectations of those who believed that some kind of a financial transaction in the shape of a camouflaged indemnity payment was contemplated. Witte's reception on the densely crowded pier was quite enthusiastic and demonstrative, even Americans joining in the noisy welcome given him by his countrymen and numerous sympathetic Slavs who had joined them and on whose behalf the president of the Slavonic Alliance briefly addressed him in English, Witte replying in Russian.

Obliging policemen piloted us safely through the crowd to my automobile and we drove to the Hotel St. Regis, where I had secured rooms for him and all his party. We went up at once to his rooms, denied ourselves to all callers and proceeded to study our instructions and to consider our plan of action at the coming conference. Our full power was in our joint names, neither of us having the right to sign a treaty without the other's concurrence. It was necessary therefore to establish between us a complete agreement on all points detailed in our instructions previous to entering upon negotiations with the representatives of Japan.

The rest being easily disposed of, two of these points demanded our most serious attention. They concerned the Island of Saghalin and the question of the payment

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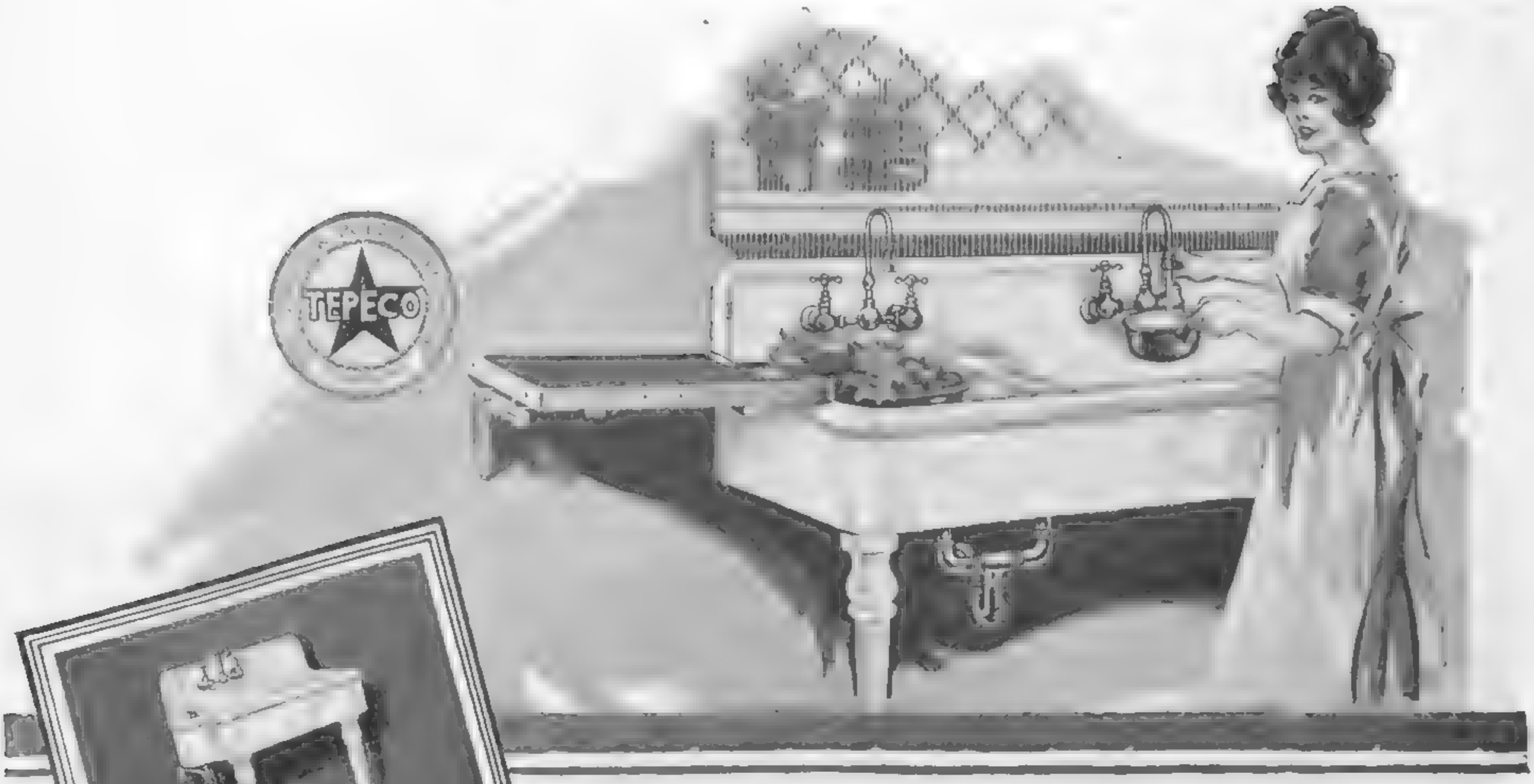

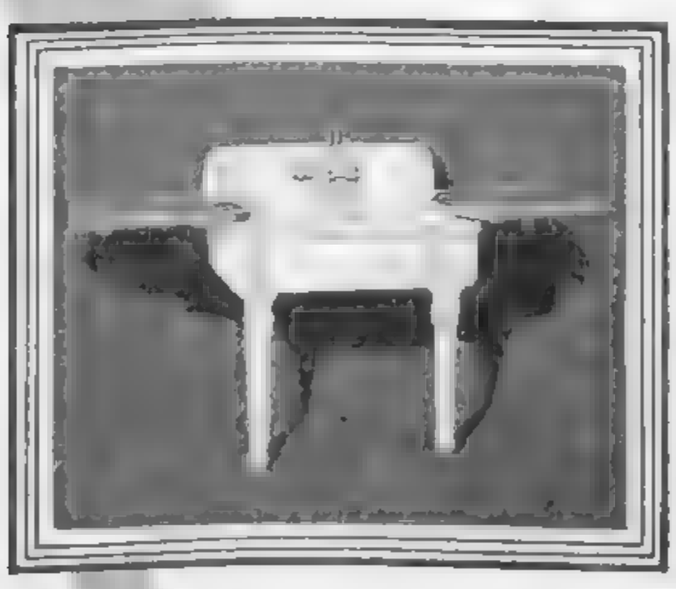

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(Continued from Page 166)

of a war indemnity. On both these points the Emperor's instructions were explicit and categorical. We were not to consent to the cession of even the smallest particle of Russian territory or to the payment of a war indemnity in any shape or form. As regards the first of these points we had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that in the presence of irremediable facts and conditions this point could not be successfully carried in its entirety and that we should be empowered to consent in this regard to such concessions as circumstances might render necessary. We had indeed to take into consideration the fact that the Japanese had already invaded Saghalin, that our small garrison, largely outnumbered, had surrendered, and that in case of a continuation of the war we should unquestionably be deprived of the possibility of reconquering the lost territory on the island, the Japanese having by the destruction of our fleet secured the absolute command of the sea. The question therefore reduced itself to this: Whether it would be justifiable to render the conclusion of peace dependent on our adhering uncompromisingly to this point of our instructions; a question we both agreed we could conscientiously answer only in the negative. Having settled this point between us it remained to embody our deliberate opinion, expressed in terms as convincing as we could muster, in a cable to Count Lamsdorf for submission to the Emperor. This we proceeded to do then and there.

The next question we had to discuss concerned the war indemnity, on the payment of which the Japanese would probably insist. In some interviews given to representatives of the press Witte had naturally stated that a payment by Russia of a war indemnity was entirely out of the question, an assertion which, however, seemed to be to some extent invalidated in the eyes of the public by the fact that he had deemed it necessary to secure, in view of the forthcoming negotiations, the assistance as experts of treasury and railroad officials. His profound conviction of the imperative necessity for Russia of concluding peace with the least possible delay was indeed so firmly established in his mind that in case of extremity he would not have hesitated to go to the length of consenting to the payment of a war indemnity provided it could be accomplished under some plausible disguise.

I endeavored to allay his apprehensions that a categorical refusal on our part to consent to the payment of an indemnity might bring about the rupture of the negotiations and consequently the failure to secure the peace which Russia so sorely needed. In arguing this point I expressed my firm conviction that the Japanese were even more anxious than we could be for a speedy conclusion of peace, a conviction based, besides other considerations of a military as well as financial nature, on my suspicion that it was the Japanese Government who had solicited President Roosevelt's mediation. I was not, of course, in a position to produce any documentary proofs of such having been the case, but I felt morally certain that my suspicion was founded on a fact which both sides were obviously bound to conceal.

Whether I had succeeded in convincing him or whether he appreciated my determination not to yield the point, I am unable to say. However, after several hours of most earnest and unreservedly frank and friendly discussion of the momentous questions we were called upon to deal with, we reached a complete agreement on all points, to which we both remained faithful to the end and which enabled us to conduct the negotiations as if we had been one man with one mind, one will and one heart beating for our country, whose ruin and destruction we both felt coming, but were to be mercifully spared from witnessing.

On the fourth of August we were invited to lunch with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and traveled to Oyster Bay by rail in a parlor car placed at our disposal by the courtesy of the railroad company. The President, to whom I had the honor of introducing Witte, gave him a most cordial greeting and they chatted informally and animatedly until luncheon was announced. We returned to town early in the afternoon, Witte being greatly impressed by the powerful and at the same time irresistibly winning personality of the President.

In the meantime arrangements had been completed for the first meeting of the plenipotentiaries to the peace conference, which was to take place on the following day at Oyster Bay under the auspices of the President himself on board his yacht Mayflower. Promptly at ten A. M. on the fifth of August Witte and I, accompanied by the members of our delegation, arrived at the New York Yacht Club landing, where we were received by Mr. Peirce as representative of the State Department. On the pier opposite a great crowd of sightseers was assembled, which greeted our appearance with rousing cheers. In taking our seats in the steam launch I remarked to Witte that we should not conclude from these cheers that we were enjoying any special popularity, considering that the same enthusiastic reception had evidently been given to the Japanese plenipotentiaries, who had preceded us by an hour, when Mr. Peirce, who understood Russian, having been for some years stationed at St. Petersburg as secretary to the American Legation, interrupted me, saying that I was mistaken in my surmise and that the appearance of the Japanese delegation had not been greeted with any cheers by the crowd on the opposite pier.

I must say in this connection that wherever Witte appeared in public he was always treated with marked respect and manifest friendliness by the people, and this was, I think, the true explanation of the cheers which greeted us and which were meant personally for him. The launch took us to the cruiser Chattanooga, which was to take us to Oyster Bay, followed by the Sylph with Mr. Peirce and several invited guests of the President. We reached a little before noon Oyster Bay, where the Japanese delegation had arrived an hour earlier. Here I must explain how the State Department had successfully solved the knotty question of precedence between the two delegations. The Japanese delegation having arrived in New York about a week before Witte and his suite, were therefore, as first comers, to be the first to be received by the President on the Mayflower, but from the moment of our meeting the precedence was to pass to us, for the following reason: Though both delegations were headed by ministers of state, Baron Komura being Minister of Foreign Affairs of Japan, and Witte president of the Committee of Ministers in Russia, I was the ranking personage of both delegations, according to international usage, as Ambassador and therefore representative of the person of my Sovereign.

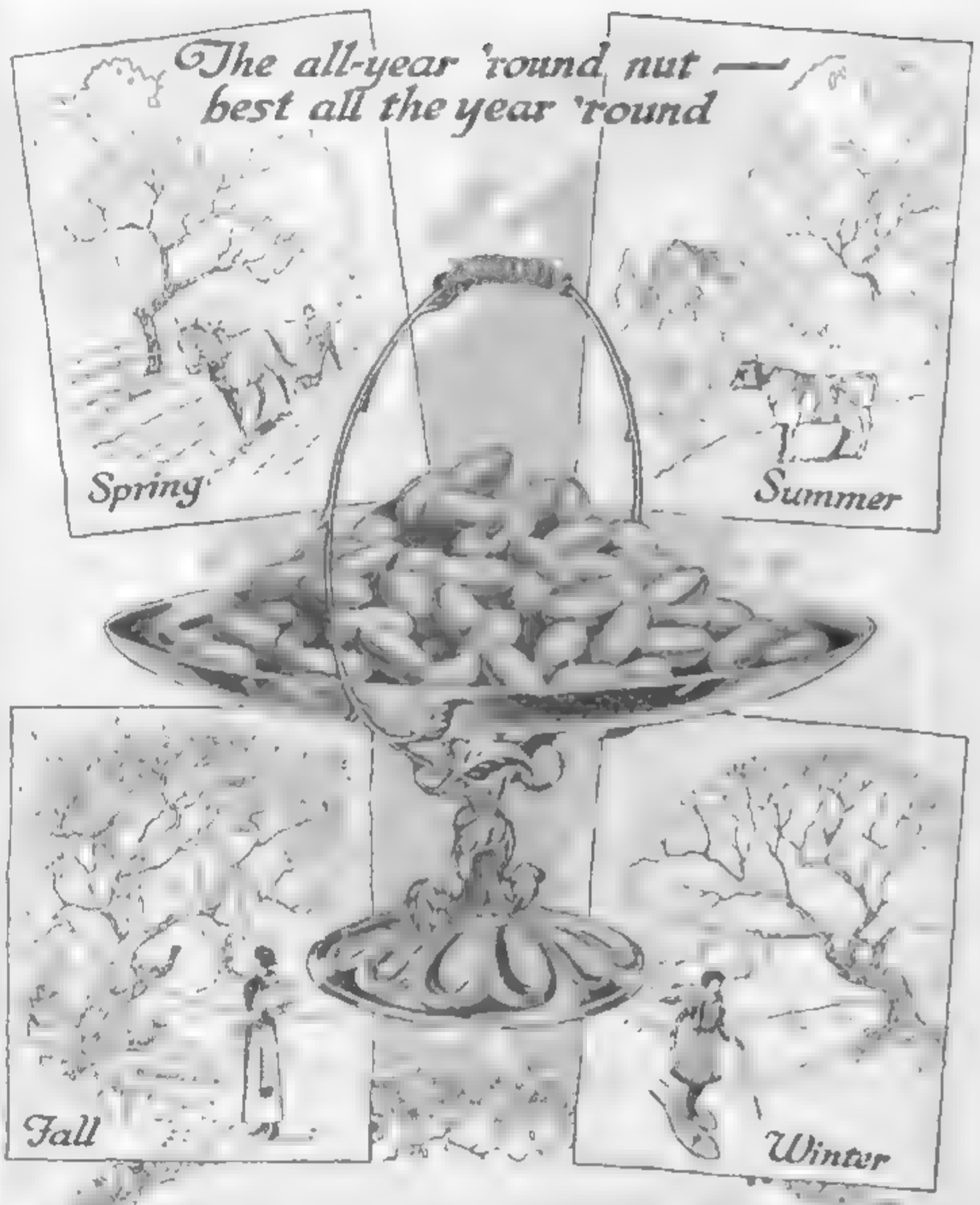
On arrival at Oyster Bay we left the Chattanooga under the customary salute and were taken to the Mayflower, where we were most cordially received by the President, to whom Witte presented the members of his suite. Then the Japanese delegation filed into the cabin, the President formally introduced the plenipotentiaries to each other and led the way to the dining saloon, where a stand-up luncheon was prepared so as to prevent any embarrassment about precedence and seats at table. The President drew us plenipotentiaries aside in a corner, chatting with us quite informally while we were seated all in a group surrounding our genial host and were being served with eatables and—I blush to say—the traditional drinkables.

After a while the President rose and said "Gentlemen, I propose a toast to which there will be no answer and which I ask you to drink in silence, standing. I drink to the welfare and prosperity of the sovereigns and peoples of the two great nations whose representatives have met one another on this ship. It is my most earnest hope and prayer, in the interest not only of these two great powers but of all civilized mankind, that a just and lasting peace may speedily be concluded between them."

When the luncheon was ended it was suggested that a photograph should be taken of the plenipotentiaries by the side of the President. It was taken outside the cabin, and the light being bad it was not a success. We all, somehow, looked our worst, and as the only, alas, survivor of the group I have recently had the chagrin of seeing this photograph reproduced in all its unattractiveness on the pages of a popular magazine.

The President having presided with admirable tact over the delicate ceremony of the first meeting of the plenipotentiaries of the countries at war, who responded to it by a scrupulously courteous attitude toward each other, was the first to leave the Mayflower, followed by the Japanese delegation.

We remained on board, as the Mayflower was to take us to Portsmouth. She was a



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beautiful vessel, having been originally built as an ocean-going yacht for one of New York's multimillionaires. She had been taken over by the Government during the war with Spain to serve as an auxiliary cruiser, and was now restored to her original state, doing duty as the President's yacht. My ambassadorial flag was run up on the main truck, our genial captain took command of our little squadron, composed of the Mayflower as flagship, the cruiser Dolphin having on board the Japanese delegation and as convoy the cruiser Galveston with Mr. Peirce, who was to look after the peace conference as representative of the Government, and we steamed slowly out of the bay into the calm waters of Long Island Sound, calm enough so as not to expose Witte, who was a confirmed landlubber, to the pangs of seasickness. The weather was radiantly fine, we were all in a most cheerful state of mind, and everything went on swimmingly until suddenly, as will happen in these waters, a heavy fog came on, probably filling with gloomy forebodings the souls of such passengers as like, when at sea, to indulge in dreams of collisions, fires and other maritime disasters.

As for me, inured as I was through long experience to the dangers of the deep, I asked Captain Winslow's permission to join him on the bridge and stood there by his side with my long cigar all the afternoon in mute and delighted admiration of the imperturbable coolness with which he kept on his course at full speed, thinking by myself that with such a captain I would really not mind at all running down the other fellow if such a hapless creature should come across our bows.

We reached Newport late in the afternoon and Witte declared that he wished to land there and to continue by rail his voyage to Portsmouth. Captain Winslow took him ashore on his launch and returned soon after to ask me to join Mrs. Winslow's dinner party in honor of Witte, whom he had left at her house. On account of the fog our little squadron was to remain at anchor overnight and our arrival at Portsmouth would be delayed for twenty-four hours.

We had a most delightful dinner and evening under Mrs. Winslow's hospitable roof, put Witte on board the night train for Boston, and returned on board, delighted with ourselves and everything else in the world. It turned out later that Witte, accompanied by our financial agent Mr. Wilenkin, had early the next morning taken an automobile at Boston, had run up to Manchester to pay a visit to my wife, had stayed to luncheon and gone on to New Castle, where he had taken possession of the rooms reserved for him at the Wentworth, intending to join the Mayflower as soon as she should have dropped anchor in the harbor, so as not to miss our solemn entry into Portsmouth.

The fog that had compelled us to remain overnight at anchor in the harbor of Newport having lifted we got under way early on the seventh and reached Portsmouth about nine A. M. on the eighth of August. Witte, who had been watching the arrival of our squadron from the Hotel Wentworth, joined us immediately on the Mayflower, and shortly afterward the commandant of the Kittery Navy Yard, Admiral Mead, came on board to welcome us. From the Mayflower the admiral went to pay a similar visit of welcome to the Japanese delegation on board the Dolphin, after which he returned to the navy yard to be in readiness to receive us.

According to the established order of precedence we were the first to be taken ashore and to be received by Admiral Mead and the officers of his staff. A few minutes later we were followed by the Japanese delegation, and then we all proceeded to the building set apart for the use of the conference. The accommodation provided for us was spacious, extremely comfortable and convenient for the transaction of business, in a word perfect in every respect. After being shown all the arrangements, which we greatly admired, we were ushered into the large conference rooms, where light refreshments were provided and where we met a number of invited guests and the officers of the navy yard with their families.

This function over we were driven in carriages over the bridge connecting Kittery Island with the mainland of the state of New Hampshire. At the New Hampshire end of the bridge we were met by a regiment of the New Hampshire National Guard, which escorted us through the streets of the quaint old town to the courthouse, where a large crowd was assembled and greeted us with enthusiastic cheers. Governor McLane received us in the courthouse and in a few well-chosen words bade us a cordial welcome in the name of the state of New Hampshire, after which ceremony we were driven to the Hotel Wentworth at New Castle.

There we found everything prepared for our reception and settled down in this very large and beautifully situated seaside hotel, which was to be our home for the next four weeks. Each delegation was lodged in one of the wings of the building and had the exclusive use of a private dining room, so that we had all the seclusion that it was possible to provide for us in such a large hostelry, which was crowded with people, attracted perhaps by the chance of watching the daily doings of such a number of foreign diplomats engaged in a work of historic importance. This it was, of course, that had attracted to the Wentworth a large number of newspaper men—I was told, I remember, that they numbered about one hundred and twenty—not only from all parts of the country but also from Europe. Among them were such shining lights of European journalism as Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace of the Times, Mr. Hedeman of the Matin, Signor Cortesi of the Corriere della Sera; and the ablest of them all, Dr. E. J. Dillon, who had accompanied his friend Witte all the way from Russia and rendered him most valuable services in keeping him in touch with the American press.

All the gentlemen of the press without exception behaved with the utmost tactful discretion, confining themselves to watching things from afar without ever seeking interviews and at the same time displaying in their daily letters or telegrams an extraordinary ingenuity in informing their papers of the daily progress of the negotiations, which, of course, were being carried on behind the veil of the strictest secrecy. In this connection I remember an amusing incident that took place a few days before the conclusion of peace. I had returned late in the afternoon from a rather prolonged sitting of the conference, and was resting on the veranda of the hotel, enjoying over a cigar and a mug of beer a humorous and excruciatingly funny description of our habits and doings on the pages of one of the leading New York papers from the pen of one of its most talented representatives, when a young gentleman approached me, bowing from afar, introduced himself as a reporter, and said: "Excuse my intruding. I have come to make a declaration."

"Delighted to hear it," said I. "I am listening."

"I have come to say this," continued he. "We are here a great number of newspaper men, and when we came here ninety per cent of us were pro-Japanese and anti-Russian, but now the proportion is reversed. That is all I have to say."

I replied smilingly: "This is indeed very gratifying intelligence, but permit me to ask whether this complete change is due to the fact that you have found out that after all we are white?"

"Well," said he, "that's about the long and the short of it."

Mrs. Peirce, the charming wife of the assistant Secretary of State, who had charge of all arrangements for the convenience of the conference and the comfort of its members, entertained us most hospitably in a cottage they had taken for the occasion, and so did some of the old residents of the neighborhood. I remember dining with Witte at a house in the village of New Castle which was said to have been built by the first governor of New Hampshire. Three things about this house impressed themselves on my memory: The fact that though built entirely of wood it had during three centuries escaped the danger of fire; the surprisingly large size of the armor in the corner of one of the rooms, which was said to have belonged to the original owner; and the proportionately Lilliputian dimensions of the low-ceilinged rooms with doorways seemingly meant for comparative dwarfs rather than for such a giant as the original owner of the house must have been.

The government had placed at our joint disposal an automobile, in which Witte and I could have been seen every day driving together to the meetings of the conference at the navy yard on Kittery Island and back again through the streets of Portsmouth and New Castle. Our "well-wishers" at St. Petersburg who had been

(Continued on Page 173)

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The Future Style Trend

Forecasted by New Mitchell Design

THESE new Mitchell Sixes bring to motoring America its first accurate example of the coming style tendency. They now reveal the ideal toward which creators of motor car designs have long been working.

Striking reforms are seen in every detail. There is complete harmony throughout.

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The children like Hot Steero for their luncheon or after a rollicking afternoon. Grown-ups enjoy it, too. Hot Steero is a fitting finish to a joyous motor trip, a skating party, a brisk walk, or after the theatre.

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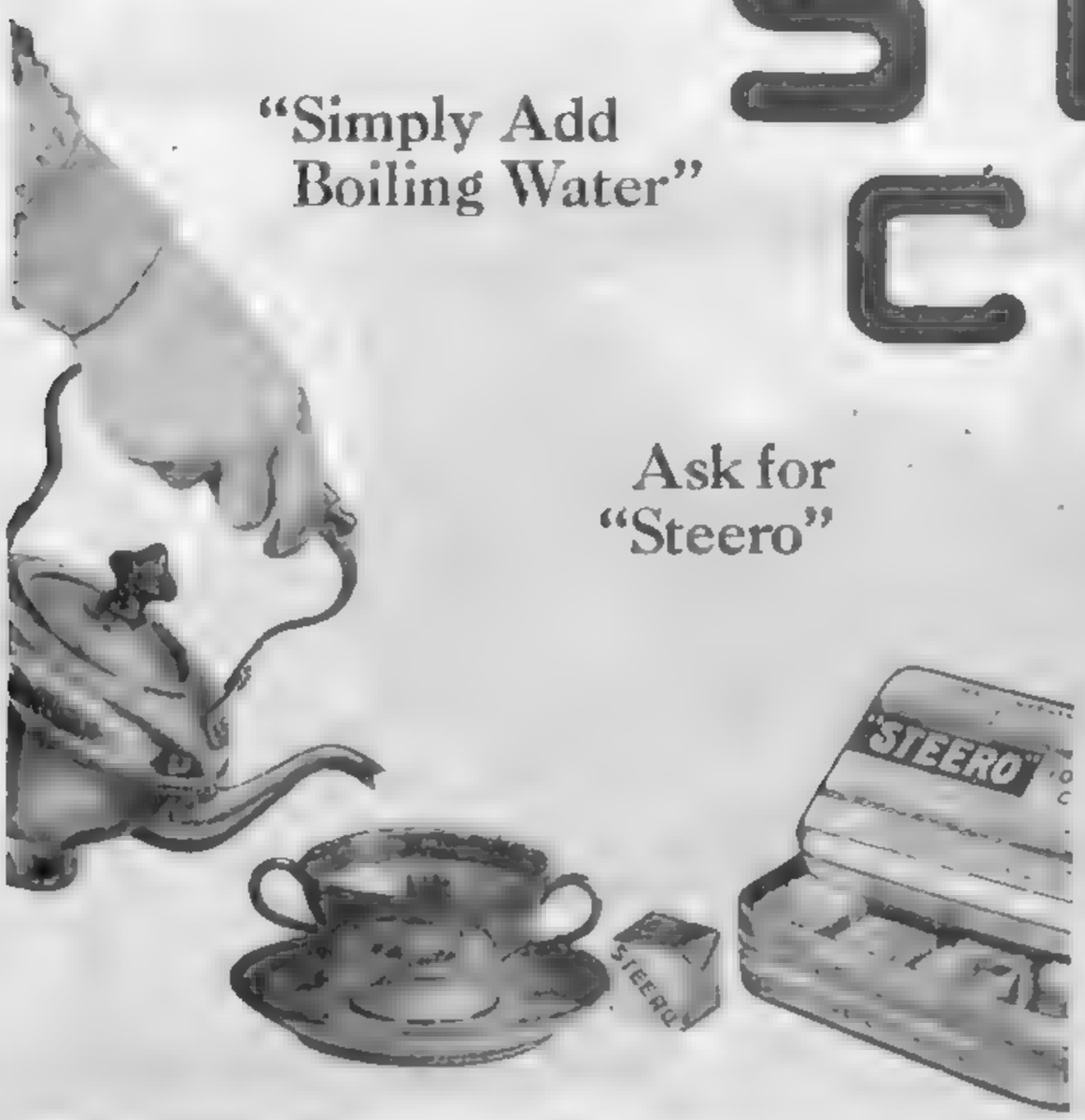
"A Cube Makes a Cup"

"Simply Add Boiling Water"



Ask for "Steero"

STEERO CUBES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Steero Cubes added to gravies, hot soups, jellied consommés, scalloped dishes, made-over dishes, jellied salads, as well as many other dishes, give a flavor that betokens the skill of an expert chef.

The name Steero is on every Steero Cube wrapper. Steero Cubes are sold in boxes of 12 cubes. Price, 35c. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's, we will mail direct upon receipt of price. Large families, clubs, boarding houses, and hotels will find the tins of 50 cubes and 100 cubes more convenient. Ask your druggist, grocer, or delicatessen dealer for Steero.

Send for Free Samples

Let us send you free samples of Steero Cubes so that you may learn how good Hot Steero tastes—and what a wonderful flavor it has. Write today. If you enclose ten cents we will also send you the 64-page Steero Cook Book—helpful to every housewife.

Schieffelin & Co., 235 William St., New York
Distributors for
American Kitchen Products Co., New York

(Continued from Page 170)

figuring on irremediable dissensions between us would have been much put out to see us always in the friendliest attitude, driving, walking or sitting together on the veranda of the hotel, engaged in earnest and animated conversation. The intimate relationship between us, brought about by our collaboration in the momentous task we were called upon to accomplish for the good of our country and the consequent opportunity for a constant interchange of views, was a matter of unmixed satisfaction to me, the more so as on most important subjects we were entirely of one mind. There was only one point on which we were not quite agreed, but which, of course, we discussed only in a, so to speak, purely academic way, as it concerned a question that had already been settled by a higher power in a sense to which our very presence at Portsmouth bore witness—I mean the question of the timeliness of the conclusion of peace. We were both agreed that unless the course of the government's domestic policy were radically altered—the half-hearted measure of reform devised by the new Minister of the Interior, Boulyguine, in the shape of a merely consultative duma elected on a basis of very limited suffrage having come much too late and having completely failed to satisfy the educated classes—a revolution was bound to come. Where we disagreed was in this: I thought that the conclusion of peace after a series of defeats—without our army being given a chance to redeem the glory of our arms by a victory which the expected arrival of considerable reënforcements already on the way might have placed within its grasp—would hasten the outbreak of the revolution; whereas Witte felt sure that the conclusion of peace as speedily as possible would, by removing one of the principal causes of popular discontent, be helpful in staving off the danger of revolution at least for some time. I remember how on one of the occasions when we were discussing this subject I had pointed to the example of France in 1871 and reminded him of what I believed to be a fact, namely, that in France for one statue erected to the memory of the country's greatest statesman, Thiers, the "liberator of the territory," there would be found ten in honor of Gambetta, whom many had called "*le fou furieux*," but who, by leading a forlorn hope, had won in the hearts of his countrymen an imperishable memory as the man who would never despair of his country. To this Witte retorted that existing conditions in both cases admitted of no comparison and that therefore if we had possessed a Gambetta he would have failed to secure a following.

I shall not attempt to outline the course of our negotiations beyond stating that they were carried on by both sides with scrupulous courtesy and in a spirit of fairness and conciliation. The plan adopted was to deal at first with contentious matters of minor importance, and after having disposed of them to mutual satisfaction we were about to approach the discussion of two principal points which threatened to become the rock upon which our efforts to reach an agreement might be stranded—the question of Sakhalin and the payment of a war indemnity. It was in the middle of the night, at two A. M. on the nineteenth of August, that Mr. Peirce woke me up to read to me the text of a cipher telegram he had received from Oyster Bay in which the President directed him to request me to come to see him without delay, adding that if I took the seven A. M. train for Boston and New York I would find the Sylph waiting for me at Bridgeport to take me to Oyster Bay, where I would arrive sometime in the afternoon.

Mr. Peirce warned me also that the fact of my going to see the President was to be kept secret as far as possible.

Following the indications received I left Portsmouth by the first train in the morning, accompanied by Prince Koudacheff carrying my cipher code. On boarding the train I noticed in a corner of the car a passenger in whom I recognized a fellow lodger of the Wentworth and whom I knew to be not unconnected with the press. He confined himself, however, to watching us from a distance. His colleagues who surrounded me at the station in Boston as I was about to board the New York express displayed a greater degree of inquisitiveness; they wanted to know where I was going and why I wanted to go anywhere anyhow. I was obliged to tell them one of these near-truths such as ministers in parliaments are wont to parry unwelcome inquiries with.

On reaching Bridgeport we managed, however, to slip off the train unobserved, boarded the Sylph and reached Oyster Bay at about four o'clock. After a couple of hours of a most interesting conference with the President, the substance of which it is not my province to disclose here, I returned on board the Sylph and had a short message to Witte put in cipher, which Captain Evans sent ashore, having instructed the messenger and the boat's crew to say, in reply to possible inquiries by reporters who had failed to catch me on landing and on reëmbarking, that the Sylph was going direct to Newport. Having taken these elaborate precautions in the hope of eluding the vigilance of the ubiquitous and watchful eye of the press the captain altered our course as soon as we found ourselves out of sight in the middle of the Sound, and we made straight for Bridgeport, where we landed at about two A. M.

Having about half an hour to wait for the night train from New York we went to the station restaurant and sat down on two high stools at the bar, waiting for the cups of hot coffee we had ordered, when a suspiciously quick-witted-looking gentleman suddenly bobbed up by my side, serenely seated himself on the nearest high stool and—naturally—wanted to know all about it.

If I remember rightly I had recourse on this occasion to the same argument which had frequently stood me in good stead when I had to avoid answering similar questions without wounding the feelings of the inquirer. I told him that as an ambassador I considered myself as to some extent engaged in the same reporting business, and that therefore he could hardly expect that if I possessed some exclusive information or had succeeded in securing what professionally is called a scoop I should be ready to share it with a business rival. He seemed to be satisfied with the evasive reply and said he would simply report that he had seen me, that I looked cheerful and seemed to be in a jocose frame of mind, from which he concluded that I had had a satisfactory interview with the President. To this, of course, I could not demur.

It stands to reason that the President as mediator did not limit his conciliatory efforts to one side only and that he had been all the time in touch with the other side as well. The reader who might wish for some more information on this subject will find it in an article by Mr. Melville E. Stone, published by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on January 30, 1915.

On the twenty-ninth of August a complete agreement was reached between the plenipotentiaries on the basis of the retention by Russia of the northern part of the Island of Saghalin, which had not been occupied by the Japanese, and the withdrawal by Japan of the claim for a war indemnity.

The following telegrams were exchanged with the President on the same day:

"PORTSMOUTH, N. H., August 29th.

"*The President:* We have the honor to inform you that we have reached an agreement with the plenipotentiaries of Japan. To you history will award the glory of having taken the generous initiative of bringing about this conference whose labors will now result in establishing a peace honorable to both sides.

"(Signed) WITTE.
ROSEN."

"OYSTER BAY, Long Island, Aug. 29.

"*Messrs. Witte and Rosen:* I cannot too strongly express my congratulations to you and to the entire civilized world upon the agreement reached between you and the plenipotentiaries of Japan and upon the fact that thereby a peace has been secured, just and honorable to both sides.

"(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

It remained for us next to draft the final text of the articles of the treaty in proper form in both languages, French and English, to have the instruments in duplicate prepared for signature, and so on. All this required some time and it was only on the fifth of September that everything was ready for the final act. It took place in the conference room at the navy yard in the presence of the governor of the state, the mayor of Portsmouth, the commandant of the navy yard, the captain of the Mayflower, the officers who had been attached to the conference and several representatives of leading newspapers. The arrival of the respective plenipotentiaries and their

BEFORE the coming of Neverleek Top Material, the automobile top was usually folded away in obscurity. But not now.

Motor cars are exhibited at the Shows with "tops up." They are run with "tops up," winter and summer, except, perhaps, on a moon-lit June evening.

The well-tailored, graceful, flexible top of Neverleek is an integral part of the car, contributing to smart appearance as well as to service.

A great majority of the high-grade cars exhibited at the New York and Chicago National Shows are regularly equipped with Neverleek Top Material.

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American	Crawford	Grant	Lexington	National	Standard
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Bour Davis	Dorris	Holmes	McFarlan	Pan American	Stutz
Chandler	Elgin	Hupmobile	Malbohm	Peerless	Templar
Cleveland	Elcar	Jordan	Mitchell	Piedmont	Velie
Clyde	Franklin	King	Moon	Roamer	Westcott
Comet	Glide	Kline	Moore		

Full information and samples of Neverleek showing various finishes will be furnished on request

NEVERLEEK
TOP MATERIAL
Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

F. S. CARR COMPANY
31 Beach Street, BOSTON 969 Woodward Avenue, DETROIT

Remove Corns with Freezone

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for a few nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

$5,000 A YEAR

A Short Road to Prosperity

Alexander Heath
of Massachusetts

It was not so many years ago that Mr. Alexander Heath, of Massachusetts, first thought of serving as a representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. But in those years his Curtis profits, besides providing well for his wife and the little Heaths, have brought him the big Heath farm, pictured below, a summer bungalow at the shore, an automobile and a power cruiser. More than that, they have built up a $5000 income to insure the permanence of his accomplishments.

YOU CAN DO AS WELL

Your opportunity to achieve an income is as good. The magazine business is phenomenally thriving, and we need more men and women everywhere to take care of the increased demand and look after our renewals. If you have only a few hours a week to spare you can quickly earn the extra comforts that will make your life happier—besides building up a business that will be a source of permanent ever-increasing profit to you. *Write us today: we will show you our short-cut to prosperity.*

The Curtis Publishing Company
681 Independence Square Philadelphia, Pa.

suites was greeted with ambassadorial salutes of nineteen guns, the guard of honor presenting arms.

After the signatures of the plenipotentiaries had been affixed in silence they shook hands across the table, as did their associates. The description of what followed I quote from the columns of a New York newspaper of the period:

"Baron Rosen was the first to break the silence. Rising from his seat, the Ambassador, looking Baron Komura and M. Takahira straight in the eye, said:

"'We have just signed an act which will have forever a place in the annals of history. It is not for us, active participants in the conclusion of this treaty, to pass judgment on its import and significance.

"'As negotiators on behalf of the Empire of Russia, as well as the Empire of Japan, we may with tranquil conscience say that we have done all that was in our power in order to bring about the peace for which the whole civilized world was longing.

"'As plenipotentiaries of Russia we fulfill a most agreeable duty in acknowledging that in negotiating with our hitherto adversaries, and from this hour our friends, we have been dealing with true and thorough gentlemen, to whom we are happy to express our high esteem and personal regard.

"'We earnestly hope that friendly relations between the two empires will henceforth be firmly established, and we trust that His Excellency, Baron Komura, as Minister of Foreign Affairs and one of the leading statesmen of his country, will apply to the strengthening of these relations the wide experience and wise statesmanship he so conspicuously displayed during these negotiations, which have now been so auspiciously concluded.'

"Baron Komura replied that he shared entirely the views of Baron Rosen. The treaty of peace which they had just signed was in the interest of humanity and civilization, and he was happy to believe that it would bring about a firm, lasting peace between two neighboring empires. He added that it would always be pleasant for him to recall that throughout the long and serious negotiations which they had now left behind them, he and his colleagues had invariably received from the Russian plenipotentiaries the highest courtesy and consideration, and finally he begged to assure Their Excellencies, the Russian plenipotentiaries, that it would be his duty, as well as his pleasure, to do everything in his power to make the treaty in fact what it professes to be in words—a treaty of peace and amity.

"At the conclusion of Baron Komura's remarks M. Witte arose and said he desired to see Baron Rosen and the Japanese plenipotentiaries alone for a few minutes. The four retired to the Russian office and were closeted for ten minutes. What took place in that final conference of the peacemakers the world may never know. The plenipotentiaries have refused to discuss it even to their secretaries.

"While the conference was in progress the secretaries were affixing the official seal to the treaty, there being four seals to each of the four copies. Upon their return to the conference, the plenipotentiaries signed the protocol of their last meeting, which records the signing of the treaty, September 5, 1905, at three-fifty P. M., in the Portsmouth Navy Yard."

We left the navy yard shortly before five o'clock and drove through the festively bedagged streets of Portsmouth filled with enthusiastically cheering crowds to Christ Episcopal Church, where the rector, Father Brine, with the priests of the Russian Orthodox Church, had arranged a joint service of thanksgiving.

"Every seat in the body of the church was filled some time before the service began, shortly after five o'clock, and fully two thousand persons stood outside of the building. Among those in the congregation were Governor McLane, of New Hampshire, and the third assistant Secretary of State, H. H. D. Peirce The entire Russian suite, numbering nineteen persons, attended.

"The last to arrive were M. Witte and Baron Rosen. The two envoys were escorted to seats reserved for them just within the chancel rail.

"The clergy present included the Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter, Episcopal Bishop of New York; seven Russian priests from various cities of the United States, and four of the Episcopal body.

"The service began with a solemn procession about the church. Headed by the cross bearer and acolytes carrying lighted tapers, a Russian and American choir of sixty voices passed up the center aisle of the sacred edifice. After the priests, acolytes, attendants and choristers had been seated in the sanctuary the service proper was begun by Father Brine, who intoned the Prayer Book passages and prayers throughout, the choir singing the responses. At the singing of the Magnificat the altar was censed.

"A brief sermon in English was preached by Rev. Alexander A. Hotovitsky, archpriest of Saint Nicholas' Russian Orthodox Church, New York City. Father Hotovitsky, in his discourse, emphasized the blessings of peace. His prayer, he said, was that all the people of Russia and Japan might be of one mind regarding the dangers of war or strife.

"Following the sermon the Russian priests and attendants took positions before the high altar and chanted a Te Deum in Russian. M. Witte and Baron Rosen left their seats and stood in the chancel facing the altar, and were surrounded by the Russian priests during the singing of the solemn chant.

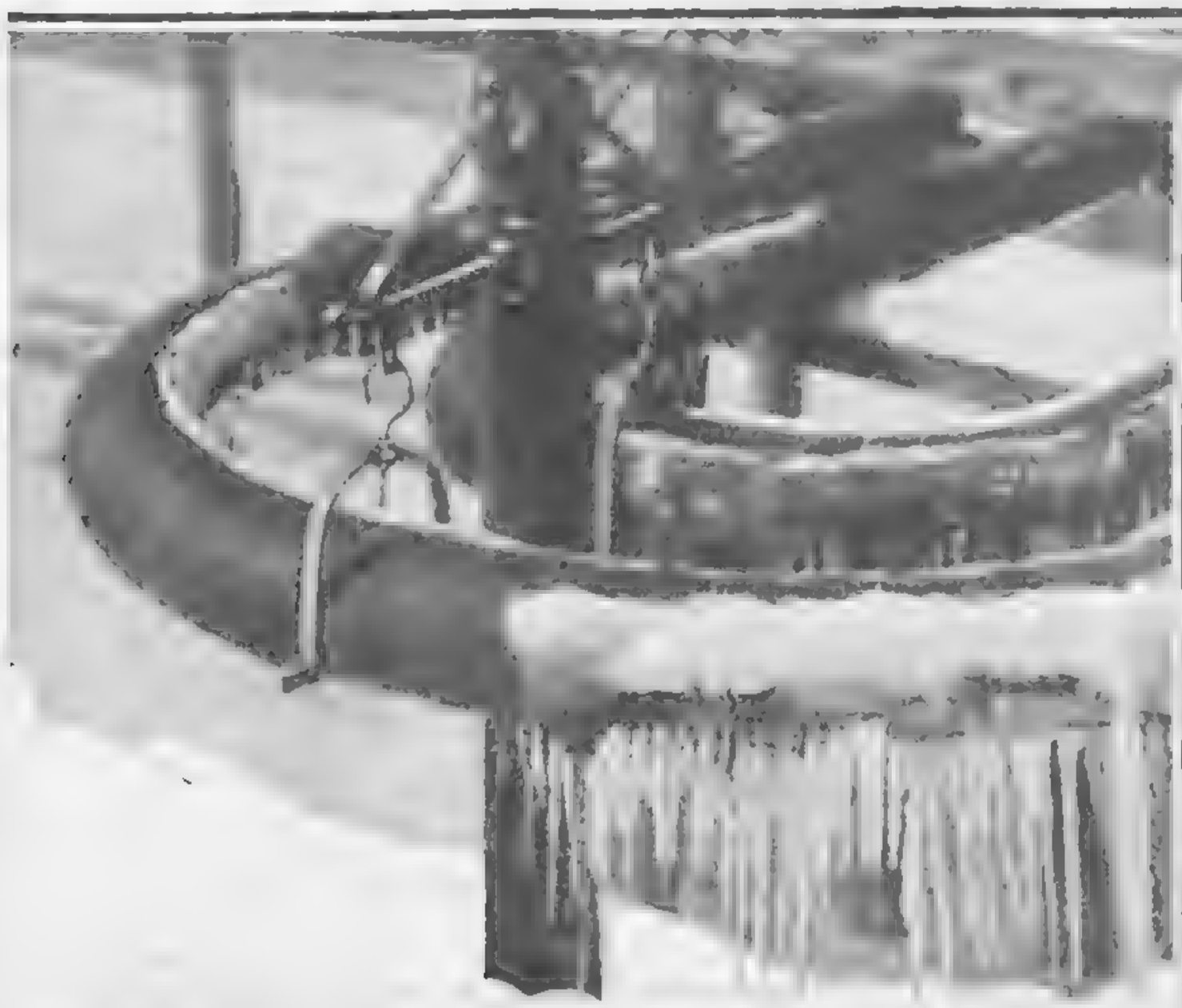
"The ceremony was the most solemn and impressive of the service. While the hymn of thanksgiving was being sung the smoke from censers obscured at times the light from half a hundred candles.

"Father Hotovitsky offered prayers for the army and then a prayer for all those who lost their lives in the war was chanted. The service ended at six-fifty-five P. M."

Thus was ended one of the greatest wars of history by the conclusion of a peace of justice and of conciliation, establishing solid foundations for future friendly relations between two great nations whose rulers, aided by the wise and generous mediation of America's great President, in deciding to put a stop to further bloodshed and strife were guided solely by the dictates of reason and of far-seeing statesmanship.

Editor's Note—This is the thirteenth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

Boiling Water three inches under the ice!



THERE is nothing new in the idea of covering pipes so that some of the heat in them may be saved.

But the exact science of maintaining temperature of fluids in pipes and other containers passing through a medium of different temperature is of comparatively recent origin.

To know the value of heat-saving materials and the correct manner to use them is the basis of the science of insulation. And it is to this knowledge, combined with years of manufacturing skill, laboratory research and the application of our products, that Johns-Manville insulation owes its position today—in fact, it is the mother business of this Company.

For instance—it is doubtful if, twenty-five years ago, the conditions shown here and described in the column to the right could have been met efficiently. Now such a problem is simply a matter of engineering calculation, based on materials whose efficiency is accurately known in advance.

Accurately known because Johns-Manville insulating materials are the result of the most careful study of all materials and methods for heat saving. No Johns-Manville insulating material is advocated for use until it has proven with exactitude to be the most efficient for the purpose.

How it was done

THE two steam lines are each 2193 feet long, running cross-country on overhead supports — all exposed to weather the entire distance.

Despite the fact that the initial gauge pressure is 160 lbs. and the superheat 94°, so little heat escapes that snow and ice lie on the pipe line—unmelted.

The picture above will give you a good idea of how this remarkable heat saving was secured—and by these standard Johns-Manville materials:

Asbesto-Sponge Felted Sectional Insulation, 1½" thick, was first applied to the pipes and wired on without canvas.

Johns-Manville Hair Insulation, 1½" thick, was then wrapped around the Asbesto-Sponge—and finally

3-Ply Johns-Manville Asbestos Weather-Proof Felt was wired on over the Hair Insulation to make an absolutely weather-proof jacket.

You will note that these are all standard Johns-Manville Insulations, included in the list below:

Asbesto-Sponge Felted, 85% Magnesia, Asbestocel, Zero Insulation, Anti-Sweat Insulation, Ammonia Insulation, Underground Steam Conduit and Insulating Cements

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
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COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos
and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak-proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

Wilson dependable MOTOR TRUCKS

"Without the motor truck the world would face an era of even higher commodity prices than now prevail, and a shortage of materials that would practically paralyze industrial activity"

Wilson—
That's Haul

Why Do Motor Truck Dealers Make Money?

This is a very frank and important talk to automotive dealers, and those intending to enter the business, relative to the vital question of profits to be made and how to make them

THE established truck dealer who has gained wisdom through long experience knows how easy it is to sell a well advertised motor truck.

And he knows the hardships that come with trying to sell an unknown truck.

It is seldom, therefore, that you find the experienced motor truck merchant contracting for an unadvertised and unknown account.

He does not want to do the pioneering. He does not want to put his time and resources back of an unknown product. When, for example, he tries to sell a customer the "Blank" truck, he does not want to hear the prospective buyer say: "The 'Blank' truck? *I never heard* of it!"

You old dealers know that this does not spell success. And you younger ones, and you who are thinking of going into the business, can gather a lesson from the older dealers' experience.

For the American buyer today does not absorb voluble promises and doubtful facts as he may have done in days of yore. He has learned something and he is influenced by, and guided to the door of, the truck maker who has sufficient faith in his product to come out boldly in great advertising channels and state his claims openly to the world—in such reputable publications that the very fact that they publish his claims is a substantial guarantee of their dependability.

The appearance of this advertisement marks the thirty-seventh year of the continuous existence of the J. C. Wilson Company as a manufacturer of heavy duty haulage vehicles—first horse-drawn and then motor driven. For many years of this time we have been telling the public, through the medium of the great national publications, of the worth of Wilson motor truck construction and the dependability of Wilson truck service.

The result is that the public *knows* Wilson trucks. In addition to their great mechanical worth they are an advertised asset to the dealer, they possess a *good-will value* which makes sales easier for him, and creates a greater re-sale value for the retail buyer.

The name "Wilson" as applied to motor trucks is so deeply imbedded in the public consciousness, so thoroughly intrenched in public favor, that sales (and re-sales) of Wilson trucks are infinitely easier to make than if we depended upon circulars and postal card campaigns to acquaint the public with our product.

There can be no question about this. What are the big selling passenger cars? What are the big selling soaps? What, even, if you please, are the big selling chewing gums? The answer writes itself, and you know it: They are the passenger cars, the soaps, the chewing gums—*and the motor trucks*—whose makers come into the open and state their claims in the great journals of the world.

This is only good, sane sense. If you sell an advertised product you are not up against the continued, heart-breaking barrier of obscurity, of "I never heard of your truck."

It may be that some of you old dealers who read this are getting ready to take on the sale of motor trucks, or that some of you men in other lines of business are thinking of taking up the sale of trucks as a vocation. If you are we would like to hear from you. Perhaps your territory is still open.

Write us. There's money in the business, and it's a clean business—a business man's business.

Let us send you (free) a booklet we have prepared called "Money in Motor Trucks." It is interesting and instructive and will open up to you an avenue for clean profit-making that will be to you an industrial revelation.

1½—2½—3½—5 Ton,
All Worm Drive

37th Year

J. C. WILSON COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

London — *Export Office:* 100 Broad Street, New York — Paris

• COMMERCIAL VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS •

HOUSEKEEPING FOR THE RICHEST RICH

(Continued from Page 18)

the second kitchenmaid employ her time between three o'clock and a quarter to four"?

I might and usually did know the answers, but I would stammer and stutter, while my hands continued swelling and my knees grew weaker and weaker. All the time I was in her service madam never seemed aware that I possessed hinges. At my first audience in that boudoir I had waited politely to be invited to sit down, but the invitation never came, and I mentally resolved that when I changed to another household I would take the initiative and the handiest chair.

Sometimes madam would be charming, and at first I was betrayed into many confidences of household workings—servants' idiosyncrasies or my own—that later would be used against me with telling effect. But I soon learned the safeguard of a silent tongue and an impassive manner, such as Boggs, the English butler, wore, and I intrenched behind a counterpart.

One day when madam had been particularly difficult the governor—as the butler and his men always spoke of the master of the house—who had been present, came a few moments later to my office. After glancing apprehensively round he patted me on the back and whispered, "Don't worry, you're doing splendidly," and vanished.

But the person of whom I stood in real awe was Boggs—with the family thirty-six years! Other people—the master, the mistress, guests, servants—might be guilty of an occasional *faux pas;* but Boggs, dignified and incorruptible, never! One could imagine his mother having dedicated him to the butlerhood as Samuel of old was dedicated to the temple. Boggs was a power in the household. A perfect John Bull type florid, high straight nose, little white mutton-chop whiskers—he ruled the men under him like the autocratic old general he was, and his men adored him. He and the governor had been young together before madam was, and for his master's sake Boggs tolerated everyone else

But the ruler of the household was who? That spoiled child, the French chef! We always faced the danger of his wrecking a meal, no matter how important or what the occasion, in sheer bad temper; and it did not follow that the consequences would fall on him, therefore it behooved us lesser lights to keep him unruffled.

The Chef's Artistic Temperament

On one occasion something had gone wrong with the cold storage—something was always wrong with the cold storage or the heating plant or the ventilating system, unless indeed an evil combination of such ills was upon us. Just now it was the cold storage that was behaving scandalously. I had sent for an engineer and all one long day I left many things undone waiting and watching for him. Toward evening I happened into the kitchen. The chef was in a fierce mood.

"What for am I so troubled with peoples in my kitchen?" he demanded. "Every day someone come—to-day a man. He say, 'Ze cold storage I speak; I want to make a business.' I point to ze door, 'Make your business zere,' I say, and he goes."

"Chef," I cried indignantly, for once forgetting my rôle of family oil can, "that man came all the way from the city about the cold storage and you took it upon yourself to send him off like that! Madam will be most annoyed."

I was anyway; all the writing and telephoning and delay to be gone through again, with apologies to be added for the chef's outrageous behavior.

We were giving a most important dinner the next evening. Madam had been more than usually particular about the arrangements and it was after five o'clock when I flung my tired self into the easy-chair before my fire, thankful that every last detail was complete and my share in the festivities over. Suddenly a frightened kitchenmaid stood at my door with a message from the chef to the effect that the fishmonger had left a short order of lobsters and unless he had one more right away the menu must be changed.

I knew the chef was lying merely to get even for my scolding yesterday. And the chef knew that I knew, but I also knew he could spoil the dinner, and he knew that too. Moreover, we both knew that this was no time of day to find out such a catastrophe, even were it true.

Down I went in wrath—which I craftily dissembled—to the kitchen. The chef, his cap cocked triumphantly on one side, was ornamenting a green candy basket, destined to hold ice cream, with pink-candy apple blossoms. I admired the basket and then spoke casually of lobsters.

"You get my message?" he cried. "Right away, I say," and he dived into his pantry and shut the door.

There was nothing for it but to go to madam and explain as best I could. Reluctantly I tapped on her dressing-room door, where she was in the hands of her masseuse.

"Oh," she exclaimed at sight of me, "I was just going to send for you. What about bonbons? I didn't like those last you had. I hope you have something different."

Being a successful housekeeper in the making, I did not remind her that she had bought them herself; instead I said that I was sorry she didn't like them, because as they were very expensive bonbons and there were enough I had decided they would do—with just enough opposition in my tone to decide her firmly against them. I added reluctantly that there might yet be time for me to get a fresh supply if she really wished. Madam did wish and said I was to use her own car and chauffeur. I sped to a telephone and called the garage and when the car came I was waiting on the doorstep.

The Lobster Hunt

Unfortunately we dealt with a fishmonger in a town four miles to the east and with a confectioner three miles to the west. I told my difficulties to Slack, the chauffeur, who had helped me through similar scrapes.

"Can you make it in time, Slack?" I asked. "If you care to do a little speeding, don't mind me."

Slack grinned and we slid quietly down the avenue and out the gates.

"Where to first?" he inquired.

"Lobsters," I answered, thinking I might find some sort of bonbons in the same town.

Over the oiled roads we sped up hill and down dale, I crouching in the flying car, hanging onto the rug holder lest I be spilled out. We were at the fishmonger's in a flash and I tumbled into the shop, crying, "A lobster quick!"

"I have the last von shust sold. I vill others to-morrow mornings haf."

I fled.

"Slack," I wailed, "what can I do? He has none."

"There's a fish dealer near the confectioner's," said Slack, taking charge of the situation. "We'll try there."

We were out of the town before I had climbed to my seat. The lamps lit up long stretches of hard shining road that we rapidly gobbled up. Slack was enjoying himself thoroughly.

We came to a stand before the fish shop and I darted in, crying: "Lobsters, have you any?"

"Surely, madam; how many will you have?"

"Two big ones."

I was so overjoyed I could have bought up the shop.

The man lifted a marble slab and thrust his hand into the depths, bringing up two lively fighters. He made them into some sort of a bundle and shoved it in the car. By this time I was recklessly buying French bonbons next door. Scrambling into the car with my arms full of boxes, too hurried to have them tied up, I stumbled over the lobsters and with a yell gathered both my feet up on the seat. Slack slammed the door and we were off. I could hear the lobster bundle and a couple of boxes I had dropped rattling round on the car floor as we raced homeward. We reached the gates and slipped up the avenue and round to the kitchen door.

"Slack," I said insinuatingly, "do you know which is the safe end of a lobster?"

Slack came round and groped in the car.

"All right," he said when he had grasped the bundle, and opening the kitchen door

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SHE had never seen a highwayman before. This one had on army officer's boots and the manners of a gentleman. She laughed and told him so. But it was serious business for him. He faced death, prison, disgrace

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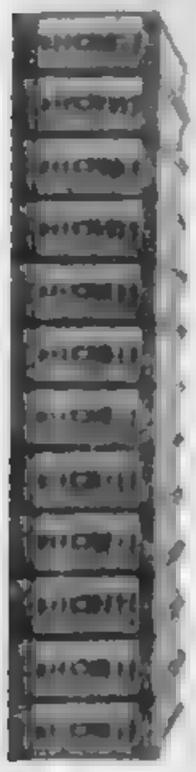

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OCCUPATION

he thrust the poor creatures under the chef's astonished nose, while I hopped about on the good firm earth to get the cramp out of my feet and legs.

A little later from a vantage point in the upper hall I watched—as I often did—the gay party going in to dinner. Could the gracious, stately hostess, with the smiling red lips and sparkling eyes, her beautiful gray hair held in puffs and curls by jeweled pins, a rope of pearls swinging to her knees, her silk train sweeping the crimson carpet—could this be the little, fretful, elderly woman with gray hair rolled in a bun on top of her head, who had snapped so querulously at me in the seclusion of her boudoir?

"So much," thought I, "for a French maid and clothes."

Madam was particularly pleased with that dinner. She said the chef was invaluable, but I found the two lobsters in the ice box next morning when I made my rounds. I looked the chef in the eye and pointed. He blushed—he really did—but he turned away humming a little French song.

It came about that madam went visiting and I took my menus to the young ladies' boudoir.

"I'll do the menus," announced the younger sister joyously.

"Certainly not!" said the elder, who was very like her mother. "When mamma is away I'm the head of the house."

"But," retorted the other, "you've given the gardener and coachman orders. You might let me do the meals."

"Not at all," replied her sister. "I will attend to everything." And she stretched a long white hand for the book.

"Dear me!" she cried. "Of what use is a French chef? This everlasting lamb-and-milk-pudding diet! Can't he cook anything else? Chicken for luncheon. Lamb for dinner. Lamb for luncheon. Chicken for dinner.

"Just so father can say, 'From the farm of course,' and look at Boggs, and Boggs say, 'Yes, sir, so I understand, sir,' when he knows he's lying. If all the lambs and chickens we've eaten these past six weeks were off the farm there wouldn't be a live thing on the place."

She dashed an avenging pencil through luncheon and dinner and the morrow's breakfast menus.

"Too elaborate," she pronounced, "for Sunday breakfast. I always"—looking severely at me—"order the simplest possible breakfast for Sunday. It's only right." And she scribbled all over and up and down the page.

I took the slaughtered menus back to the chef, not without a certain enjoyment, for I had reason to believe he intended giving himself a little holiday during madam's absence, leaving the most of the cooking to Rose, the long-suffering second cook. Here, I told him, was his opportunity to practice his art.

Every dish ordered was French and elaborate.

"The simplest possible breakfast" would necessitate rising at five o'clock, for the egg dish ordered depended for its success on cunning little biscuit cases that took hours to rise to their fluffy perfection.

Trouble in the Kitchen

"And for ze demoiselles only!" he raved. "The governor, he will not want these things. It will be ze same chops of ze lambs—ze custards for him. Ze eggs à la surprise should be for ze egg course at ze luncheon."

"I suggested that," I said, calmly smiling, "but the young ladies prefer it for breakfast."

The chef cocked his cap defiantly to one side and stamped.

"Why not," I asked innocently, "show Rose how to make some of these things?"

"Bah! That camel—show her ze how of ze secrets I so guard?"

"It will be well, chef, to remember that madam will undoubtedly hear of any unsuccessful cooking."

And with this word to the wise I fled the kitchen, troubling it with my presence but little during the following days. When I did venture there tearful kitchenmaids and a harassed Rose were dashing about under the conflicting orders of a chef in pursuit of his art.

When madam returned she was much alarmed at the condition of the young ladies. Both were in bed subsisting on sips of hot water.

"Ptomaine poison," she pronounced. Was I quite sure none of the coppers required relining?

I was fortunately—having had them lined less than a month ago.

While reviewing household happenings I casually mentioned that the chef had been excelling himself and drew attention to some of his recent triumphs. She turned the leaves and studied some of the contents. There was no more talk of coppers or ptomaine poison, but the chef returned thankfully to his "petits muttons."

Graft flourishes in the long shadow of a rich man's home. The grocers and tradespeople all bombarded me with bonbons, hothouse fruit, French toilet waters and perfumes. I could have started a shop of my own. The local upholsterer sidled into my office and taking me confidentially by the elbow hoped his order would be a generous one. Our bills were scandalous. The butcher's bill, daily growing in spite of "ze chickens and petits muttons," was something I trembled to confront madam with, for expenditure had to be carefully watched and accounted for. The chef, when I talked to him, merely shrugged, so I summoned the butcher, arranging with Boggs to let him in by the front door, for I did not want him and the chef to meet.

I greeted him with: "What per cent do you give the chef?"

He bowed low, saying: "Ten per cent."

"You call yourself an honest man?"—witheringly.

"What would you?" he asked with hands outspread. "If I don't give it dinners will be spoiled. The madam will be told that my meat is poor, unwholesome; another butcher will be found. He will give ten per cent—maybe more."

We Butchers Must Live

"But," I interrupted, holding out a sheaf of daily checks, "look at these—dollars and dollars' worth of meat never ordered!"

"Not by you, ma'am. Merely back orders from the chef. You are a new housekeeper. If the chef pleases the master and mistress they will not thank you to interfere with him." Again the bow and outspread hands. "Besides, we butchers must live. In a few weeks at most this house will be closed, who knows for how long—perhaps a year."

I waved him away. Diogenes would never have come hunting in this neighborhood, but I took some satisfaction in bundling my bribes back to their donors.

The flowers brought in every morning by the gardeners were a joy. I would find them in my office when I came down; great flat baskets of roses—such roses!—red, pink, white, every variety in profusion; chrysanthemums big as sunflowers; all kinds of late garden flowers; on chairs, my desk, the floor; only my little breakfast table with its crisp white cloth and blue china, like an island in the midst, and the third footman hovering near waiting to bring me my breakfast. What a rush it was to get those flowers arranged and in place by nine o'clock, when the reception rooms and halls must be in readiness and every servant out of sight except the footmen on duty! My task, too, to arrange the table fruit and sweets.

I think I must have been a success at all this, because—though madam gave no word of praise—my work was never criticized or sent back for rearrangement, as I heard had frequently happened to former housekeepers. Boggs, wise man—and with the family thirty-six years—whose duty all this should have been, had long ago refused to touch it. Boggs knew his value and madam probably knew Boggs' limitations. Boggs didn't know an American beauty from a red cabbage, and after all there is little difference except for the smell.

We were very exclusive, old-fashioned people and we prided ourselves on our high-stepping horses and perfectly appointed carriages, using the automobiles only for long journeys or for business. Every morning Dawnish, the coachman, came to me to learn madam's commands. Giving a loud peremptory knock on my office door, before I could speak he would fling it wide with, "What can I do for you to-day?"—his cap on the back of his head.

When I went shopping in the neighboring towns it was understood that a groom in livery and the surrey were at my disposal, but to my disgust it was usually Dawnish who would drive to the door, out of livery.

(Continued on Page 181)

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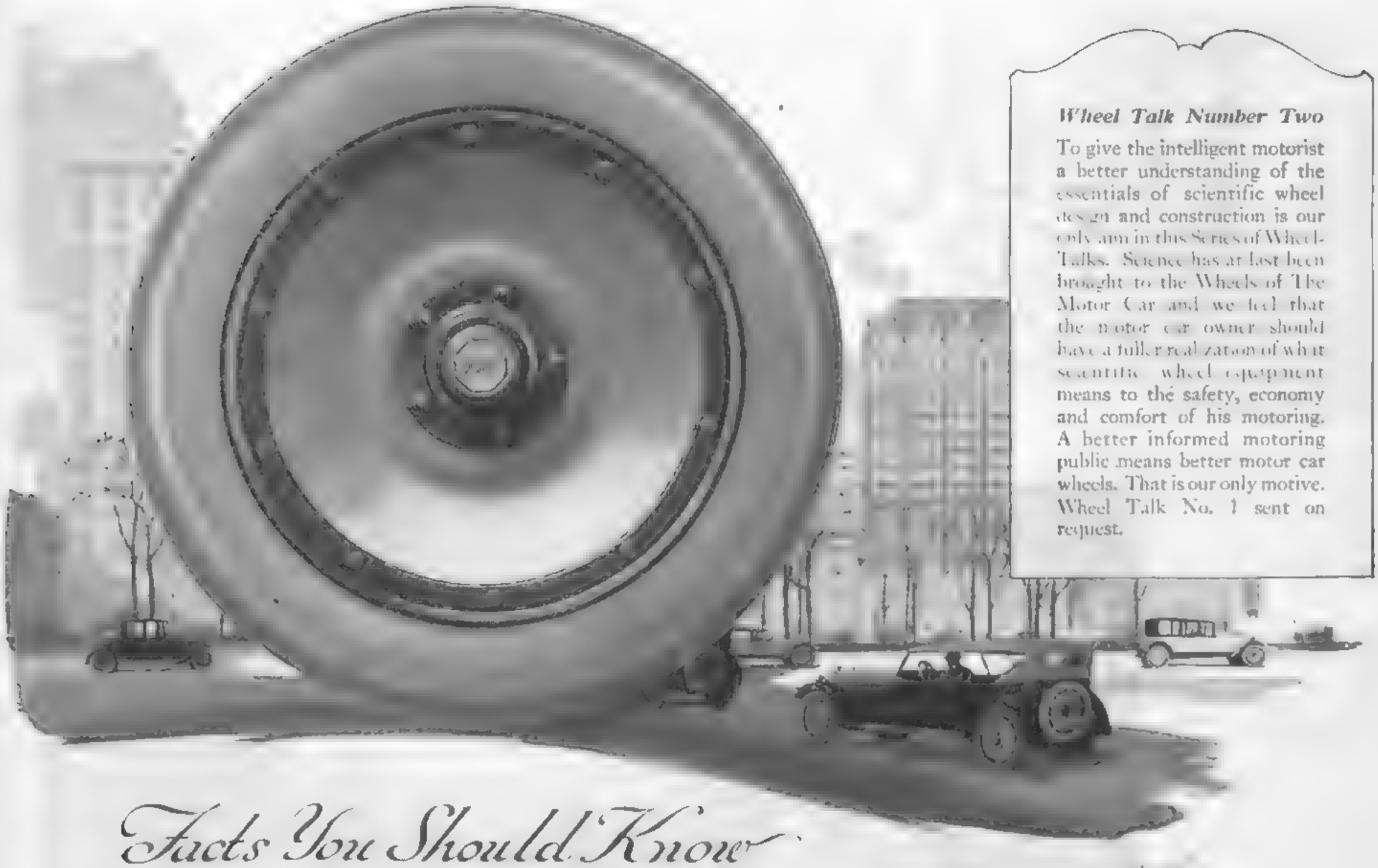

Wheel Talk Number Two

To give the intelligent motorist a better understanding of the essentials of scientific wheel design and construction is our only aim in this Series of Wheel-Talks. Science has at last been brought to the Wheels of The Motor Car and we feel that the motor car owner should have a fuller realization of what scientific wheel equipment means to the safety, economy and comfort of his motoring. A better informed motoring public means better motor car wheels. That is our only motive. Wheel Talk No. 1 sent on request.

Facts You Should Know About the Wheels of Your Motor Car

A Motor Car Wheel should be so designed and constructed that there can be no concentration of Strains at Any One Point.

The athlete, a pole-vaulter, shown in the illustration is alighting from a height of ten feet or more. His legs are not straight. They are dished. If he keeps his legs straight, he will break his legs, because it is the direct Transmission of the Shock or Impact that shatters and destroys. You can demonstrate the soundness of this principle to your own discomfort by merely stepping off the curb-stone with your legs stiff. Instinct tells us to Offset Gravity in this way—to Diffuse the Shock.

The human body is an excellent illustration of the Principle of the Taper, the variation of Thickness and Weight. This is the Principle of the Spring. The fact that the vaulter's legs are dished to receive the Shock, too, is significant. The body is dished like a Bow—flexible, not set and rigid. That is the effect of the Dish. The body becomes an actual Spring. That is another reason why the Impact is Diffused over the Whole Body—not concentrated at any One Point.

Applied to the Wheel—The natural direction of the Strain, the Shock, the Blow is toward the Hub. Diverting the Strain, therefore, diffuses it. The Off-Set Rim in the scientifically designed wheel also makes the Strain "turn corners" and, therefore, Dissipates it.

Besides the vastly Greater Beauty of Disteel Wheels, there are these Three Basic Principles of Scientific Wheel Construction which you should demand—The Taper, The Dish, The Off-Set Rim.

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Disteel Wheel Plant, Cabot Avenue
New York: 1846 Broadway at 61st St.
Boston: 925 Boylston Street

Automobile Frame Plant, Mt. Elliot Avenue
Chicago: 732 Michigan Ave.
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The Wheels That Complete The Car

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But only the skins of good little kids who mind their shepherds are made into Vode Kid. For the choicest skins are selected for this ultra leather.

Vode Kid is found in all the shades and lasts shown in the smart boot shops. No matter what your shoe problem, you should be able to find a pair of shoes of Vode Kid to solve it. Permit your shoe merchant to help you select the shoes of Vode Kid which best suit your foot and blend with your new costume.

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Ask for Shoes of Vode Kid

Hide it from your Wife!

EVERY little while some lady writes to me that I ought to tell women that Mennen Shaving Cream is a marvelous complexion soap.

I refuse to do so, for I believe that if there is anything in this world a man is entitled to call his own, it is his shaving kit.

It's really a serious matter.

Suppose your wife were to learn what a suave, delicious lather she could enjoy with a speck of Mennen's and cold water, leaving her face and hands all soft, freshened up and rosy—how long would even our giant size, 50 cent tube last?

So it's my advice to hide Mennen's in a nice dark corner in your bathroom cabinet in behind the kids' castor oil, or some fine morning you'll find an empty tube and have to shave with the stuff your wife calls complexion soap. You'll understand then what women are up against. No wonder they worry about their complexions.

What I started to say, when I drifted onto this woman matter, is, that if you've never tried Mennen's, but have conservatively and profanely clung to the caustic shaving soap you learned to shave with, I want to point out three important superiorities of Mennen's:—

1—You positively do not have to rub in the lather to get a gorgeous shave.

2—You can get the same result with cold water as with hot. Even hard water makes no difference.

3—Because the Cream contains no caustic and is rich with soothing balm, it leaves the face feeling fine.

My 12 cent demonstrator tube offers a cautious way to learn whether I am honest or just a paid enthusiast.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 178)

the surrey closed all but the front seat. Though I never spoke except to give curt directions he would swagger into the shops, putting in his word about my purchases; then with his hat at a rakish angle and me perched beside him he would spin round the streets, saluting his many friends. I suffered a while and then decided all this must cease. So the next time Dawnish flung open my door I looked coolly at him.

"Dawnish," I said, "you have forgotten your cap." He grabbed it off.

"Thankee, ma'am," he gulped. "Any orders to-day?"

How I wished I'd had gumption enough to have squelched him sooner!

I learned later that he considered himself a devil of a fellow with the women and had had a promising intrigue with my immediate predecessor. After this when I went on errands I was driven by a groom in livery.

One morning when a sprinkle of snow had blanketed the gardens and fields and a border of shell ice fringed the ornamental lake, madam informed me that I would go to New York the next day, taking with me Mary, the third housemaid. I would go to the town house, now in charge of a caretaker. I would engage workers—the secretary would give me a list of trustworthy people—and I would have the house in complete order in ten days' time. It was with difficulty I preserved my Boggs' expression, or rather lack of expression. I could have danced for joy. Get away from that prison, where I never spoke to a human being except on business and where no one spoke to me except to make complaint or ask directions? What mattered it that I had to make ready a home that I had never been in except for an hour on the summer day I had come to meet madam?

Impossible Furniture

When first I went to the country house I had taken long walks along the road every day, rain or shine. But these ceased when a guest arrived one day late for luncheon and a bit excited. He had been held up almost at our gates and only a passing motor party coming to his aid had saved him from being robbed. After that I confined my walks abroad to the estate. And even Guernsey cattle and orangeries and palm houses and graperies are apt to become a bore, especially when the latter hang too high.

But Irish Mary knew the town house, though she had been only a kitchenmaid the year before, and with the help of her clever head and hands I had everything in readiness when the household descended upon us. The butler and his man came on an early train, bringing the plate and other valuables.

"Boggs," I said when I met him in the hall, "the big drawing-room looks like a jumble sale and I can't arrange it to look differently."

"Nor can anyone else, mum. I don't hold with gilt furniture and French tapestry. Give me," said Boggs with dramatic fervor, "a chair as can be sat on in comfort."

But telling a couple of footmen to follow, he came with me to the big lofty room. In a very few minutes they had rolled the grand piano—gilded and painted and supported by fat cupids, its yellow notes dumb—to its rightful angle and had twisted the carved-and-gilded cabinets and chairs and tables and couches and screens to where they belonged. I scuttled about, arranging costly bric-a-brac and flowers.

How much enjoyment I got in caring for and keeping these perfectly appointed homes I didn't then know, but far more, I think, than did the owners. Like Boggs, I didn't admire the state drawing-room. But the comfortable splendor of the whole house, the priceless art treasures scattered throughout, were a daily delight.

A noted English authoress, describing in one of her books a magnificent London mansion, gives a minute description of a portrait picture at the head of the grand staircase. It is faithfully—if wordily—described, but it hangs at the head of a grand staircase somewhere on Fifth Avenue.

Madam came in time to entertain an exclusive luncheon party. She was met at her door by her omnipresent butler and his satellites and on the first landing by her composed housekeeper.

I have maintained always that heaven will be filled with Germans and I have had no cause to change my mind. Their infinitesimal souls will slip in unnoticed, while poor sinful wretches from all other nations are being turned away.

The head housemaid, being a German, lived only to extol her "vork" and to spy upon and belittle others, getting into the most frightful rages at any disparagement of herself. She hated me right royally and boasted that she would get rid of me as she had of other housekeepers. With this laudable motive she drew madam's attention one morning to her bedroom door, one of the white panels being yellower than the rest. She said it had been caused by the unskilled workers the housekeeper had employed to clean. What did either the housekeeper or they know about white enamel? Madam asked her if she could remedy it. She was sure she could.

"Then do so," madam commanded. "Do it now."

So Katrina went at it with every cleaning stuff known to science.

"But you are not rubbing hard enough," madam would say. "Rub, scrub hard, harder still!"

And Katrina rubbed and scrubbed for the better part of an hour, while madam in a pink silk negligée lay on her couch before the fire reading The Prayers for the Day and The Simple Life. And then she told her what both had known all along: that the panel was as it always had been—a bit of bad painting.

There was little time for homesickness now. The days were scarce long enough to fit my duties in. Though the country house was officially closed, every week-end some of the family—usually all or most of it—with visitors, old and young, went bag and baggage, menservants and maidservants, to what they were pleased to call picnic there. Sometimes the week-end began Saturday afternoon and ended any time Sunday. Sometimes it began Thursday morning and lasted until the following Wednesday. Sometimes we were in both houses at once, or on the highway between. The chef practiced his art whenever and wherever Providence and madam decreed.

The Troublesome Bureau

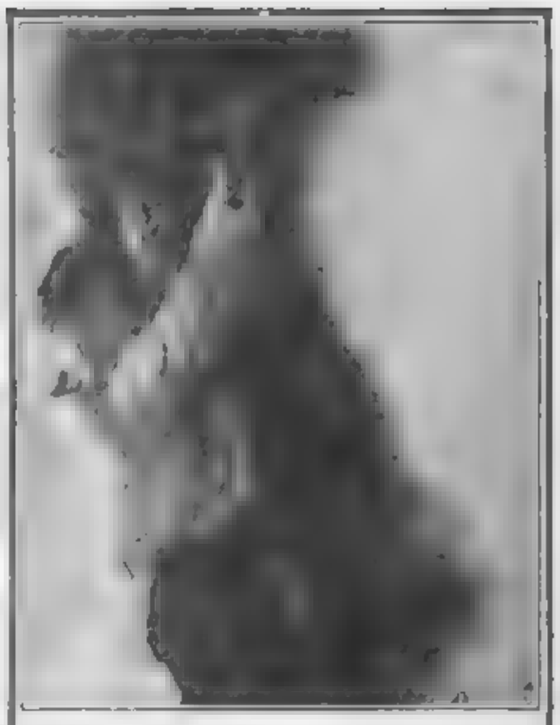
I was supposed to live in the town house, but as a matter of fact I lived on the New York Central, stopping only long enough at one house or the other to call the changes in the game of family coach. I sent footmen and maids and boxes and trunks and pet dogs and confectionery and fruit and all sorts of fine groceries to the country; and I sent poultry and game and cream and farm produce of all sorts and pet dogs and trunks and boxes and maids and men back to the city.

So bewildered did I sometimes grow that there was danger of my sending the servants by express and handing the railroad pass to a hamper of eggs. Through all this turmoil of change and conflicting orders Boggs, the butler, moved serene. Only once did I see him lose his temper.

It happened in the town house and the cause was the ambiguous person known as the useful man. A bureau was being sent to a renovator, whose man chose the late afternoon to call for it. I sent him and my useful one—Thomas by name—upstairs, with instructions to get it speedily and on no account to venture where they could be seen or heard by a member of the family or a guest. Presently hearing an unusual commotion in the inner hall I went to investigate. There in the freight lift, which was an open car beneath the sumptuous passenger lift, was Thomas and the bureau suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, twixt heaven and earth.

The trouble was obvious. The men had got the bureau into the lift, where it barely fitted even by leaving the car door open. Of course the shaft was not absolutely plumb and the projecting end of furniture had jammed about four feet above the ground floor.

Five o'clock on a winter's afternoon! Madam expected in from her drive any moment—the governor from his club! Visitors!



Huck Runs Away

It was such a nuisance to have to put on a collar for Sunday and black his boots and wash his face every single day, to say nothing of his ears. Huckleberry Finn had had just about all he could stand—so he *had* to run away.

Let Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer take you by the hand and lead you back.

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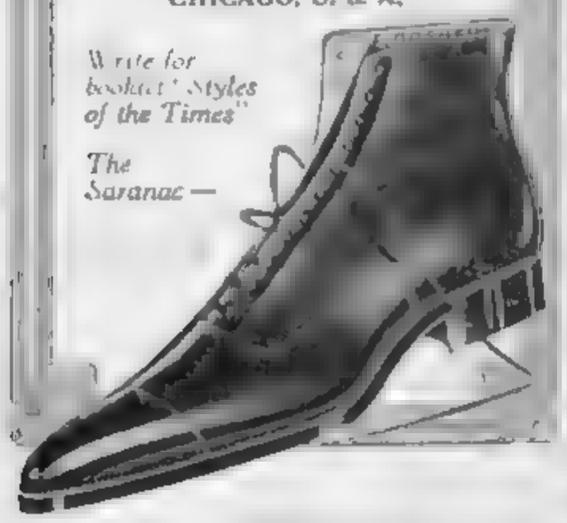

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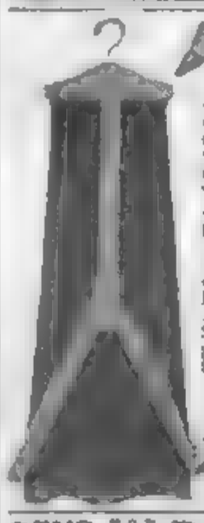

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Boggs was cursing Thomas from the hall floor, not loudly, but distinctly and emphatically. Quite an audience had gathered. It included the chef with a large knife; one or two housemaids disturbed at their tea, munching cake, teacups in hand; a kitchenmaid and scrubbing pail; a laundress with a half-wrung sheet; two footmen in full livery. But all were silent in face of Boggs' fluency.

I waved the chef and maids back to where they came from and retreated into my office, where I spent a frantic half an hour telephoning for an engineer, but at that time of day such a person could not be found. Eventually I borrowed one from the St. Regis, who sauntered in an hour or two later. Meanwhile every servant in the house made an errand through that hall, and when Boggs became speechless the footmen in strict order of precedence explained to Thomas his spot in the universe. It was not nearly so exalted as his present eerie. James assured him that Boggs' exhortation was a mere curtain raiser to what the governor's would be. George and Charles dwelt on the fact that madam's heart not being all it should, they two must carry her upstairs—she weighed one hundred and seventy pounds—but, they assured him, not before they had explained the reason to her.

They both agreed that when released the lift would fly to the roof and then likely drop to the basement.

The governor was the first to reach home and, attended by a dignified if purple-faced butler and three expectant footmen, was confronted with the jammed lift. Boggs had been but a half-hearted understudy. Indeed, there was much reason for wrath. The servants were forbidden the use of the lift except when carrying a burden. Thomas by wise forethought rarely traversed the stairs, providing himself always with a burden of sorts. Thus only yesterday, when several luncheon guests—including a French ambassador and a foreign princeling—were about to step into the waiting lift, ushered thereto by a bowing butler, it soared from sight, and they and the mortified Boggs waited while it went to the fifth floor and returned with Thomas and an empty ash can.

Another time madam, impressively conducting a distinguished lady, found the passenger car occupied by Thomas in blue overalls, a can of brass polish and a dirty cloth. He had sufficient presence of mind to be industriously polishing the door handle, but the look madam gave him as she motioned him out made even Thomas droop for a few hours. In fact, Thomas and the lift were a regular obsession with us. So much so that when any small article was missing we ran first to the lift to see if Thomas had commandeered it to ride with him.

It was a badly wilted Thomas I discharged next morning.

"Sure, ma'am," said Mary, "he won't be sayin' you're soft any more."

I thought deeply for a few moments.

"Am I soft, Mary?" I asked.

"Jist a throifle, ma'am, and though it's all right wid thim as has a since of dacency, there's thim as hasn't. But afther all, thim as has will do a power of work for ye and thim as hasn't ye don't be wantin'."

Many pleasant duties fell to me as madam learned to place confidence in me. Errands to the florist's, to the jeweler's and other shops. Calls to pay by proxy, when—seated in madam's carriage—I handed madam's cards to a footman who delivered them at palace doors to other superior individuals like unto himself. There were theater and opera tickets and tickets to picture galleries.

There were drives, with madam's Aberdeen terrier for company.

He was about as companionable as a hearse, but I loved him, and his dour soul tolerated me. There were gifts to deliver to rich and poor alike.

Now all this and much more is written in large letters in the book of every professional housekeeper's life. I have learned how mistresses appear in their servants' eyes and to look at many things from their viewpoint as well as my own.

I have learned the joy of being a storm center; of being able to swing a palace and all that therein is; of turning domestic tragedies into comedies. I have learned how hard worked are the idle rich—and not always for their own pleasure. And so when I sum up the results and gains of those early months in madam's household I wonder if it shouldn't have been I who paid madam fifty dollars a month instead of madam paying me.

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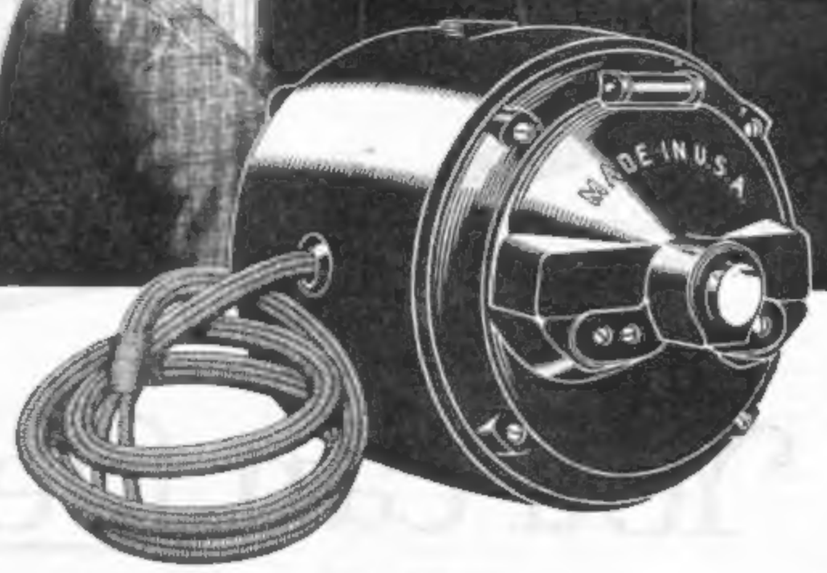

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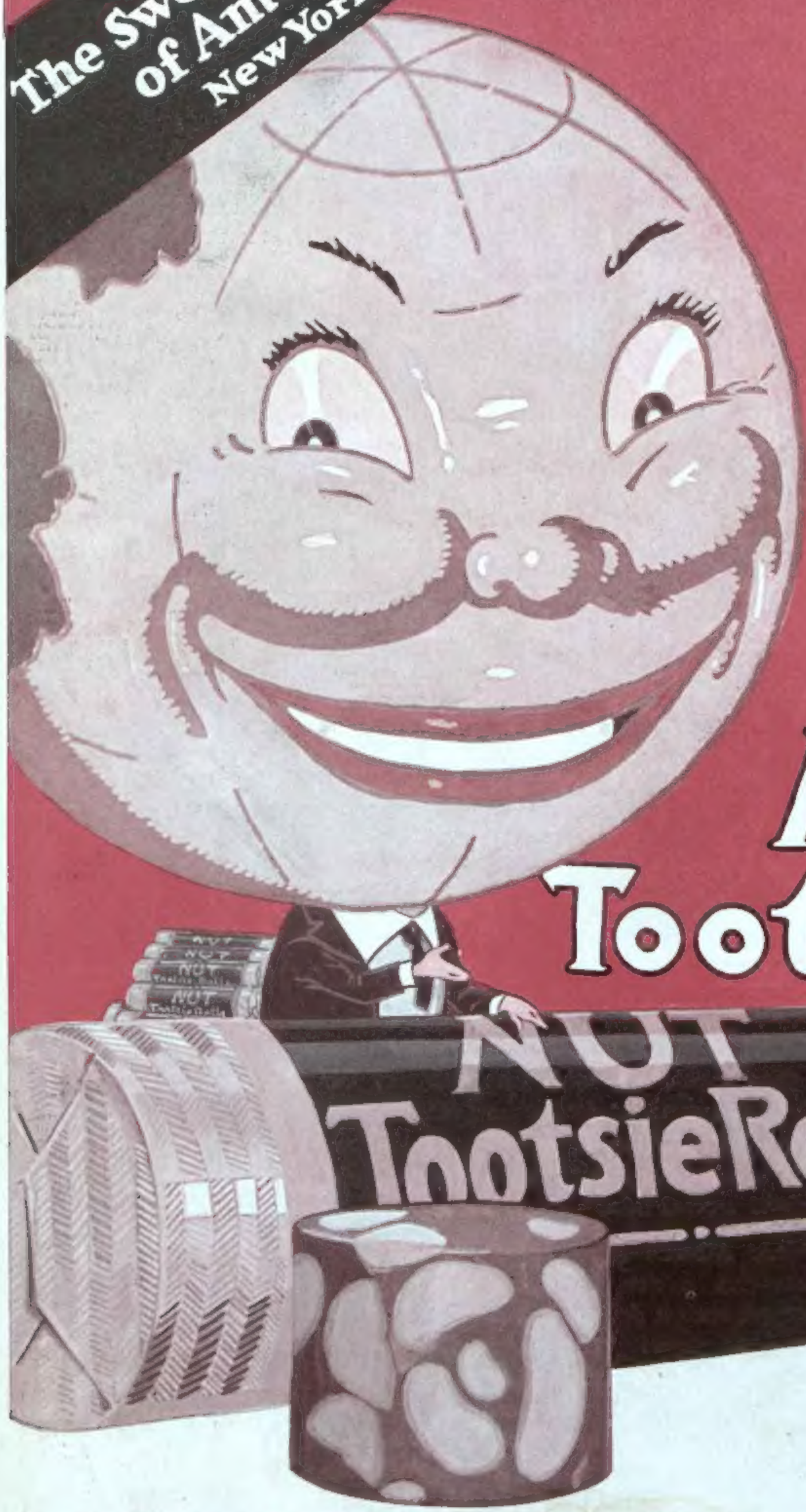

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